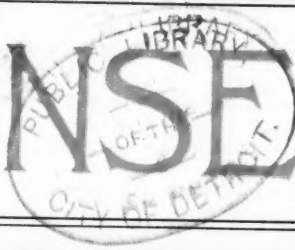


XXVIII.

DECEMBER, 1902.

THE MUNSEY



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Munsey's Magazine

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IMPORTANT

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII.

DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 3.

The Statesman of Asia.

BY JOHN BARRETT,

FORMERLY UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SIAM.

CHULALONGKORN, KING OF SIAM, ONE OF THE TWO ENLIGHTENED AND PROGRESSIVE MEN—THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN IS THE OTHER—WHO ARE RULERS OF INDEPENDENT ASIATIC STATES.

CHULALONGKORN I, King of Siam, is one of the interesting and progressive potentates of the world. Li Hung Chang, the eminent Chinese statesman, who was an excellent judge of men, told me several years ago that he regarded the Siamese king as the most capable monarch of Asia. Marquis Ito once said that if Chulalongkorn were at the head of China, he would make it a commanding power among the nations of the earth. Speaking

from my own humble observations, I can frankly say, after an experience of four years as United States minister at his court, that he always impressed me as a man of rare ability and forceful character, easily the foremost man of his own people, and fully qualified to rule over a greater population and a broader domain if the responsibility were thrust upon him.

The visit of his bright young son, the Crown Prince Vajiravudh, to America



CHULALONGKORN, KING OF SIAM.



SOWABHA PONGSRI, QUEEN OF SIAM.

will no doubt arouse interest in a ruler and in a nation too little known in western lands, but well worthy of closer acquaintance. Few people probably remember that there are several particular reasons for sympathy between Siam and the United States. One is based on the fact that the first treaty of amity and commerce which the United States signed with a nation of eastern Asia was negotiated with Siam about 1831, long before we had similar conventions with China, Japan, and Korea. Another consideration of fellow national interest is that Siam was fighting to drive out its Burmese oppressors when the United States was first battling for its own freedom, and the present dynasty began its sway in the person of a great general who conquered the Burmese and occupied the throne about the time when Washington became President. The king often spoke to me of these historical analogies, and seemed justly proud of them.

In former days, when Siam had a "second king," whose functions in some respects resembled those of our Vice President, the last of this line of secondary rulers was known everywhere as "George Washington," a foreign name which he himself adopted and enjoyed with an appreciation of its meaning. These second kings were of royal blood, and were supposed to act in the event of the real king's disability, with the right of succession to the throne in case of the latter's death, unless a son or some other relation were designated by the dying ruler. But Chulalongkorn did not believe in this peculiar system, and when power came with age he decreed that there should be no more kingly understudies except in the form of legitimate and regular crown princes of direct royal blood and descent.

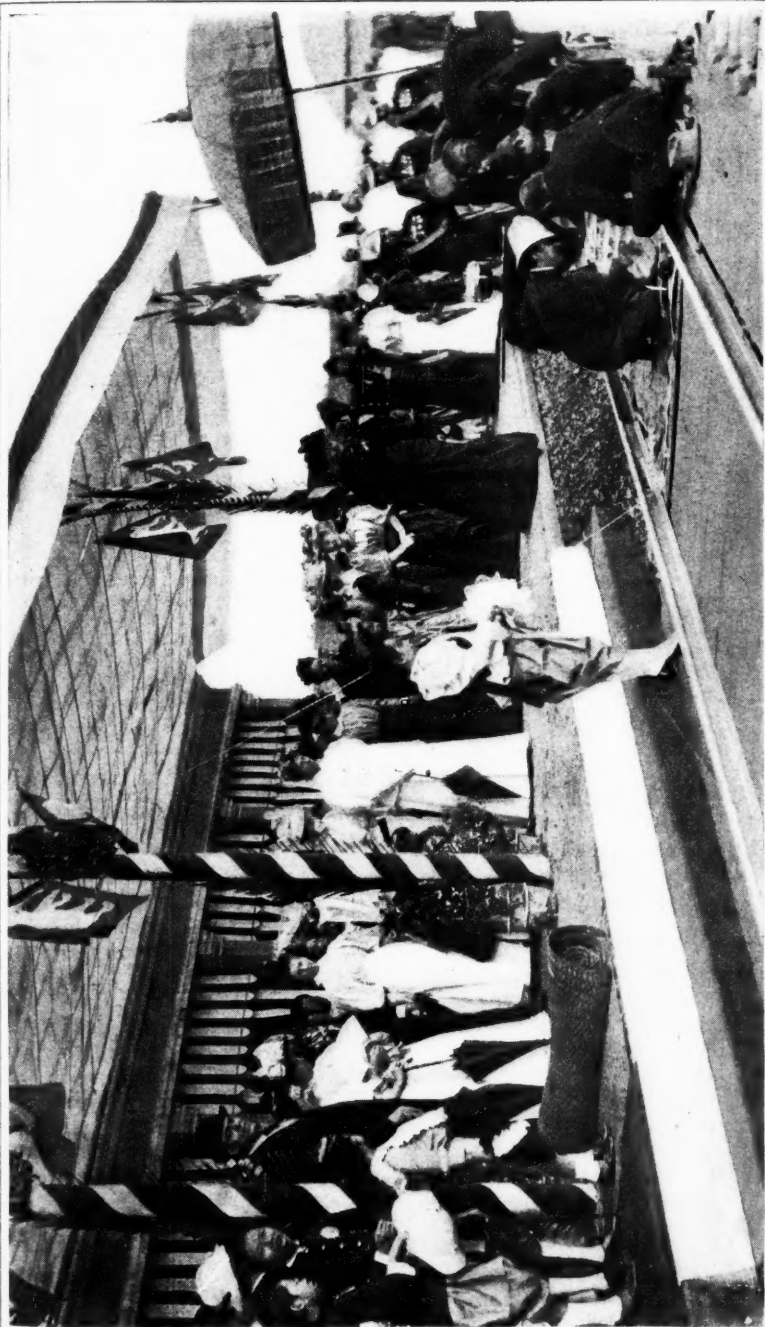
No more interesting personality sits upon an oriental throne than the King of Siam. Physically, when standing among his own brothers or surrounded by his admiring subjects, he looks every inch a king. He is taller, broader, and stronger than the average Siamese. For an Asiatic he is handsome, and among foreigners he would be picked out as a man of force and quality. His features have some of the heavy characteristics

of the oriental, but his refined expression and his bright eyes are decidedly individual. He carries himself with dignity and grace, but never swaggers. When he speaks, his deep, resonant voice makes one listen without effort.

The surprising part of this description, to those who have never met Chulalongkorn, will be the statement that he speaks English fluently. What is still more extraordinary, he uses only the purest classical English. More than once, when I was obliged to present to him traveling Americans who had more money and political influence than refinement and education, he would seem astonished at some colloquial word or phrase that they employed in addressing him, and would ask me to interpret their meaning. He owes his knowledge of good English to Mrs. Leonowens, a Nova Scotian woman of rare merit who was his teacher during his youthful days.

The king is only forty nine years of age, but he has been upon the throne for thirty four years. Born September 21, 1853, he was proclaimed king October 1, 1868, when his distinguished father, Maha Mongkut (Mongkut the Great) passed away. He is descended from a line of kings of whom he may justly be proud. The dynasty is scarcely of historic lineage, but it has an honorable record, dating back to that intrepid conqueror of the Burmese, Chow Phya Chakkri, who was commander in chief of the Siamese army under King Phya Tak, and succeeded to the throne in 1782 when Tak became insane. Chulalongkorn is the fifth in regular descent from Chow Phya Chakkri, and the fortieth monarch of Siam known to authentic history.

To understand him, and to appreciate his qualities, it is well to note what he is doing for his kingdom and subjects. Being a philosopher, he recognizes that his people can absorb only a certain amount of "progress" at a time. He knows better than to nauseate them with an over dose of new laws, ideas, and suggestions. He carefully follows the policy of giving the Siamese just as much "reform" as they can assimilate from year to year. If the process is slow, it is nevertheless sure, while the



KING CHULALONGKORN DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE OF THE RAILWAY FROM BANGKOK TO MUANG KHORAT, THE FIRST TRUNK LINE IN SIAM—THE KING WEARS A WHITE HELMET, AND IS KNEELING BESIDE THE RAIL; THE QUEEN STANDS BEHIND HIM, A BOUQUET IN HER HANDS; MR. BARRETT, THEN UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SIAM, STANDS BESIDE THE LAST PILLAR ON THE LEFT, WEARING A SOFT BLACK HAT.

results already attained and the movements fully initiated confirm the belief that Chulalongkorn is a wise and discriminating monarch.

He has in his employ several hundred European and American experts distributed throughout the various departments of government, who receive high salaries and are provided with comfortable residences. He has inaugurated a system of higher education for both sexes, and the students are housed in buildings of which Harvard and Vassar might be proud. He has recently had the laws of Siam codified by eminent jurists, and has established modern courts throughout the kingdom. He has organized his finances so carefully that the revenue of Siam exceeds the expenditure, and the nation has no public debt. He supports a small navy that would be creditable to a nation having ten times the area and wealth, and he is organizing an army that will compare favorably with the troops of other tropical countries. He has constructed hundreds of miles of railway penetrating the interior, and has helped to introduce street cars and electric lights into the great capital city of Bangkok, which boasts of a population exceeding seven hundred thousand, and which may yet divide honors with Canton as the premier trade center of eastern Asia. He is planning to provide Bangkok with a modern system of waterworks and sewerage, and has appropriated several millions of *ticals* (a *tical* is sixty cents of a Mexican dollar) for this purpose. Finally, he is favorably disposed towards foreigners, particularly Americans and Britishers, and is doing all in his power to promote commerce and friendship between Siam on the one hand and the United States and Great Britain on the other.

The Queen of Siam, too, is a really remarkable personage. She has done more for the women of her country than all her predecessors put together. It has been said that in a foreign dress she looks like a well fed and good natured nurse girl; but in her own peculiar costume, which becomes her, she looks like a true queen of her people. She does not speak English, but she understands much that is said in conversation.

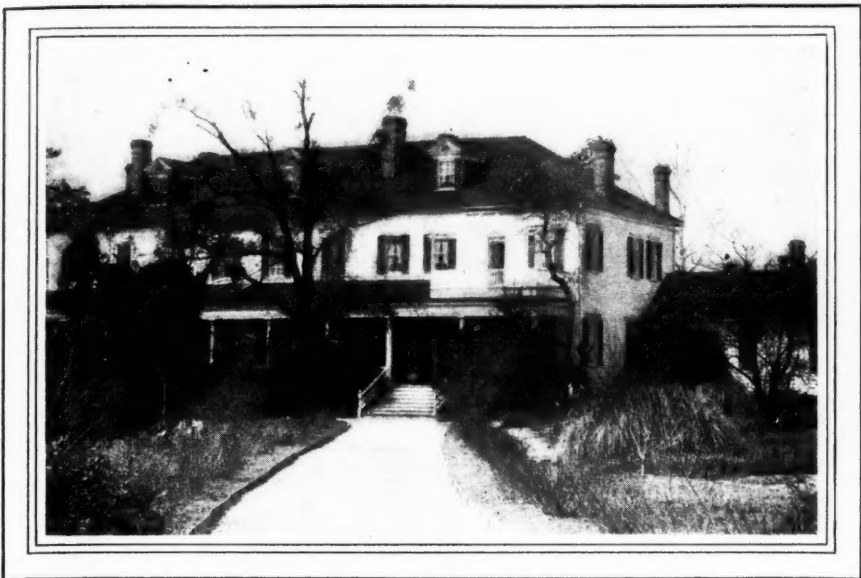
By herself, or in a company of foreign ladies, her facial contour might seem coarse and her figure far from lithe; but among the women of her own nationality she appears almost beautiful, and assuredly clever and interesting. She believes in lifting the women of Siam to a higher level, and it is understood that she earnestly favors the abolition of polygamy. If her eldest son will select only one woman as his wife, an epoch making step will be taken in the history of Siam.

The crown prince, whose full name is Sombitch Chowfa Maha Vajiravudh, was born on New Year's Day, 1880, and is therefore nearly twenty three years of age. He was proclaimed heir to the throne on January 17, 1895, but he has been a student in Europe during the last ten years without paying even a brief visit to Siam. He speaks English more fluently than his native tongue. He is a young man of excellent education, gentlemanly bearing, and refined tastes, who appreciates his position without self assumption or hauteur.

His visit to America has more significance than is generally recognized. If he reports favorably on the reception accorded him and the experiences enjoyed, it is highly probable that the king himself will visit Japan and America in 1904, during the course of the World's Fair at St. Louis.

Siam is not a little country; it covers an area of two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, exceeds Japan or Korea, and is equal to the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois combined. Its population is not less than ten millions, and its foreign commerce aggregates more than twenty five million dollars annually. Situated between British Burma on the west and French Indo China on the east, its path of development is not a bed of roses. There is constant trouble with France, which may at any time see a spark fanned into a blaze. Foreign sympathy is plainly with the Siamese in these controversies.

Siam lies out of the beaten road of tourists and globe trotters, but it is not difficult of access, and is certainly worthy of the time and effort required to see its interesting sights.



THE THOMAS HITCHCOCK COTTAGE AT AIKEN, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Winter Colonies in the South.

BY EDWARD A. LOWRY.

THE GREAT AMERICAN WINTER PLAYGROUND, WHERE THE WEALTH AND FASHION OF OUR NORTHERN CITIES SEEKS SUNSHINE, HEALTH, AND PLEASURE AMONG THE SOUTH CAROLINA HILLS, THE GEORGIA PINE WOODS, AND THE PALM GROVES OF THE FLORIDA COAST.

IN the prehistoric days—and that is not more than a dozen years ago—when a man went to Florida to escape the Northern winter he left his women folk at home, and carried his guns, some Scotch whisky and quinine, and a trunk of old clothes. In those times it was a matter of three days from Jacksonville to Miami, and there wasn't a push button south of St. Augustine. The railroads were fearsome institutions. Once beyond the Georgia State line, parlor cars became a memory, and ballasted road beds a legend of one's youth. They used wood burning engines, and it was the custom to stop every fifteen or twenty miles in order to take on more fuel from the big wood piles along the track. The land teemed with game,

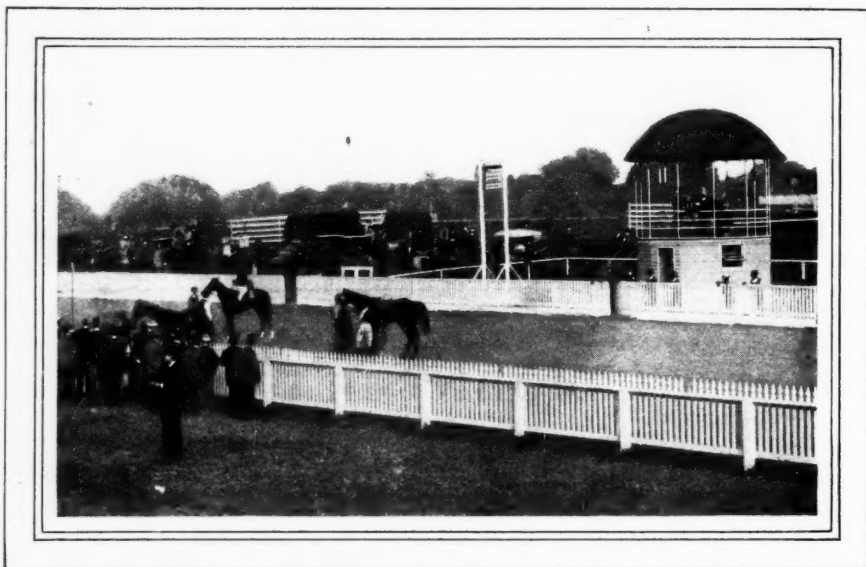
and the waters were full of fish. Visitors lived on the produce of the country in unpretentious hotels, and paid accordingly. There were winter colonies even then, but they were hunting camps, rough and uncouth, in no way to be compared with an Adirondack lodge.

THE MEN WHO BOUGHT FLORIDA.

Then came the two men who, more than any others, have been responsible for the development of winter colonies in the South. There was a saying: "Flagler bought the east coast of Florida, and Plant bought the west coast and painted it yellow"—this last in allusion to the fact that on the Plant railways every house, shed, and car sports the hue of the sunflower.

The east coast chain of hotels and resorts came into being in sequence, beginning at St. Augustine and working southward through Ormond, Daytona, Titusville, Palm Beach, and finally Miami. Even after the building of the famous Ponce de Leon at St. Augustine it was possible to kill bear and deer an hour's sail across the bay from the hotel. Now they are calling the east coast the American Riviera. There is to be

have chosen to call the "Hempstead set" makes Aiken its winter headquarters. Its members are a lot of congenial people who love horses and dogs and hunting and polo, and most of whom have country places on Long Island. At Aiken they have practically the same amusements that they have in the summer and autumn near New York. Besides Mr. Whitney and the Messrs. Hitchcock, Mortimer Brooks,



THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE SOUTHERN WINTER COLONIES—A SCENE AT THE AIKEN RACES.

found all the luxury, all the display of wealth and fashion, that one associates with Newport and Monte Carlo. People of moderate means who knew the region years ago have been crowded out by the influx of millionaires.

THE SMART COLONY AT AIKEN.

Rightly or not, William C. Whitney and the two Hitchcocks—Thomas, Jr., and his brother—are the names most frequently mentioned in connection with the present vogue of Aiken, a quiet little South Carolina town which, almost before she realized her growing fame, achieved a proud position from December to April in the society columns of the metropolitan newspapers. What the various "Cholly Knickerbockers" of the New York newspapers

the Thayers of Boston, C. T. Smith, and other well known people have winter homes here. There are no hotels in the place, and the transient visitor receives scant consideration. The tradespeople and the natives are eager to promote the pleasure and comfort of the cottagers who have so largely increased the local circulation of legal tender.

Aiken is what might be called a "sporty" little town, and its winter colonists have fun to the top of their bent. They have horse racing on one of the prettiest tracks in the South, and an annual horse show, which is a sporting and social event of no mean importance. The Palmetto golf links are probably the best south of Philadelphia. The woods for miles around are stocked with gray and red foxes.



THE HAYES COTTAGE AT AIKEN, SOUTH CAROLINA.

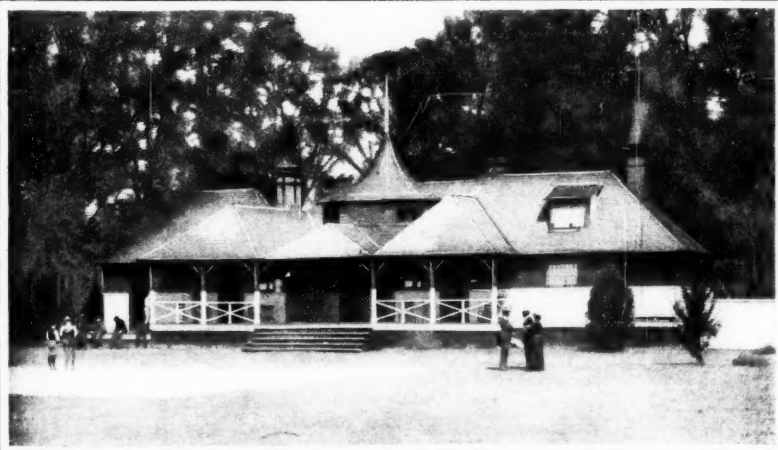
There is a hunt club with regular meets; there are tennis courts, and Mr. Whitney has built a handsome squash court. A stranger who once spent six months in South Carolina came away with the impression that cock fighting was the chief industry of the State. Though the sport is in a measure kept under cover, some of the colonists at Aiken are believed to have more than an academic knowledge of "shawl necks" and the like.

Down in the lazy Carolina atmosphere, the Aiken colony, with its horses

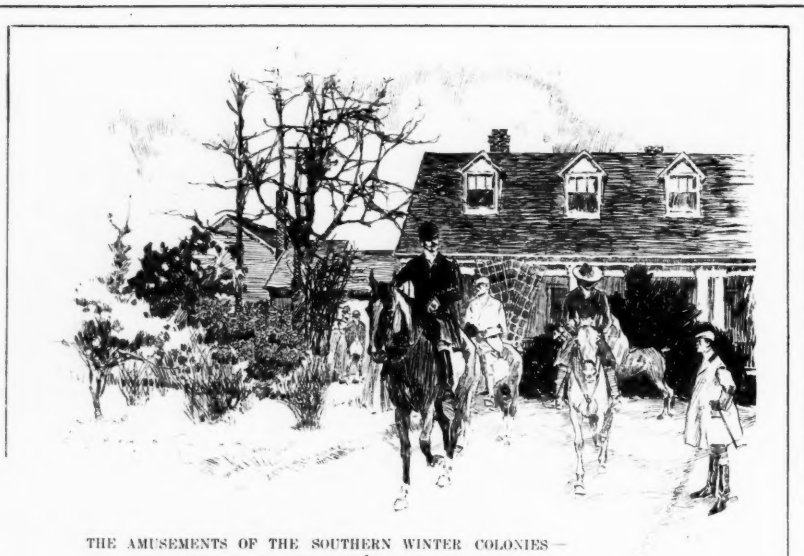
and hunts and hounds, and its constant round of social gaieties, contrives to pass a pleasant winter. Many of the cottage people transport their household bodily, including servants, linen, and silver. Special railroad facilities put the New York and Philadelphia markets at their command. They lack nothing that wealth can bring to their doors.

IN THE GEORGIA PINE WOODS.

Senator Hanna is the best known figure of the Thomasville colony. Not so



THE COUNTRY CLUB AT THOMASVILLE, GEORGIA, WITH THE FIRST TEEING GROUND OF THE CLUB'S GOLF COURSE.



THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE SOUTHERN WINTER COLONIES—
A HUNT MEET AT MR. WHITNEY'S COTTAGE AT AIKEN.

many prominent people have established winter retreats in this Georgia town down in the pineries; nor are there so many New Yorkers among the winter residents. The Ohio Senator was one of the first to build a cottage there, and to interest himself in the erection of a modern hotel. The late President McKinley was his guest in Thomasville on more than one occasion, and at one time contemplated building a cottage there, because of the dry climate's beneficial effect on Mrs. McKinley.

Thomasville is the most staid and reserved of the winter colonies. There are beautiful drives on hard sandy roads through the pines, and the negroes organize big 'possum and coon hunts for the visitors. These are exciting affairs, full of weird scenes and mystery to the uninitiated. 'Possums are always hunted at night. The negroes carry lightwood torches, which blaze with a lurid, smoky light. The dogs are deep baying hounds. When they strike a trail and set off in pursuit, the hunting party starts at top speed to follow. The chase leads through cane brakes and swamps and along shallow water courses. The rush through the dark, the swaying lights, the shouts of the negroes, and the cries of the dogs

combine to stir the most sluggish pulse. When the 'possum is "treed," the negroes fall to with axes and chop the tree down. With the crash, the dogs are in among the branches after the quarry. A 'possum will generally feign death, but a coon will put up a vicious fight, often disabling three or four dogs before giving in.

AN ANTE BELLUM COOK.

It used to be the fashion in Thomasville to go out in the country to the cabin of an old "mammy" who was a famous cook. She was a protégée of Colonel Tom Mitchell of Thomasville, and could fry chicken and cook batter cakes and biscuit as no one else ever could. A well known member of the New York Yacht Club, famous for his racing schooners, dropped in on the old mammy one day, and had her prepare him a luncheon. When he had eaten it he gave her a two dollar bill. She gazed at it in some perplexity.

"Maybe you'd rather have this, auntie," he said, producing a silver dollar.

"Yessuh," she replied. "I knows what dat is, honey."

Jekyl Island, off the Georgia coast, near Brunswick, is in effect a winter col-

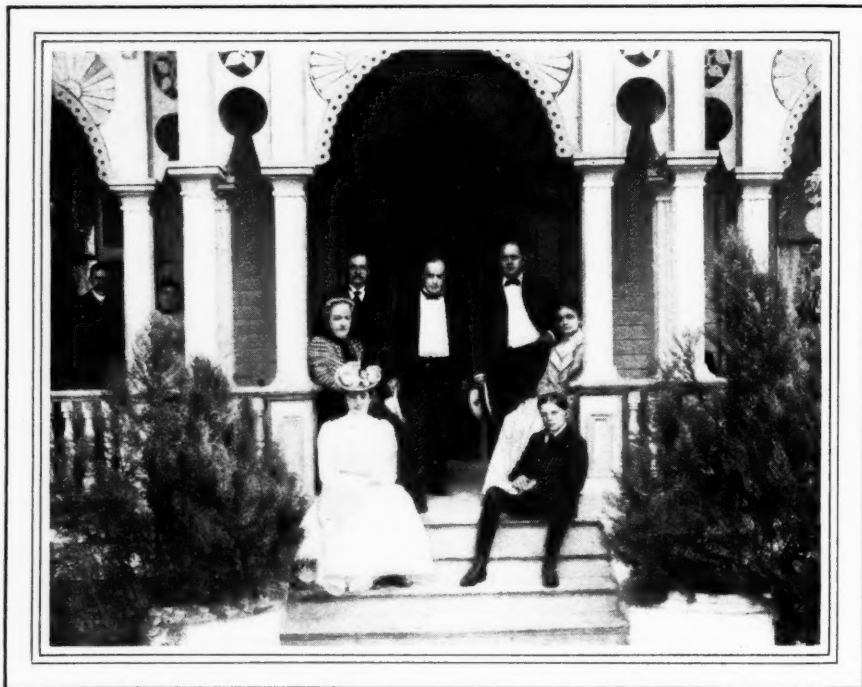


ON THE AMERICAN RIVIERA—THE MOUTH OF THE MIAMI RIVER, AT MIAMI, FLORIDA, THE SOUTHERNMOST OF THE WINTER RESORTS ON THE EAST COAST.

From a photograph by Chamberlain, Miami.

ony, though really a private game preserve and hunting club. It is owned by a number of prominent Easterners, who come down on their yachts to shoot their imported pheasants and woodcock. The late Pierre Lorillard was a regular visitor for many years, bringing his

ple coming to Florida were demanding more luxuries and more amusements each year. They were intolerant of any inconvenience. They had money to enforce their demands. As a result, one of the best deer "stands" in the State has been ruined by a golf course in



A GROUP ON THE PORCH OF SENATOR HANNA'S COTTAGE AT THOMASVILLE, GEORGIA—BESIDES MR. AND MRS. HANNA, THE GROUP INCLUDES THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, MRS. MCKINLEY, AND POSTMASTER GENERAL SMITH.

From a copyrighted photograph by Moller, Thomasville.

house boat and from ten to fifteen of his blooded horses.

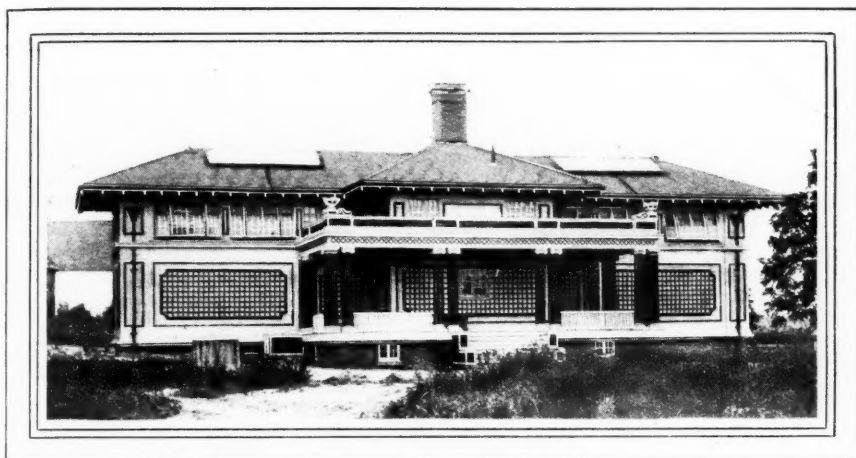
THE AMERICAN RIVIERA.

Florida, once given over to "tourists" and hotel dwellers, is now dotted with colonies of people who own cottages, and who come with each recurring winter to the same place and stay there until the warm weather begins. This practice has entirely changed the character of many of the former resorts. When the Ponce de Leon, the Cordova, and the Alcazar had been built in St. Augustine, it was thought that the tide of travel would stop there. Northern peo-

ple coming to Florida were demanding more luxuries and more amusements each year. They were intolerant of any inconvenience. They had money to enforce their demands. As a result, one of the best deer "stands" in the State has been ruined by a golf course in

charge of a professional Scottish "Wullie." There are probably more valets on the east coast every winter now than there were tourists ten years ago. Instead of wearing corduroys all day, some men spend their time in changing their costumes. They keep their yachts on the coast, and go from one place to another as they go from Newport to Bar Harbor or New London in the summer.

I knew Miami when it was simply a railway terminal, and before a piece of Western beef had ever come nearer to it than St. Augustine; when the best cigar in the town sold for ten cents, and



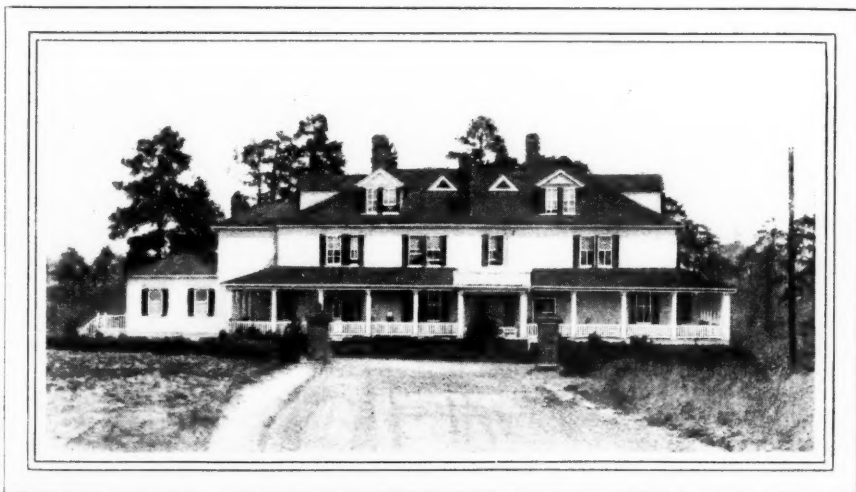
THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE SOUTHERN WINTER COLONIES—WILLIAM C. WHITNEY'S SQUASH COURT AT AIKEN.

a negro boy would carry a suit case all day for fifteen cents. Now there is a magnificent hotel, there are daily steamers across to Havana, there is a golf course, and one may have hothouse grapes every morning for breakfast. Refrigerated beef is brought in special cars direct from Chicago. The negro boys have become "caddies," and charge twenty five cents an hour for carrying a bag of golf clubs

THE ATTRACTIONS OF PALM BEACH.

Probably the most wonderful transformation has been at Palm Beach.

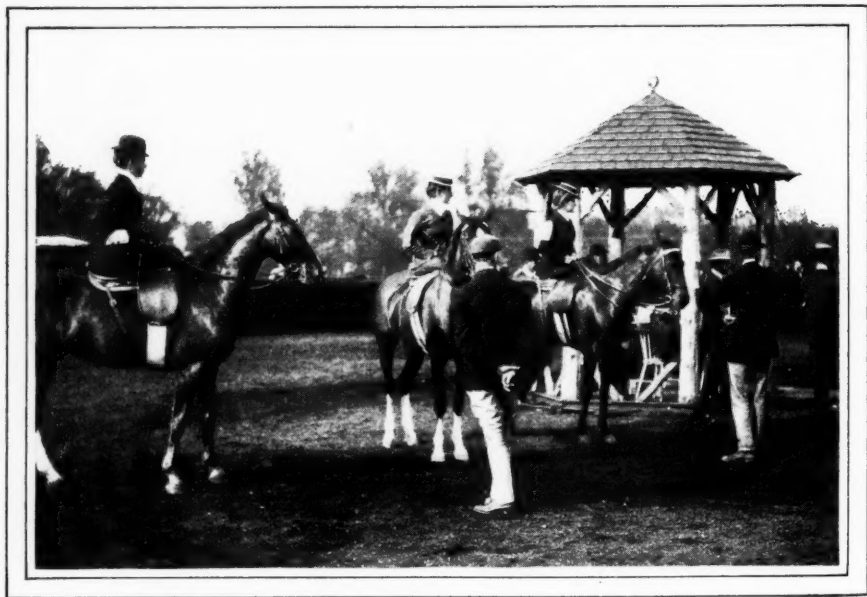
This place was once a sandy neck of land between Lake Worth and the Ocean. By admirable landscape gardening and a lavish expenditure of money, it has been made a tropical Eden. Rare birds of brilliant plumage sing and chatter in the tall cocoanut trees and palms. Along the lake walks are laid out under interlacing canopies of green palmettos. There is a long Palm Walk to the beach, where Joseph Jefferson has a winter home facing the ocean. Almost any morning the famous old actor may be found bundled in shawls sprawling on the sands, and usually surrounded by a



THE CLINCH SMITH COTTAGE AT AIKEN, SOUTH CAROLINA.

company of children. Bright days he spends on the lake fishing, and usually getting a full basket. There is a great swimming tank, wherein a titled lady visitor is said to have disported herself in man's bathing attire, to the amazement of the onlookers. Warm sea water baths on an elaborate and luxurious scale are provided for those enervated scions of wealthy sires who cannot endure the chill buffeting of the surf. On either side of the Royal

ables dine on the vine clad piazzas, and later seek excitement by hazarding their money on the green tables within. The establishment is not for the wayfaring man, even though he be a millionaire. One might spend weeks at the hotel within pistol shot and never suspect its existence. Inconveniently inquisitive police officials and district attorneys with a taste for raiding illegal entertainments are unknown in this Monte Carlo of Florida, but nevertheless the



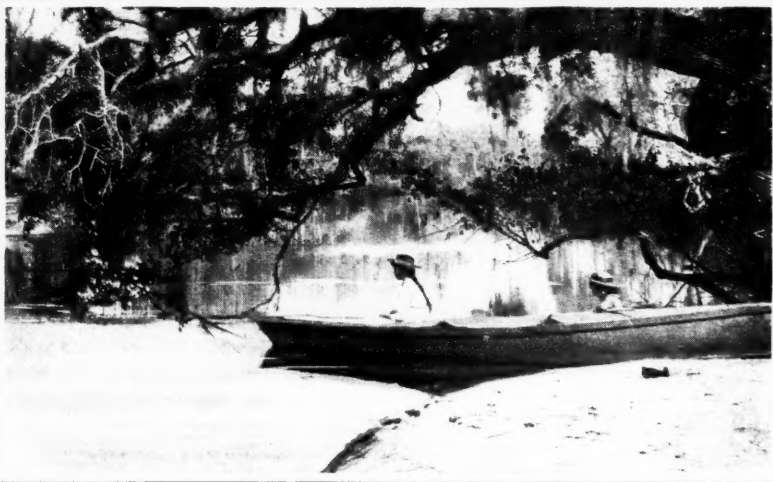
JUDGING LADIES' HUNTERS AT A SOUTH CAROLINA HORSE SHOW.

Poinciana are cottages, pretentious in their architecture and elaborately decorated and furnished. Most of them are half hidden in masses of subtropical vines glowing with brilliant red and purple flowers.

The moderns who dwell in these lovely bungalows in this lotus eating land do not lack for urban forms of entertainment. The reputed proprietor of the Palm Beach Club, which stands conveniently near the cottages, is a gambler who caters to the "gilt edge" trade. His itinerary includes Newport in the summer and Florida in the winter. His *chef* at Palm Beach is one of the ten most famous culinary artists in this country. The fashion-

man who gets beyond the outer portals of the temple of chance must be introduced and vouched for, as one who seeks presentation to royalty.

There are no horses at this most sumptuous of all the winter colonies of the South. It is built on the strip of dry sand that separates the watery Everglades from the Atlantic, just as Venice lies where the lagoons open out upon the Adriatic. Some time ago rickshaws were introduced at Palm Beach, but they failed to catch the tired fancy of those who must be pleased. The present vehicle is a sort of invalid chair fitted on tricycle wheels, with a seat behind for a sturdy negro who propels it by means of pedals. To the passenger it is like



IN THE LAND OF LAZY RIVERS—A SCENE ON THE TOMOKA, NEAR ORMOND, FLORIDA.

riding on a tandem bicycle without doing any of the work.

OTHER FLORIDA RESORTS.

At Ormond, at Daytona, and other places along the coast where cottages have been built, less style is maintained, as most of the colonists come purely for rest and to escape the winter rigors of their homes.

Though the last decade has seen a marvelous development of Southern pleasure places, the end has not yet been reached. The next few years will no doubt see new resorts discovered and old ones improved, and an increasing host of Northerners fleeing from the snow and ice of their home land and flocking southward to the finest winter playground in the world.

THE PLAYERS.

He sat at the carven piano ; the night
 Had mounted her ebony throne ;
 Far over the hilltop a single white star
 Was watching in heaven alone.
 He wakened the chords with a masterful touch,
 And his hands rippled over the keys
 Till the spirit of Mozart arose from its sleep
 And came to him over the seas,
 Inspiring his. Enchanted I heard,
 But the deeps of my soul by his art were unstirred.

He stood in the street in a drizzle of rain—
 A youth with an old violin ;
 The day was all gray in the mist and the clouds
 Like a monk muffled up to the chin.
 Oh, the infinite yearning, the passionate pain,
 That quivered and sighed from the strings !
 Oh, the love that beat time to the sorrowful strain
 With broken but beautiful wings !
 For it was not the strings, but my heart, that he swept
 With the magical bow ; and I listened and wept.

Minna Irving.

A Woman's Will.

HOW THE PRINCESS ARIADNE ENCOUNTERED AND SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF MATRIMONY.

BY MAUDE LEONARD TOWSON.

I.

WHEN a girl is about to be married, her trousseau is her chief business in life. If it chance that money be beyond consideration, she goes to Paris for it. This will explain the presence of her royal highness the Princess Ariadne and her two ladies in waiting, with their servants, in the exclusive Rivoli hotel. The visit was strictly private, and officially Paris was serenely unaware that her highness was within its gates; nevertheless the daily papers contained discreet accounts of the movements of the Countess of Exxe—the incognito chosen by the young princess during her shopping tour.

It was not her fault that she should have been inconvenienced by succeeding to the throne of the important principality of Greeswald-Zohlern at the age of seventeen. Acting on a theory which was incontestably fixed in her mind, she had regarded her responsibilities and restrictions in irritated dismay, had occupied her time in shifting to other shoulders her burdens so far as was possible. In three years she had not quite outgrown her resentment at the trick fate, death, and relationship had played her.

However, the princess had managed to get along very well according to her own lights—two prime ministers had retired with shattered nervous systems in the mean time—until the august council laid before her the question of her marriage. The council went in a body to broach the subject, for the very good reason that none of them was brave enough to go alone. The princess had sat and looked at the ten gray-headed men before her when the prime minister finished his little speech. She observed that the ten were nervously expectant of what might happen when she should have opened her mouth, and a contemptuous sigh escaped her. For an

instant tears of self commiseration struggled in her great blue eyes, but these were quickly repressed. It struck her, in an impersonal way, as pitiful that ten old and powerful men should have even the faintest idea that one small and rebellious girl dreamed of holding out against them. The Princess Ariadne possessed keenness with all her obstinacy, and knew better than to waste any time or energy struggling against the inevitable.

So it happened she astonished the august council into a mild stupefaction when at last she did speak. They had braced themselves for a passionate conflict, and instead were treated to a gentle voice expressing its owner's thanks for their consideration and her comprehension of the logic of their remarks.

"Rulers must marry," concluded the princess, twisting the gold fringe on her chair arm, "and I chance to be one who governs a country—the inference is obvious. May I ask—I presume you had some one to suggest—what special *parti* you have in mind?"

The prime minister answered hastily. "Yes, your highness; we have the names of three suitors to lay before you for consideration who are desirable in all respects. The Duke of Zee——"

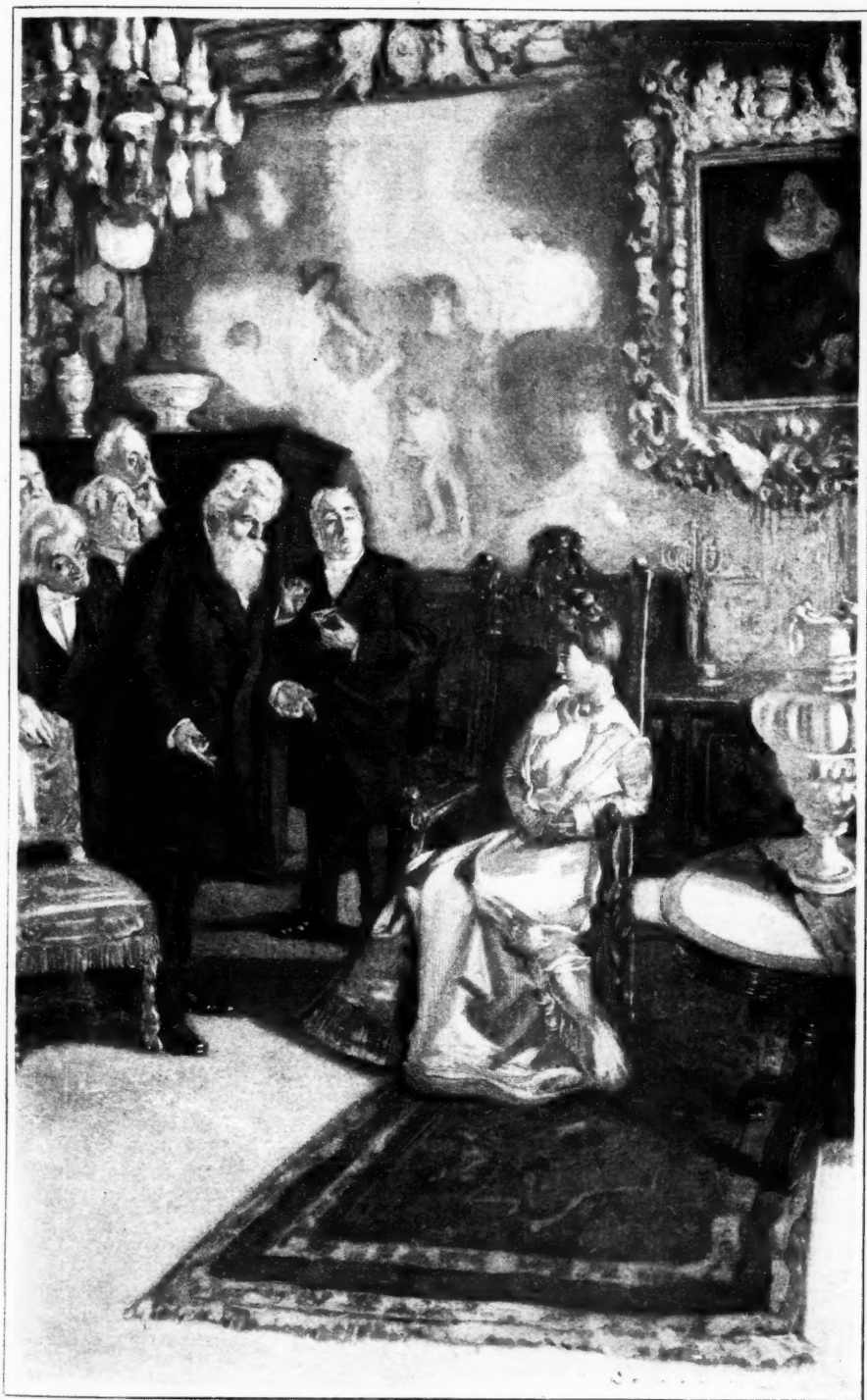
"I dislike his smirk," interrupted the princess, tapping her foot.

"The Prince of Wye——"

"Pshaw!" snapped the princess.

"The Heir Apparent of Are——"

"But he is bald!" cried the princess indignantly, and the council bowed itself out hurriedly as she sprang from her chair. Individually they had noticed the gathering storm signals, and besides their world hardened hearts were troubled by the ghost of an uncomfortable feeling, the one which assails a man when he sees a wild animal walk trustingly into the steel trap he has set for it and watches it struggle



"WE HAVE THE NAMES OF THREE SUITORS TO LAY BEFORE YOU."

unavailingly. The Princess Ariadne had caused them so much worry in the past three years that they were ridiculously fond of her as well as somewhat afraid.

II.

A MONTH later the population of the principality of Greeswald-Zohlern was thrown into a loyal ecstasy by a proclamation stating its young ruler had chosen for prince consort the Prince of Wye. Thereupon the taxpayers expressed their proper emotion in red fire, processions, flowers, and brass bands. On the balcony of the palace the Princess Ariadne, pale but smiling, stood beside the Prince of Wye towering above her in his brilliant uniform. His mustachios were curled at the ends, but his face did not light with enthusiasm. In ordinary life one would have remarked that the Prince of Wye was decidedly bored. Also, that the girl beside him was sick at heart. But the balcony was too far above the loyal populace for a critical view to be possible, and the shout went up, "Hurrah for the happy pair!"

The happy pair stepped back into the great salon, bowed to each other ceremoniously, walked away in opposite directions. The Princess Ariadne had brusquely put a stop to his really gallant efforts to be a conventional wooer. She had given the florid and somewhat dissipated Prince of Wye a long, steady stare the first time his words and glances approached those of the ardent lover. "It does not amuse me," she said gravely, "and it must be a task to you. That, at least, is one thing the august council does not require of us." And the Prince of Wye immediately had been possessed of a novel admiration for this wise, haughty girl with the blue eyes and proud little mouth, and reflected that possibly after all this bothersome business would not interfere so much with his life as he had feared. Thus it came about she was in Paris buying her wedding clothes like ordinary feminine mortals.

III.

"I WILL walk in the garden," said the princess, the first day after her

arrival at the Hotel Rivoli. No, madame: I prefer to be alone."

The lady in waiting fell back with raised eyebrows. What was the use of being commissioned to guard a princess if she would have none of one's guardianship? She compromised by stationing herself in the window, but there was a turn in the walk and the princess disappeared beyond it. The May sun was warm, and the flowers were blooming; the wind stirred the young leaves, and the youth in the air called to her very heart. There was even a trace of happiness in her eyes as she stepped into the tiny summer house and saw the man. He was just a wholesome, well bred English boy, who might have been three and twenty, and he crimsoned to the roots of his thick hair as he sprang to his feet and gasped, "I—I beg your pardon!" There was something about the stately girl who had dawned upon his vision which overwhelmed him with the sensation of intrusion.

The princess paused in curiosity and then in pleased interest, for never before had she been regarded with such frank admiration. "And why?" she asked with a charming accent. The morning still lingered in her smile, and if she had not been a reigning princess the toss of her bright head might rightfully have been called coquettish.

The young man's face spoke relief. "You talk English!" he cried irrelevantly. "I thought—I supposed——"

The princess seated herself. She forgot the ladies in waiting, the respect due her position, and relative social values. A whim had seized her. "Come, come!" she cried impatiently. "Finish! What were those wonderful thoughts?"

The young fellow laughed, more at ease. "You had such an air as you entered," he explained. "As though you were her royal highness and mightiness at the very least. It startled me. I'm glad to find an English girl today, for I believe I'm homesick."

"I'm not English," she corrected blithely. She had never been so amused. Here was an individual who ruthlessly shoved her off her throne and assumed her to be human! The spirit of girlish mischief asserted itself and she plunged on. "I'm the Countess of

Exxe, and—and I'm here with—my two aunts. They are dreadful bores, and it's just luck I escaped into the garden this morning!"

The boy sat on the table edge and swung one foot. When he laughed it was good to hear. There was cheery friendliness on his face as he listened in quick curiosity to her low voice. "So you are German," he commented. "That explains—I wondered why I had never heard of you at home. I am"—he halted with the reluctant confusion a true Britisher has to confessing position—"I happen to be John Gwenford, Earl of Sutton, and the fellows I'm going round the world with were to meet me here. Isn't it a jolly day?"

The princess leaned back and sniffed the air. Her eyes fell before the honest searching of the young Earl of Sutton, confusion flushed her white forehead. She spoke almost solemnly. "It is the loveliest morning I can remember—in three years!" There was no coquetry in her glance then, and the boy was impressed into momentary sadness by her earnestness. He looked a bare moment at the graceful little figure with its expressive face and the odd touch of determination about the chin, at the appealing eyes under their long lashes, and answered involuntarily, "It is perfect—I shall always remember it."

Not till afterwards did it occur to the Princess Ariadne or the young Earl of Sutton that it was an unheard of transgression for a girl and a man who were total strangers to sit placidly together half a morning listening to the cheep of the Paris sparrows and idly watching the sunlight flicker through the leaves. They had not talked much, for it had not seemed necessary. For some mysterious reason their sudden companionship required no verbal elaborations.

Then the princess remembered the world famed dressmaker who had required her presence at a certain hour. The idea of the dressmaker fired a sequence of thought ending with the Prince of Wye. She was very pale as she rose suddenly. "I must go in," she said, almost frightened as to speech. "I have stayed too long."

"Will they beat you?" he asked laughingly. It was odd how her face

had changed, and he felt a little indignant that any one should have the power to banish the girlish fun which gleamed in expression when he first looked up and stammered his uncalled for apology.

"No," answered the princess, "they will not beat me." She walked away rapidly and did not look back. For a moment the Earl of Sutton wrinkled his forehead in fear he had offended her. The unconventionality of the situation had not yet appealed to him.

IV.

WITHOUT any unconscious laying of plans he hastened to the garden next morning, but she did not come. He watched the sunlight and he listened to the birds, but he was not amused. Later in the day he chanced upon her in the corridor, and far behind her were the two aunts of whom she had spoken. She looked up at him almost expectantly.

"You were not there!" he said hurriedly in a half whisper. "And I waited!"

There was reproach in his glance, and the Princess Ariadne felt an unaccustomed tumult of mind. She was appalled, but she enjoyed it. There was no time for words, as the ladies in waiting were now close at hand, but she smiled quite as a pretty girl might smile.

The next morning the princess remarked casually after a stiff and silent breakfast with her two companions, "I shall walk in the garden," and departed alone as before. She arrived at the summer house breathless, and her eyes sparkled, for she felt delightfully improper and wicked. A little trill of laughter escaped her as she saw him spring to his feet joyously. Somehow their hands met, and they stood smiling at each other like truant children. Then they sat beneath the vines in the sunlight, and he told her of his English home, of his school days, of what he wanted to make of himself in the world. The princess listened fascinated and care free. She liked the curve of his jaw and the quick, flashing dimple so strangely out of place on his tanned chin. He was going to do things! She straightened up with clasped hands and regarded him in admiration. Then mocking memory slipped in the wonder

if the florid Prince of Wye with the waxed mustachios had ever had hopes, and aims, and good strong faith and courage? She shrank suddenly at the thought of his name.

The Earl of Sutton broke off his sentence when she shivered. "Are you cold? You are ill!" he cried in alarm, for in truth the Princess Ariadne looked ill.

The girl smiled bravely. "No, indeed," she protested. "I have just remembered something, that is all." But she went away soon, and the Earl of Sutton sat long after her departure. When he followed her his head was bowed. He was thinking.

It was two days before the Princess Ariadne walked in the garden again, but the Earl of Sutton was waiting. He took her hands without a word. "You are in trouble," he burst out boyishly. "You are not happy. Do your aunts—are they unkind to you?"

The princess smiled a little wanly as she remembered her colorless ladies in waiting, who breathed only at her command.

"No," she said; "they have nothing to do with it. Let us sit down. Tell me more of yourself."

But the boy was suddenly mindful that she had always listened. "You know about me," he protested. "Tell me instead of yourself. You have never told me more than who you are—and I want to know."

"My life is not at all interesting," the princess answered, the blue in her eyes like the violets she wore in her belt. "far from interesting. In fact, there is nothing to tell you. I have lived. I have smiled at the right time. I have listened to counsel. Is there anything more for a girl?"

"There is love." He looked no nearer at her than the sparrow on the lilac bush a rod away.

"Not for me," breathed the little Countess of Exxe at last. She stood up suddenly. She was very fair and tempting in her pink morning gown. The boy looked at her with telltale eyes, but dared not speak the words struggling in his throat, for there was a dignity about her that warded off approach. "Tell me," she went on

rapidly, incoherently, "when are you going away—when do your friends arrive?"

The Earl of Sutton actually blushed. "I—they came three days ago," he confessed blunderingly. "They have gone on without me."

There was stillness in the garden for a space. Then the princess turned to go indoors; her voice trembled a little when she said good by that day, but there was rebellious joy in her face. And the boy in the summer house stretched his brawny arms on the table and buried his tousled head within them.

The Princess Ariadne made her shopping rounds that afternoon decorously, and agreed promptly with every suggestion offered. What did patterns matter? She jealously yearned over the memory of a troubled face with a square jaw, lips that trembled with words she longed to hear yet must not, and eyes that spoke courage. The thought of tomorrow was tremulous with possibilities. It was madness she was dreaming, but it was sweet and she was young. Realities were forgotten.

Possibly never before in the history of the Hotel Rivoli had a reigning princess stolen out at midnight by herself into the garden till that evening when the Princess Ariadne fled into the shelter of the friendly lilac bushes where nestled the little summer house. She held her head high as she crept in among the shadows and huddled in a corner. She leaned against the railing in the moonlight and thought it out. Bit by bit she tore the lilac leaves into shreds as she recalled each word, each look, of the Earl of Sutton. Out here in the fragrant silence she was only the Countess of Exxe, with the right to dream of a lover.

She thrilled at the word. She did not move from her corner for an hour, and the moon had left the summer house in darkness. As her hand swept the bench they closed around something soft, and she clutched it doubtfully, then recognized it. It was the riding glove he had carelessly thrown down that morning. For a second she held it stiffly, and then swiftly it went to her lips, and alone in the darkness she

Princess Ariadne of Greeswald-Zohlern cried her eyes out like an ordinary, love-sick girl.

V.

THE garden was deserted next morning, for a cold rain dulled Paris and the day was gray and mournful. Wandering uneasily through the parlors and corridors, the Earl of Sutton saw the last piece of baggage belonging to the party of the Countess of Exxe carried out, but he regarded it idly, unknowing. He had firmly decided to make the determined effort of an Englishman to win the girl he loved next time he had speech with her, and hope buoyed his spirit. A British nobleman was certainly the peer of a German countess, and he felt she cared. He was in a fever of impatience now he had made up his mind, and decided after luncheon boldly to present himself before the two grim aunts, to demand to see the little Countess of Exxe they watched so craftily. He smiled as he recalled how her yellow hair curled around her ear in a quaint fashion all its own. While he waited he picked up a Paris daily, amused himself brushing up his French. It was slow work till one paragraph started out from the page threateningly. He read it dully at first, then carefully, as a man who reads his death warrant, fearful lest a turn or twist escape him:

Her royal highness, the Princess Ariadne of Greeswald-Zohlern, whose incognito, the Countess of Exxe, has been so faithfully preserved during her short stay in Paris, leaves early tomorrow morning with her suite for her capital. The royal marriage to the Prince of Wye will take place in two weeks.

The paper was dated the day before, and it was now eleven o'clock. She was gone.

The Earl of Sutton got to his feet and walked to his room. His lips were

tightly shut, and he stared like a blind man.

One week later the council was again met in the salon of the royal palace of Greeswald-Zohlern, and the prime minister was explaining the arrangements designed for the proper celebration of the marriage of the Princess Ariadne with H. S. H. the Prince of Wye, when the princess interrupted the aged statesman's eloquent recital of processions, banquets, state balls, and military reviews to say:

"Enough! I appreciate the gorgeousness of the ceremony, but there is going to be no marriage! I have conferred with his serene highness, and the Prince of Wye agrees with me that the circumstances of our personalities do not permit of union."

"But, your royal highness——"

"I have spoken. By the way, does not the constitution arrange for a successor in the event of my death without issue?"

"Your cousin, the Duke of Landlos, is heir presumptive, but——"

"Well, will you arrange for my abdication and the coronation of my cousin of Landlos? He is a loyal Greeswaldian, a hero of the people, and a fit occupant of the throne of his grandfather. I, my dear counselor, am but a girl, a woman with a heart to love, to feel. Did my people have need of me, I could still its beating, but in the hands of the Duke of Landlos they are assured of just dealing, fair government, and the protection a woman cannot give."

"But has your royal highness other plans?"

"So soon as I am in reality the Countess of Exxe I shall marry the Earl of Sutton, shall take rank as a countess of England."

And there are those who think her sacrifice has been required.

REALIZATION.

COME home! For oh, I did not dream
How dear was our embrace,
What hope lay in your kiss and voice,
What heaven in your face!

For now, when you are far away,
My spirit aches and cries
For clasp of arms and touch of lips
And balm for ears and eyes!

Clarence Urmey.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.*

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

THIS MAGAZINE HAS NEVER PUBLISHED A STORY MORE DESERVING OF POPULARITY THAN THE NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "GOD'S PRISONER"—IT IS A ROMANCE OF THE INTERESTING CORNER OF FRANCE THAT JUTS OUT INTO THE ATLANTIC, A FASCINATING TALE OF LOVE AND STRANGE ADVENTURE.

I.

GRAND BAYOU LIGHT was once the scene of a very terrible tragedy, and the horror of it was heightened by the fact that it occurred on Christmas Eve.

Pierre Carcassone, master mariner, of Morlaix in Brittany, returning from a voyage to Newfoundland, unduly prolonged by reason of shipwreck, found his home broken up and his wife gone off with a man whom he had called friend. She had taken her two year old daughter with her.

Carcassone was a quiet, self contained man. He made no parade of heart-break, but, having learned all that was to be learned, set off after the fugitives and his missing honor. He had not far to go. They had believed him dead. Possibly inclination had persuaded them all too easily thereto. Paul Kervec had obtained the appointment of keeper of the light on Grand Bayou. He was a widower with one son, a boy of about the same age as Carcassone's daughter. At Grand Bayou Carcassone found them. He reached Plenevec after dark on Christmas Eve, borrowed a boat, and pulled straight out to the tall white pillar with the halo round its head.

He climbed the iron ladder and entered the dark doorway. Exactly what passed is not for any man's telling, since of the principals in the affair Carcassone alone remained alive, and the spectators were too young to testify. Up above, the light shone bright and constant as usual—Pierre saw to that—and down below in the dark the boat from Plenevec ground limpets and barnacles to

pulp and wrestled all night long with its bonds, as if desirous of escape.

In the morning the tall white shaft stood calm and serene in the Christmas sunshine, and told no tales to Plenevec; but presently Pierre Carcassone descended the iron ladder, carrying two little bundles very carefully under one arm. He laid them between his feet in the bottom of the boat, and pulled steadily back to the shore, while the children prattled at the white clouds sailing in the blue sky.

The owner of the boat came down to meet him, and grumbled at the scoring it had got. Pierre threw him a five franc piece—on which he got drunk that night and attempted to beat his wife, and thereby reaped much sorrow, since she was the better man of the two.

Carcassone picked up the children, and with one on each arm walked up to the village and sought out M. Gaudriol, the gendarme, to whom he said:

"I have killed Paul Kervec, keeper of the light out there, because he took away my wife, and I have killed her also. This is my child, this is his. I am at your service, *monsieur*."

And Sergeant Gaudriol, thinking it a fine joke, smote him mightily on the back and told him he was either too fast or too slow, since this was certainly not the first of April.

At which Carcassone knitted his face and said again: "I have killed Kervec because he took away my wife, and I have killed her because she permitted it. You had better see to it. Also find some one to tend the light. I did it last night. It must not be allowed to go out, or some one may be hurt."

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And Sergeant Gaudriol, looking into his eyes, saw that the man was not jesting, but really meant what he said; and he turned and led him to his house, still carrying a child on each arm.

After all due formalities had been faithfully observed, the jury at Plouarnec, before whom Pierre was tried, found circumstances of great extenuation in his case, as might have been expected. Still, the law had been seriously broken, and two people had been killed. No doubt they had deserved punishment, but punishment is the prerogative of the law. As a warning to others who might be tempted in like manner to take matters into their own hands, Pierre was sent to the hulks for five years.

Life had lost its savor for him. He would have preferred the guillotine, except, indeed, for the fact that if there were a future life, as *monsieur le curé* said, the chances were that he would tumble across Kervec and his wife there; and he had no wish to meet them again any sooner than was necessary.

His baby girl was taken charge of by the sisters of the Sacred Heart at St. Pol de Léon. Kervec's boy was taken away by an aunt who had married into Strawberry Land, just across the water from Brest.

Carcassone bore the hulks, as he would have suffered the sharp kiss of the slant edged knife, with somber composure. When his time was up he returned to his own country, and was received without any sign of opprobrium, rather as a man who, by the hardest of labor, had paid a just debt.

He had no wish to return to the sea. He had no desire to live on the land. He had no great desire, in fact, to live at all. He asked nothing but to be left alone—a somber man without a hope or a wish.

The post of lightkeeper at Grand Bayou happened to fall vacant, and for the first time in five years he found himself with a longing. The authorities were at first doubtful, but there was a kind of bizarre fitness in the appointment. They remembered how, even on the night of his outbreak, he had scrupulously tended the light—"lest any one should be hurt." They gave him

the post on trial, and never was Grand Bayou Light better kept.

He went over to St. Pol de Léon, and demanded his daughter Barbe from the sisters. They had grown to love the child, and would have kept her; but his mind was made up, and he would take no denial. Finally, with tears and prayers, and many doubts for her future, they let her go. They were good women, if narrow, and the little white seeds they had planted in the child's heart had fallen on good ground.

The teaching she got in the convent was all the teaching Barbe Carcassone ever had, save such as came to her in wider ways, but it sufficed.

The tall white shaft on Grand Bayou was her world, and she craved no larger one. Life there, in its seclusion and exclusion, was akin to that of the convent with heaven already added—the wide wonder of the skies above, where the snow piled mountains floated and hung and bore her thoughts away; the nearer glory of the ever changing sea below; and she, midway between the two, belonged to both, and in both found her heaven.

In such a rare expansive atmosphere Barbe grew and blossomed superbly, in mind, body, and spirit. At nineteen she was a glorious creature; tall and strong and supple; a mighty swimmer in deep waters; learned in the simple lore of sea and skies, whose depths and beauties her great calm eyes seemed, through much contemplation, to have assimilated into themselves. The sun and moon were her very dear friends, and she had a vast acquaintance among the stars, though, as they had never been properly introduced to her, she had had to give them names of her own which would have astonished the astronomers.

The gorgeous Atlantic sunsets and the chaster glories of the dawn were her pictures. And for music she had the distant chanties of the fishermen as the heavy boats crept over windless seas in and out of Plenevec; the sweet, shrill whistle of the wind; and the wild rush of the great western waves as they leaped up the light, roared and hissed as they fought in mid air behind it, and then gathered themselves together and humped their foam laced backs for the

final rush on black Cap Réhel. Of these things she never tired.

But these were her higher branches of study. In the rock pools at the foot of her tower were cool water gardens, where strange and wonderful plants waved tremulous fronds and filaments, while delicately tinted anemones—amber and crimson, rose and white, and rich purple maroon—studded the dark rocks and gleamed in the broken lights like living gems. In every pool there dwelt a sweet faced maiden with eyes like her own, but of a still darker shade, and floating hair like hers, but of a somewhat lighter tint, who started up at her approach, and then smiled a grave, glad welcome to her. Sometimes, when she was still but a little girl, Barbe talked with the pool maidens; but as she grew older she only sat and watched them, while her black cat, Minette, frisked about the rocks. Through much observation, too, Barbe knew every kind of fish that flashed, like a quiver of startled nerves, round the rock; but they were cold blooded creatures and impossible friends, and she knew by their eyes that they looked upon her advances as only the first step towards the frying pan. With the birds she fared little better, though they could not indeed get away from her as did the fishes. Very sore was her heart each morning when she gathered them up inside the lantern railing, and smoothed their ruffled plumes, and tried in vain to adjust their broken necks, and lavished on them kisses sweet enough, one would have thought, to charm back life even into bundles of feathers, and then dropped them sorrowfully one by one into the tide as it ebbed.

Far away across the Creuset rose frowning Cap Réhel, and there the sea birds swung and circled in myriads, till it seemed as though a cloud of mist hung always on the head. When the wind blew off the land she could sometimes hear their screaming, and many years' observation of their movements had taught her when a western gale was brewing.

Her constant and only companions were the cat Minette and a crippled sea gull which she found inside the railing after one stormy night, with both wings

and one leg broken and one eye gone. She nursed him back to life and christened him Pippo; and Pippo, in return for the food he could no longer seek, did his best to cultivate a spark of gratitude, flopping after her wherever two broken wings and one leg could carry him, and regaling her with piercing cries under the belief that he was singing. But sea gulls are soulless creatures at best, with little to choose between them and the fishes. Even a black cat is not heart filling, though there is a certain comfort in the soft, warm feel of it; and at nineteen Barbe Carcassone was unconsciously ripe for deeper experiences.

She was fully content with her life as it was. There was no craving in her for a larger one. Her heart had known no hunger, because its fare had always been so simple and its satisfaction so easy of accomplishment.

For the rest, her father was a silent, self contained man, whose stores of seafaring lore she tapped at times by sheer pertinacity, but always with difficulty. He read much and she read after him, anything and everything that came her way. She rarely set foot on the mainland. She had no friends there, for she had had no opportunity of making any. So far she had never felt the lack of them, since her kingdom had yielded her all that she desired.

Twice a week, when the weather was good, her father pulled round to Plenevec for supplies, in the rusty cobble that hung from the beams in front of the entrance door. When the weather was too boisterous he did not go, and they fell back on the tinned provisions of which the storeroom always held a month's supply.

Neither Barbe nor her father had ever had a day's illness since they went to Grand Bayou. They lived, inside, in a concentrated atmosphere of Scotch paraffin from the huge tanks below and the dripping lights above, and outside in a counteractive atmosphere of sweet salt air and sunshine, of spindrift and the scent of the seaweed; and the mixture seemed to suit them. Shoes and stockings were unknown to them except in midwinter, and Barbe's shapely feet and ankles projecting from her short blue

woolen skirt were a sight to make a man's blood spin the quicker.

The one time in the year when Barbe Carcassone was distinctly and absolutely unhappy was on Christmas Eve. On that anniversary her father behaved as he did at no other time, and in a way that terrified her.

He always charged and trimmed the lamps that night with more than usual care. He labored at the winch till the great weights that kept the light revolving were at their very highest point. Then, ordering Barbe up into the lantern, he took possession of the little parlor down below and held grim festival there.

He set out glasses and bottles—three glasses, three bottles—one of rum for Paul Kervee, one of cognac for himself, as became a master mariner, and one of thin wine of Chablis for his wife, because she had shown a mild liking for it during their short married life. There, all night long, he sat, solemnly toasting the dead who had died by his hand—filling the glasses each with its own special liquor, and draining them one after the other till he sank into stupor, or, by some odd twist of the muddled brain, rose in a fury, as happened more than once, and smashed bottles and glasses and furniture as he chased imaginary victims round the room. The while Barbe sat shuddering solidly, with Minette quivering in her arms, on the trap door of the room above, whither she had been drawn like a moth to the flame.

She heard her father, with whom speech was so rare a thing, speaking now as if to make up for all lost time, and it was strange talk and unnatural to listen to. The man he had down there with him was Paul, and the woman was Barbe, like herself. When had they come off from the shore? And why did they never reply to his sallies? And why was she never allowed to see them? Ah, Barbe, it was just as well you should not know!

More than once it happened that the company below fell out, as I have said, and terror reigned. More than once it happened that the maddened man crept on his chest up the ladder, with blind hands and groping feet, and tried

to come through the trap into the next room—possibly to tend the lights as he had done that first night, possibly with less philanthropic intent. Whatever his intention, Barbe deemed it advisable to keep him out, and so she sat heavily on the door. And the stumbler on the ladder pushed at it with his head, growling curses, but soon gave it up, and cursed his way slowly down the rungs again; while Barbe on the other side prayed earnestly to the Virgin for succor in this time of need, but never moved off the trap.

It was always the same, and had been so since ever she could remember. Christmas Eve was always a curdling horror for her, and Christmas Day a time of gloomy remorse for her father. Then things fell back into their regular routine, and life was bright again—for Barbe, at all events—until the evil time came round once more.

Never once during all these years did any mariner come to grief on Grand Bayou for lack of the warning light, though more than one laboring stranger, out of hand through stress of weather, came wallowing helplessly along the Race and was ground over the Devil's Teeth into the Creuset—the Melting Pot—which lies, in the shape of a mighty under jaw, between Grand Bayou Light and the towering cliffs of Finisterre.

Then the lonely dwellers on the light, which stands on the outermost fang of the Teeth, heard the shouts and cries of drowning men—horrible in the dark, more horrible still in daylight by reason of added sight—and were powerless to help. Like higher ministers of grace, they might warn but could not save by physical means the souls that went past to their deaths. Never since they came to the light had any man who got into the Melting Pot come out of it alive, but of dead men they had drawn out not a few.

It was in such case that Barbe and her father stood breasting the fury of a wild spring gale one morning, clinging to the stout wooden railing that ran round the lantern, peering breathless and narrow eyed into the storm. Their eyrie thrummed in the wind, and shook with the pounding of the waves. Behind

them the Melting Pot boiled and churned as if the devil himself were in it. The frowning cliffs beyond, for a league on either side, were white half way up their sides with flying spume.

A dirty rag of sail, which looked no bigger than a handkerchief, came bobbing towards them through the gale, and they watched it intently.

It had a meager chance, which lessened every second. It was palpably in the grip of the Race. If, by good seamanship, by luck, by Providence, if by any means whatsoever, it could weather the light, it was safe. It seemed, like a sentient thing, to be straining every nerve. It grimped to windward inch by inch and raised the watchers' hopes; then it swirled away in the treacherous current, and lost in a second more than it had gained in the previous minute. Once more it clawed tooth and nail up into the wind, only to be swung back towards destruction, till it looked as if the fiend himself had gripped it by the keel and was playing with it as a cat plays with a mouse.

"It is finished," growled Carcassone at last; and he turned and went into the lantern. He had seen it all so often, and it was not good to look upon.

But Barbe clung there still, and looked down pitifully at the little ship rolling past to its death. The men on board saw her. One of them waved his hand in farewell. Instinctively her own hand rose in answer, and the man below, with death in his eyes, thought suddenly of the priest at the altar when he stands and elevates the Host before the kneeling people. The tinkle of the tiny bell was in his ears, the scent of the incense in his nostrils. Then the Devil's Teeth ripped the bottom out of the ship, and the seething water was over his head.

Barbe gave a sob, followed her father into the lantern, and tried to rid herself of the thought of it by vigorous polishing of reflectors.

II.

THE storm held all through the day, but broke in the night; and when Barbe came out into the gallery to watch the dawn, the waves were fawning on the

rocks below like penitent dogs licking the hand they snapped at yesterday.

The sea was still dark green, edged all along the cliff foot with a fringe of snowy lace. The Melting Pot alone refused to be still. It boiled and tumbled viciously, as it always did after a storm, a thing of evil humor and everlasting discontent.

As the light grew, Barbe's keen eye caught something on its surface. She gazed intently, then reached inside the lantern for a glass, took one long look, and sped down the ladder to her father's bunk.

"Father," she gasped, "a man—on a spar—in the Creuset!"

"*Eh, b'en*, he is dead," growled her father, who was just getting comfortably warm after a cold night up above.

"Perhaps—perhaps not. We must see."

"*Eh, b'en!* Go along. I will come down," he said, as one driven by duty against his inclination.

Barbe ran down to the boat that hung from the beams by the entrance door. She had it in the water, first one end and then the other, by the time her father appeared. She took one oar, he the other, and they rowed cautiously down outside the Teeth, where the water came boiling out of the Pot and rose under them in strange sudden bursts and surges, like mighty jellyfish leaping at them out of the depths. The man and the spar had got into a corner where things went round and round for days, sometimes, beyond reach even of the casting line.

It was impossible to get the clumsy boat in. It was difficult enough to hold it anywhere near the boiling Pot.

"He is alive!" said Barbe eagerly. "I am sure he is alive. See, he moves," as the spar gave a sudden joggle.

"It is only the water," said her father.

"Oh, how can we get him?" she cried.

"We cannot leave him there!"

"We can't reach him," said her father. "Besides, he is dead."

"He may not be. We must get him!"

"No man ever came out of the Pot alive."

"He looks alive," said Barbe.

"Well, you'd better go for him," said

her father, with grim humor. "I'm not going to drown myself for a dead man."

She hesitated a moment, and looked again at the figure on the tumbling spar. Then, without a word, she unbuttoned her skirts as she sat, and shook herself free. For one second she stood with her foot on the gunwale of the boat, a glorious figure, clad only in the modesty of an angel bent on an errand of mercy, and in a coarse cotton shift, which the morning breeze flapped gently about her shapely legs. Then the boat shot away at her kick, and she was slipping deftly through the broken water at the edge of the Pot.

The Race ran strong, but Barbe knew every trick that would mate it. She swam like a seal, and Pierre edged along as near to the outer rim of the crucible as the heaving coils would permit.

Barbe hung there just outside the corner pool, which swirled slowly and swung to and fro, showing a different aspect every second, and each one worse than the last, till the spar and the man came bobbing along her way. They were almost within a long arm's reach when some sudden twist from below shot them away, and she had to wait till they came slowly round again. She waited, poised for a leap as it were. Then she dashed in and flung one white arm over the man's body.

His face was leaden, his lips blue, but he opened his eyes for a moment and said "*Dieu!*" and then closed them wearily, for which Barbe was glad. She struck out vigorously for the outermost circles. The writhing coils below tried to grip her; they belched up in her face and spat at her, and flung her to and fro. The man and the spar were like an anchor to her, but she had got them, they were hers, and she would not let them go.

Twice she circled the pool, each time nearer to the outer edge. She pushed through at last, and the Race carried her down to the waiting boat. She shoved the man and the spar alongside and hung to the gunwale, panting and rosy red, with all her hair afloat about her, like a nymph of the sea. Pierre let her hang while he drew the man in and laid him face down in the bottom of the

boat; then he took her two hands and braced one foot against the gunwale, and she scrambled in and had her petticoats round her before his oar was in the rowlock.

Getting the waif up the iron ladder was a matter of much difficulty. At last, after much cogitation, Pierre bound the man's two wrists tightly together with his silk necktie; then, putting his head through the looped arms, he carried him up like a sack of flour and laid him in a spare bunk in the sleeping room. Pierre hurried Barbe away to get dry clothes for herself and hot cognac and water for the newcomer, and then proceeded to maltreat him back to life—the first man that ever came alive out of the Pot, and so a curiosity.

Barbe, dry clothed, with life exuberant bounding in her veins and glowing in her face like a halo—though the eyes of common flesh might not perceive more than that she looked wonderfully beautiful—came in with hot soup and cognac, attended by Minette and Pippo in a state of much excitement and expectation, and stood watching while her father administered the stimulants drop by drop to the patient.

There was a new, deep light in her eyes as she watched, a light very nearly akin to that which shines in the eyes of the young mother as the downy head of her first-born nestles up to her side. The mother heart in her was stirred. All unconsciously she was tasting the joy of maternity—with none of its pains, indeed, yet with all its gratitude for dangers passed; for at risk of her life she had given life, and she felt as if this new life belonged to her.

Moreover, though her range of comparison was of the smallest, it was a very comely piece of humanity that lay there in the twilight of the bunk. A long, straight limbed figure, well knit and strong, though limp and lax enough at the moment; young, too, with a well tanned face and a white creased forehead, which came from much wearing of a stocking cap under a blazing sun, and imparted to its owner a look of cheerful surprise; and long yellow hair, which fell and curled on a pair of broad shoulders.

And she had drawn him from death certain and close. She remembered the novel sensation of that startled jump which her heart gave when her naked arm went over his chest and his blue eyes looked into hers for a moment. It was very odd. It was very delightful.

"*B'en!*" said her father, as the long limbs straightened and then contracted into comfort, and the heavy eyes opened again and looked up at them with drowsy wonder. "He returns!"

He continued to drop soup and cognac between the lips which were beginning to turn red again, and presently the man was sitting up with the spoon in his own hand, stowing away the soup as if he had not tasted food for thirty six hours, which was about the actual state of the case.

"It is good to be alive again," he said at last, with a sigh of content. "And it is very good to eat when one has starved. That soup was surely made in heaven. Where am I, *monsieur* and *ma'm'selle*?"

"You are on Grand Bayou Light," said Pierre.

"I remember," he said, with a nod. "And the rest?"

Pierre shook his head. "All gone. And by rights you should be with them. You are the first to come alive out of the *Creuset*."

"All the same I would sooner be here!" The young man gazed intently at Barbe, and his face became all brown as the creases disappeared in puzzlement.

"Surely I have met *ma'm'selle* before somewhere?" he said at last.

"But no," said Barbe vigorously, and a flood of hot color ran all over her and made her feel over warm.

"Nevertheless," he persisted, "it seems to me that I know *ma'm'selle's* face;" and his memory groped back to find the clue, but overshot the mark. "It might be some one like *ma'm'selle*," he said musingly; "but I do not think so, for never in my life have I seen any one else so—so like *ma'm'selle*," he concluded lamely, the while his bold blue eyes drank in all her ripe beauty, and enjoyed the draft so palpably that another energetic "No" broke unconsciously from Barbe's lips.

His name, he told them, was Alain

Carbonec, and he had lived most of his life in Plougastel, just over the water from Brest. He had made two voyages to Newfoundland, and it was the second one that had landed him in the Pot.

And ever, as he spoke, his eyes rested in puzzled wonder on Barbe, yet with never the slightest thought that but for Barbe he would by this time have been past all wonderment and would have solved all puzzles.

And to Barbe he was a great and novel enjoyment, and a quickener of many new thoughts and feelings.

Not very often between Alpha and Omega can one point the finger of memory with absolute precision to an act or a moment and say, "There the change began. That was the actual turning point in my life." Life and death we gage to the nicest fraction, but life's other changes are mostly gradual. We recognize the flower and the fruit, but the hidden seed has long been working underground, and at what precise minute the white shoot first began to struggle towards the light we know not.

But in that strenuous moment when Barbe Carcassone's strong white arm encircled the unconscious Alain and drew him tight to her breast for the struggle out of the pool, a new sense, of which she had never known the lack, sprang up full grown within her. She felt it but did not understand it. How should she? For it was very much more than a half drowned man on a spar that she drew to herself at that moment. It was life's best flower and fruit.

Do I say that she felt it? What she felt, as the man's eyes opened and looked wonderingly into hers, was that something fluttered in her throat like a startled bird, and that the glorious life in her veins leaped and rushed with new, amazing vigor, and that the water of the Race, which had been cold, became suddenly tempered to her blood. These were the outward signs visible to herself of that inward and spiritual grace which is the nearest thing earth has to heaven. It was a veritable baptism into a new and larger life, a baptism by full immersion. Hitherto, by reason of the fewness of her needs and her lack of knowledge, she had been content with what she had, and her na-

ture had craved no more. Henceforth it would take more than sea and sky to fill her heart. She had looked into the eyes of a man and found them good; and fortunate it was for Barbe that the eyes were the eyes of a good man!

Whenever she raised hers to them, she found them fixed on her. She said to herself that it annoyed her. To get rid of them she went away up to the lantern, where there were no eyes to trouble her save the reflections of her own. She felt a novel lack and loneliness, and went down stairs again, and saw the bold blue eyes of the young sailor shine the brighter for her coming.

Eh b'en, if he liked to look at her, what harm? She would pay him back the same way. He was nice to look at, he had seen many strange things, and his telling of them was full of interest. A day and a night's boiling in the Pot claimed a full week for recovery, and in that short week Barbe learned things that all her previous nineteen years had failed to teach her, things which the good sisters of the Sacred Heart at St. Pol de Léon could never have taught her though she had lived with them for a hundred years.

Alain had lived a clean, simple, amphibious life, half fisher, half farmer, as is the way in Strawberry Land; but he had mixed much with his fellows, and he had eyes and ears as good as any, and better than most. He had seen many girls in his time, and Plougastel is not without its beauties; but he had never seen a girl like this one. There was in her something of charm and grace which set her above every other girl he had ever met. What it was he could not tell.

"By much watching," he said to himself, "I shall find out," and with so pleasing a subject the study was to his liking.

But the simple, mighty source of Barbe's untutored grace was beyond him while he lay in his bunk and watched her. In a crude way, man-like, he looked to surprise art—rather, perhaps, artfulness—where there was in fact nothing but the free, unfettered grace of nature, nature innocent of corsets, either of mind or body, and so void of any slightest touch of self con-

sciousness or restraint. Here were no gauds or beguilements, either of manner or dress, such as even the girls of Plougastel assumed on occasion, and the girls of Brest—" *Eh b'en, assez!* One does not speak of such in the same breath with this one." In her homely garb and bare feet and uncoiled hair—which tangled all his soul in its dark meshes, and would have greatly scandalized the girls of Plenevec, whose hair is sacred and always hidden in caps—she was the most wonderful thing he had ever seen.

In a crude way, however, he came to some slight understanding of the causes that had made her what she was, when he dragged his bruised limbs up the ladders to the lantern one day while she was busy polishing the reflectors.

"*Ma foi!* What a sight!" broke from him as he sat with his feet dangling through the rails of the gallery and looked out on the blue sea, and the white piled sky, and the savage cliffs with the league long fringe of foam lace at their feet, and the wavering cloud of sea birds up above. "And you have lived here long, mademoiselle?"

"I have lived here all my life," said Barbe.

"But sometimes you go ashore?"

"Almost never," she said, with a shake of the head. "This has always been my home."

"*Mon dieu!*" he said, with the wonder of a man who has spent his life among men, and with something of the pity of the mariner who hates above all things an anchorage on a lee shore. He looked thoughtfully at the girl, and then again at the wide sweep of the sea, the slow, majestic movement of the clouds, and the wild grandeur of the cliffs, and he knew that the girl fitted in with her surroundings. And perhaps just a glimmer of understanding was vouchsafed to him, for he murmured another half unconscious "*Mon dieu!*" and presently added an impatient "*Si, si,*" which might probably mean: "That explains it, you fool. Could she be anything but what she is in such a place?"

Then, with his eyes resting thoughtfully on Barbe to the exclusion of all else, he went a step further and wondered dimly if she could have been any-

thing but just what she was whatever her surroundings had been. For after all, he said to himself, the kernel makes the nut, not the shell.

III.

It was not to be expected that Pierre would view with complete equanimity the introduction into his family circle of a young man so full of possibilities as this good looking sailor lad. His eyes were open, but what could he do? For his own part, he would as lief the fellow had stopped in the Pot with the rest of the shipwrecked sailors, until in due time, when it had done with him, the scour of the Race had washed him out and laid him gently on the shore down at Plenevec.

But Barbe's impetuosity had balked the Pot of its prey, and Barbe's interest in her treasure trove was manifest. Again, what could he do? Having saved the man's life, he could not refuse him hospitality. He could not throw him out, or even hint at the desirability of his going, till the lad got back some of his strength. He could, however, sound him gently as to his intentions, and that he proceeded to do with the simple directness of the peasant.

"You will be going back to Plougastel, *mon gars*, when you are recovered?" he said.

Alain looked at him musingly, and Barbe looked at Alain.

"I am not sure," said the young man at last, as he dropped a crumb for Minette and Pippo to squabble over. "I have no one at Plougastel now. My people are all dead, and one place is as good as another. Some, perhaps, are better."

"Newfoundland is a great country——"

"I would give the whole of it for ten hectares of Brittany and a well found boat," and Barbe's eyes glowed responsive.

"Down the St. Lawrence, by Rivière du Loup and Quebec, it is very fine country. I was there once," said Pierre. "I wished my lot had been cast there."

"It is fine country," said the young man, "but it is not France."

"Fine men and beautiful women," said Pierre reminiscently.

"All the same——" The blank expressed more than many words.

But the time came, and all too quickly, when Alain could no longer evade the penalty of complete convalescence, and one bright morning found him and Pierre in the boat pulling steadily towards Plenevec. The emptiness within, as if a part of him had been overlooked and left behind in the light, occasioned him much surprise and some bodily discomfort.

Barbe, up in the gallery, waved a last farewell as the boat turned the corner into Grand Bayou Bay to avoid the force of the ebb tide. She stood long watching the spot where it had disappeared. She was not feeling as if Alain had left anything behind, but rather as if he had left the hollow shaft still hollow and emptier than when he came to it. Who, then, was the gainer, since these two both felt a sense of loss? Not Pierre, I trow.

"Say then, Pierre"—as the boat ground on the shingle at Plenevec—"what hast thou there?" and the speaker, a tall, loose limbed, powerful young fellow clad in blue jersey and huge sea boots, with a red stocking cap on the back of his dark head, a cigarette in his mouth, and his hands deep in his trousers pockets, sauntered down to meet them.

"His ship went into the Pot a week ago and all the rest were drowned," said Pierre.

"Yes, we've had them. And how did he escape?"

"God knows. He's the first I ever saw come out alive."

"He has the luck without doubt. Say then, *mon gars*, what is your next move? Where are you from?"

"Plougastel," said Alain.

"Ah, ha! They are fine lads at Plougastel, and good sailors. Can you throw and draw?"

"Of course. I had five years at the fishing."

"And are you going back to Plougastel?"

"I have nothing to go back for."

"Parents?"

To which Alain only shook his head.

"Have a cigarette. They are not what one gets hereabouts—and come up and have a drink. Pierre, *mon vieux*, you will join us in a *chopine*. Mère Buvel's cider is beginning to put on a flavor in its old age."

They drew the boat a few feet up the wet stones and ground their own way up to the little hostelry. A resplendent old gendarme in blue and white and silver, who seemed somehow out of place among the surrounding low color tones—the sober grays and somber browns and the dingy ashen hue of salt bitten, sun dried wood—strolled up as they set foot on the solid earth above. The only thing that came anywhere near his magnificence was the sun, and M. Gaudriol and the sun together made a dazzling combination which inspired in the younger members of the community a wholesome fear of the law.

"*Jour, Pierre!*" said the gendarme. "All well?"

"We are all well, M. Gaudriol, I thank you."

"And who is this?" The keen eye of the Law raked Alain from truck to keelson.

Pierre explained once more.

"We are going to drain a *chopine* to *monsieur's* past and future," said the first comer. "Won't you join us, M. Gaudriol?" and they all went up together.

When they had clicked the dripping mugs across the well scrubbed table, M. Gaudriol, with the authority of a paternal government that has a special solicitude for wandering sheep, proceeded to put Alain through his paces, and Alain took it all as a matter of course.

"Alain Carbonec—of Plougastel—age nineteen—sailor—parents dead—subject to one year's service—of age therefor in one year's time—been two voyages to Newfoundland—wrecked in brig *Cerise* on Grand Bayou—only man saved." That was the official report which, with a few subsequent additions, M. Gaudriol sent up to headquarters that night. His own private supplement to it ran something like this: "Good looking lad, quiet and modest, but with plenty of spirit, and intelligent. Doubtful how he'll get on with Cadoual,

who, has a bit of the devil in him at times and is difficult."

However, to our *chopines!*

"Did you hear that old Jeannot was dead?" said Cadoual suddenly to Pierre.

"No. How was it?"

"The old fool took one drink too many four nights ago, and fell overboard drawing the net."

"H'm!" said Pierre.

"He always did drink too much, did Jeannot, and many's the time I've told him so; but as well try to stop a sea gull by whistling as a dry man when he's got the thirst on him," said Sergeant Gaudriol.

"That leaves me alone in the boat, and that's no good," said Cadoual. "What do you say, *mon gars?*"—to Alain. "Will you try the fishing here for a time before going on further? I will give you Jeannot's screw, and that includes a fifth share in the take. Is it a bargain?"

"It's a bargain," said Alain, and they struck hands on it. Cadoual had the *chopines* filled again at a cost of four sous the lot, and offered them cigarettes all around, and they clicked and drank to the partnership.

"You can arrange with the old one"—*la vieille*, his mother—"to live with us, if you like," said Cadoual. "She will do you well, and at a reasonable figure."

"No, *monsieur*, excuse me, but I think not that, by your leave," said Alain quietly. "No discourtesy to you or *madame*, you understand; but if we are rubbing shoulders all night in the boat, it would be wiser not to be rubbing them ashore all day too, or they might get rough. Is it not so?"

"*Eh b'en, mon beau!* That is as you choose, but the old one would do you well."

But Sergeant Gaudriol nodded approvingly and said, "It is good sense all the same."

"And the little one, *mon vieux?*" asked the old gendarme of Pierre before they parted.

"She is well," said Pierre.

M. Gaudriol frequently asked after Barbe, whom he remembered as a tiny thing in a tight little white cotton skull cap on her father's arm, that first morn-

ing when Pierre introduced himself to Plenevec. He had seen her once again, a child of six or so, with long dark hair and big blue eyes, and but once or twice since. It was as the dark haired little girl that he remembered her, though he knew her best as the skull capped baby.

"A nice looking lad," said M. Gaudriol to himself as he mused over the newcomer that night. "I wonder how he'll get on with George Cadoual. The poor old Jeannot had a devil of a time and a dog's life. I'm not sure this one would take it sitting, as he did. However, we shall see."

A few days later he received a report from headquarters concerning Alain which caused him to regard the young fellow with quite new interest.

"*Tiens!*" he said to himself. "What an odd world it is! It would be odder still if——" and he nodded his head like a china mandarin. "It's not for me to interfere, anyhow. If that was to come about, I should take it that the *bon dieu* had his finger in it."

IV.

AFTER Alain left, Barbe found herself lonely for the first time in her life. That she had never felt so before was not by any means her fault, though very much her misfortune. Who has no friends can suffer no bereavements; but such a depth of poverty is infinitely more to be deplored than the sorest wringing of the heart through loss, since bruising makes the heart grow tender. Philosophic wealth may consist in fewness of needs, but craving indicates growth, even in an *Oliver Twist*. The rock embedded toad lives a life of perfect peace and has no wants—so far as we know—but its existence is hardly the ideal one.

The light, which had hitherto yielded Barbe all she wanted in the way of food for heart and mind, suddenly became barren in these respects.

Twelve long years she had lived there in contentment, and never lacked good company. And now this sailor lad, with the bold blue eyes and the long yellow hair, had come for one short week, and the place felt empty without him.

Barbe went about her work sedately,

and missed him in every corner. That was where he used to sit smoking of an evening, while he discoursed disjointedly of the world outside and her father sat and grunted approvingly. That was where he had sat with his legs dangling through the gallery rails while she polished the reflectors and saw him in them all. That was his empty bunk next to her own—for in Brittany the privacy of a box bed may imply a community of bedroom, and lighthouses are not as a rule built with guest chambers. On one still night she had heard his quiet, regular breathing through the partition, and had lain awake listening to it, stirred with strange emotions, till she fell asleep, only to dream of him still.

The straight blue eyes looked out at her from every corner just as they always had done. Always, did she say? *Mon dieu*, it was only one short week he had been there. The long yellow locks, whose ends curled upwards on his shoulders, like loose vine tendrils which seek the sun though they dangle to the ground—they danced before her eyes up and down the ladders, and she saw them in the sunbeams that lighted up the dark corners of the rooms.

It takes a fine face to carry long hair in a man. The minor poet who brushes his ambrosial locks behind his ears as a trademark to be read of men—whereby his person attracts more notice than his poems—is a sight for gods to pity and rude little boys to laugh at. But to the bold faced seamen of Finisterre and Côtes-du-Nord the trailing locks impart no more of effeminacy than they did to the vikings of old, whose descendants many of these Breton sailors are.

That was the plate he had used that morning at breakfast. She knew it by the chip out of the side, like a thumb mark, and had been annoyed that it should fall to him. She washed it carefully and used it herself thereafter, in preference to plates unchipped.

When she had cleared out his bunk she put her own pillow and mattress into it, and flushed all over at so greatly daring.

Would he ever return, she wondered? Or was that week—that one short week—to be all? It had been very strange,

very sweet, while it lasted. She had never thought so much about any one before, but then that was because she had had no one to think about—except her father, and somehow her thoughts of Alain were quite different.

Ah, if it could have gone on so! If there had been no need for him to go! How bright the future would have seemed! Things were different with her somehow. The white piled sky was very far away. The slow sweep of the waves had a sense of unfriendliness in them. Had they not wanted him for their prey? The restless foam fretting at the cliffs gave her no pleasure. The clouds of sea birds swinging round Cap Réhel annoyed her. They were nearer to him than she was.

She had suffered loss. She was learning unconsciously the great lesson that in loss there may be gain; that she who loses is still richer than she who has naught to lose; that it is sweeter, with the infinite sweetness of the touch of sadness, to be able to say "Once was" than to have to confess that there never has been; that it is better to dwell among the hills and valleys of life, even for a season, than to live forever on the level plain, or in the seclusion of a lighthouse.

When her father returned in the afternoon, on the slack of the tide, all she said to him was: "He is gone?"

Perhaps he caught the touch of wistful sadness in her voice. He had, in his own way, and according to that which was in him, sounded the heights and the depths. He was prematurely aged with the bitterness of life. His fibers were tough with the strains they had endured. It was too much, perhaps, to expect from him any very delicate sympathy with a girl's first sense of loss.

"*Si, si,*" he growled. "He is gone;" and no more. Not that he felt any conscious desire to mislead her. It was simply that so far as they were concerned the uninvited guest had departed. Carcassone would have been better pleased if he had never arrived. He was a good looking lad, and doubtless as good as his looks, but the light-keeper wanted no lads after his girl. Time enough for all that. It only

meant trouble, or at the least upsetting, and what he wanted was peace.

So Barbe took up her common tasks and went on her daily round, and life on the light seemed to settle down into its old groove. But things could never be the same again to her, for she had looked into the eyes of a man, and the eyes of a man had followed her till she knew it by the leaping of her blood.

Barbe had stretched out her hand and picked and tasted of the fruit of the tree of life. She had dimly come to the knowledge that in the existence of a maiden there are things of more account than clouds, and waves, and birds and fishes—and even than fathers.

V.

THREE days later, with the sweetness of her loss and the deeper gladness of all her memories upon her, Barbe was up in the lantern at early dawn as was her wont.

A brown sailed fishing boat was making slowly for Plenevec, wobbling heavily along to the creak of the oars, for there was not a breath of wind. Barbe stood watching it for a moment, and at sight of her the oarsmen, standing face to the bows as they breasted the heavy oars, stopped in their rhythmic swing. A fluty hail came pealing across the smooth water, and a friendly hand waved in the boat—as it had waved once before when his ship was running down the Race to certain death, which yet for him was to be the entrance to a larger life.

Barbe's young red blood leaped in her veins, and her face glowed from the inside as well as from the dawn, as she waved her hand in reply. So he had not gone, after all, or he had come back! He was still within sight and sound! Her heart swelled within her till it gave her pain, and she struck her side with her fist to keep the unruly thing in order.

She watched the boat till it crept round the corner into Grand Bayou. She got another wave of the hand and waved hers in reply. When the boat had quite disappeared she went back to her work. The sky was full of light, and the sea was dimpling and smiling under the tender kisses of the new

born sun. The sea birds round Cap Réhel gleamed like a snow cloud. The tall shaft of the lighthouse shone like a pillar of fire, and up at the top of it Barbe Carcassone, nearer heaven than most, said to herself that the good God was very good and Alain was still there.

"*Tiens!*" said George Cadoual, as Alain straightened up and stopped rowing to wave his hand and send his greeting to Barbe up in the gallery. "You know *la Carcassone*? But of course, you were there. I forgot. A pretty girl, they say, but the old one keeps her all to himself. A gloomy old curmudgeon, but he has reason, without doubt. He murdered a man and woman up there in the light, you know."

"What are you saying, then?"

"But yes, it is true, my boy. It was before my time, but it is well known. The man who used to keep the light ran off with Pierre's wife, and he followed them and killed them both up there. For me, I say he did right, and they only gave him five years. Then he went to live there, and he's been there ever since. Ask old Gaudriol, *mon gars*"—as Alain's face betokened no sense of conviction; "he was here at the time. He has been here since the Flood, has Gaudriol."

But Alain was musing on this strange news, and he spoke no word till they landed.

That afternoon, after his sleep, Alain purposely chanced upon M. Gaudriol. The old gendarme accepted a pipeful from him and sat down on the shingle for a chat, for he had taken a liking to the lad at first sight.

"Is it true, M. Gaudriol, that M. Carcassone killed a man and woman out there?" Alain asked, with a seaward nod, as soon as their pipes were fairly alight.

"It is true enough, my boy;" and the old man looked at him curiously from under his bushy white brows. "He had great provocation. Being officer of the law myself, I would not go so far as to say he was justified, but they only gave him a short term, and nobody thought the worse of him when he came back. He did a thing, and he paid for it. *Voilà tout!*

"Who was telling you?" he asked presently.

"Cadoual, this morning in the boat. As we passed the light *ma'm'selle* was up in the gallery, and I waved my hand to her."

Old Gaudriol nodded understandingly.

"She is a good girl, and pretty, they say."

"She is very beautiful," said Alain with conviction, "and I am quite sure she is good. Does she never come ashore?"

"I saw her that first morning when her father brought her here to me, after—you understand. And I saw her when he fetched her from St. Pol, and since then I think I have seen her but twice. Is she content out there all alone?"

"I suppose so," said Alain. "She did not say."

"It must be dull for her," said Gaudriol. "Young life has its rights also. The young should mix with the young."

The old man looked at the young one as if about to say something else; but he checked himself, and it was not till the pipes were beginning to whiffle that he asked casually: "And how do you get on with Cadoual?"

"Well enough," said Alain. "He's a bit odd at times. He likes his own way, and thinks he knows more than most."

To all of which Gaudriol nodded assent, but said no more.

Alain had found bed and board in the house of an old widow woman whose son had been drowned the previous winter. Mme. Pleuret discovered in him a likeness to her lost boy, so that he found himself in very comfortable quarters, while the mother in her found relief in ministering to him. His business took him frequently up to the Cadoual house, and he never regretted that he was not living there.

He did not soon forget his first introduction to Mère Cadoual.

He had waited to see Pierre off home that first day, and then, with M. Gaudriol's assistance, to find a lodging. In the afternoon he went up, as arranged with George, to have a talk with him about the fishing.

(To be continued.)



The Wooden Wings of Norway.

BY A. B. WILSE.

THE FINE WINTER SPORT OF SKI RUNNING, AND THE NORWEGIAN EXPERTS WHO LEAP A HUNDRED FEET THROUGH THE AIR.

WITH the first fall of dry snow, in the latter part of December, Norway awakes to its winter pastime of ski running. The sport is eminently a national possession, introduced by Norwegians into Sweden and Germany and North America, but maintained in its glory in the land of steep hills and unfathomable fiords. It is the means of progression of thousands of people throughout Norway in the months of January and February, the favorite sport of its athletes.

Ski are wooden runners of spruce or

ash from five to ten feet in length, an inch wider than the shoe of the runner, used in a manner somewhat similar to that of the Indian snowshoe. Dr. Nansen in his "First Crossing of Greenland" describes them as "long narrow strips of wood, those used in Norway being from three to four inches in breadth, eight feet more or less in length, one inch in thickness at the center under the foot, and beveling off to about a quarter of an inch at either end. In front they are curved upwards and pointed, and are sometimes a little



TRAVELERS ON SKI ON THE ROAD TO THE HOLMENKOLLEN, THE GREAT WINTER MEETING PLACE OUTSIDE OF CHRISTIANIA.

turned up at the back end, too." On these quaint implements expert runners can attain a speed of some six miles an hour, while a five mile pace is a common gait over snow many feet in depth.

Snow, far from closing up communication in Norway, opens the way for the farmer from the uplands to reach market, for the woodsman, the hunter, and the peasant to gain the towns, for the

folk of the country to attend church. The universal method of locomotion is by ski.

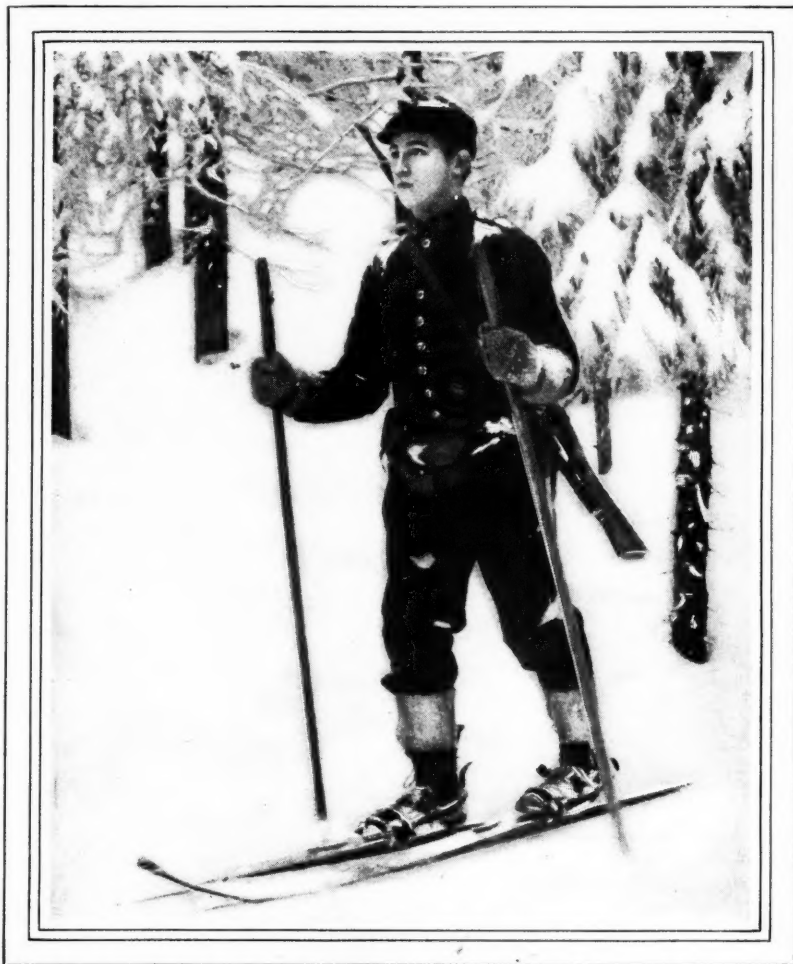
Ski are brought out so soon as the snow attains a depth of six inches, although a fall of at least a foot is necessary before one can hope to thread unopened trails through fields and forest. With this first fall the young men and maidens troop out from the towns and



SKI ENTER INTO THE PRACTICAL LIFE OF NORWAY, AND ARE USED BY CADETS OF THE MILITARY SERVICE.

villages to their favorite ski grounds. The girls, garbed in dark flannel dresses cut well above the ankle, with bright colored waist belts and scarlet knitted worsted caps, give color to the frozen

Late in January or early in February the three great competitions are held—the Konerud, the Holmenkollen, and the Solberg. Holmenkoll Day is a legal half holiday in Christiania, and from



IN WINTER NORWEGIANS USE SKI IN THE FORESTS AND THROUGH THE FIELDS ON HUNTING EXPEDITIONS.

landscape. The long braid of golden hair marks their northern origin, the thick soled shoes and broad ribbed stockings their blissful freedom from the shoemaker of the boulevards. The men, dressed in homespun, are workmanlike and masculine. All is health and vigor. Out across the fields and roadways the people of the city stream to the hills above Christiania.

the Norwegian capital some fifty thousand people journey to the hill where the ski competitions are to be held. Every competitor is a runner of national repute who has passed severe preliminary tests of his ability to leap vast distances without losing his balance. The spectators disperse themselves in parties over the hillside and out upon the frozen lake at the bottom. As one

o'clock approaches, the band strikes up some piece of national music, the notes ringing far and clear in the frozen air. About one third way from the summit is

to maintain his balance, leaping forward a hundred feet or more. The record leap is one of a hundred and twenty feet, made last winter by an



TWO WEE NORWEGIAN SKI RUNNERS.

the jumping off place. From that some veteran ski runner, a member of the committee of the National Skisport Association, makes a trial leap to test the condition of the snow and the state of the course. Then comes the first competitor, launched into space, struggling

eighteen year old Drontheim boy named Paul Nesjo.

Ski running is essentially a healthy sport, clean, invigorating, strenuous, demanding the best of an athlete's powers of strength, skill, endurance, speed, and nerve control.

The Cockney's Calendar.

BY DOUGLAS STORY.

"PUNCH," THE FLEET STREET COMMENTARY ON THE CURRENT EVENTS OF THE DAY—THE FAMOUS MEN WHO HAVE BEEN ITS EDITORS AND CARTOONISTS, AND THE PART IT HAS PLAYED IN THE LAST HALF CENTURY OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

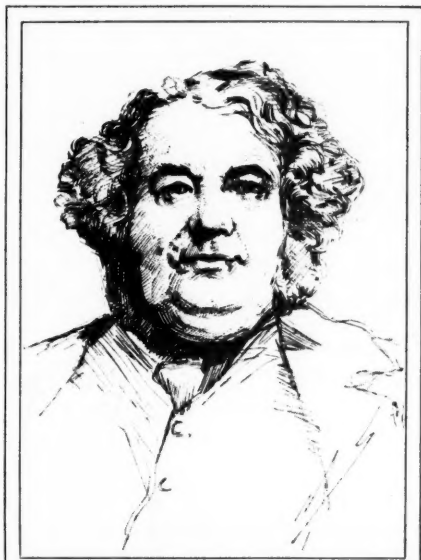
FOR sixty years foreigners have believed the *Times* to be the serious and *Punch* the frivolous journal of England. The converse were nearer the truth. *Punch* is the Cockney's history of our own times. It reflects the Englishman's opinions on social, political, and national events. It illustrates his views on international occurrences. It is a commentary upon the world of the nineteenth century as viewed from the shady side of Fleet Street. It is a record conceived in satire, born in badinage, bred in caricature, that approaches truth more closely than the most labored chronicles of the time. *Punch* is the Cockney's calendar as truly as ever was Pepys' "Diary."

When Emerson first visited England he recorded his impression that the Englishman's belief was confined within the limits of "a chapter of Genesis and a leader in the *Times*." Had he viewed England any time in the next sixty years, he might with greater truth have written "a chapter of Genesis and a cartoon in *Punch*." As Mr. Choate said at the dinner given in honor of the jubi-

lee of Sir John Tenniel, the famous cartoonist of *Punch*: "For fifty years Sir John has been keeping a school for statesmen—a school of morals, virtues, manners, discipline, politics, and principle. He has enabled every great man of England, after he had achieved his task—perhaps it was a great speech, a great battle, perhaps a great blunder—to take up *Punch* and see himself exactly as others saw him. He has taught the great men of England in the last half century that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." In the sentiment so aptly expressed by the witty American lies the abiding interest of *Punch* to people of all nations.

"PUNCH; OR, THE LONDON CHARIVARI."

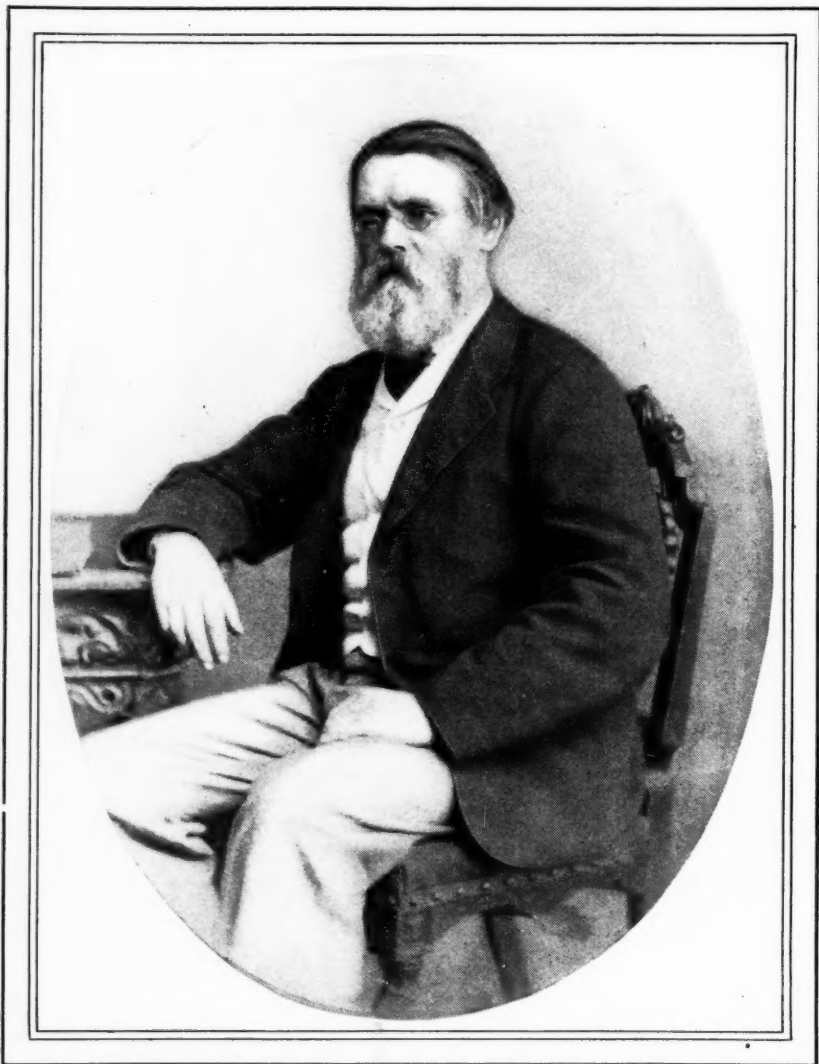
It were well, however, in turning the pages of the *London Charivari* to remember that its records are not so truly expressive of the British as of the purely English or Cockney opinion of passing events. *Punch* has generally taken a narrow view of the world, a view circumscribed within the walls of Fleet Street, an insular view. London, like Paris, is in-



MARK LEMON, WHO WITH HENRY MAYHEW FOUNDED "PUNCH" IN 1841, AND WHO WAS ITS FIRST EDITOR.

tensely provincial, immensely self satisfied, extravagantly assured of its intellectual superiority to the rest of the empire. *Punch* voices this sentiment, is arrogant as London in presu-

strongly Southern in sentiment, and unmercifully lampooned the leaders of the Union cause, until the great motives of the conflict had become apparent upon the surface. Then it did penance

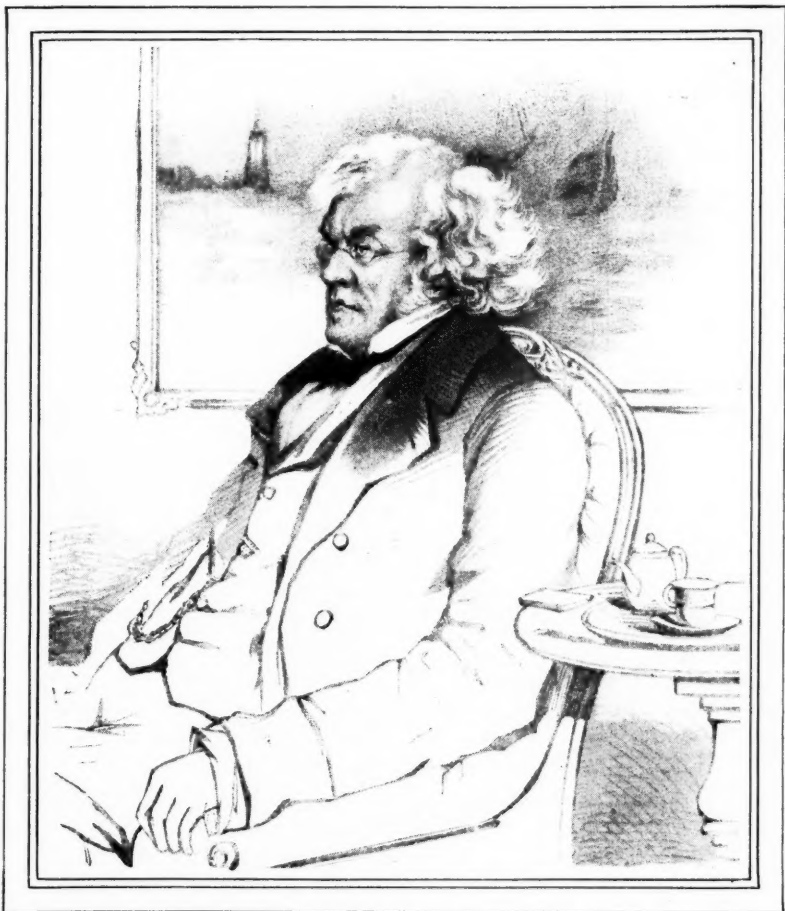


TOM TAYLOR, PLAYWRIGHT AND HUMORIST, EDITOR OF "PUNCH" FROM 1874 TO 1880.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

ming to speak for the British people, is as intolerant of the opinion of the country at large. When the great struggle between the North and South was being waged in this country, *Punch* was

for its wilfulness, published Sir John Tenniel's heart wrung cartoon and Shirley Brooks' magnificent tribute to "Abraham Lincoln, Foully Assassinated, April 15, 1865."



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, THE FAMOUS NOVELIST, MUCH OF WHOSE HUMOROUS WORK APPEARED IN "PUNCH."

From an engraving in the "Maclise Gallery."

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face?

* * * *

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail splitter a true born king of men.

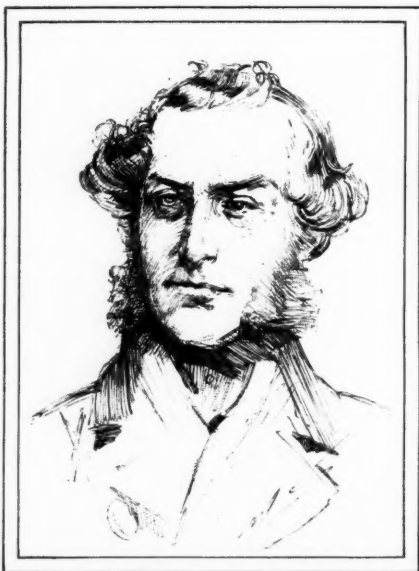
Punch at its very foundation was Cockney; its sub title is the *London Charivari*. When Mark Lemon had grown tired of writing unremunerative

fares, he debated with Henry Mayhew the practicability of publishing a journal of satire. Together, over sundry heaped tankards in a Fleet Street inn, they planned *Punch*, enlisted Dick Doyle to design the cover. Doyle was the son of the celebrated caricaturist, John Doyle, and uncle of the still more famous novelist, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Mark Lemon was born in London on November 30, 1809, had grown fat in the taverns of Fleet Street, was a Falstaff in width of girdle and breadth of humor. Three years his junior, Mayhew was likewise a Cockney, while Doyle was at the time of the founding

of *Punch* a London born artist of seventeen.

LEECH, THACKERAY,
AND BROOKS.

First published in July, 1841, *Punch* had reached but its fourth number when John Leech, another Londoner, joined its staff. Thackeray, though born in Calcutta, was brought to London when only five years of age, and together with Leech imbibed Cockneyism at Charterhouse school. These two, the most world famed of all *Punch* contributors, brought the journal into its proud position of a national institution. Thackeray, contributing "Jeames' Diary," "Travels in London," and hosts of



JOHN LEECH, THE MOST FAMOUS CARICATURIST OF HIS DAY, A CONTRIBUTOR TO "PUNCH" FROM 1841 TO 1864.

"Ballads"; Leech, ridiculing society and caricaturing Brougham, Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and the leaders of the day; Keene, satirizing with a blunter but no less deadly pencil; Doyle, railing at "Ye Manners and Customs of Ye Englishe"; Alfred Tennyson and Edward Bulwer Lytton tilting at each other in more earnest manner—these made of *Punch* during the editorship of Mark Lemon a journal of surpassing brilliance; and of these Thackeray, who had left Cal-

cutta in his nurse's arms, and Tennyson, who came to London straight from Cambridge, alone were not full blooded Cockneys.



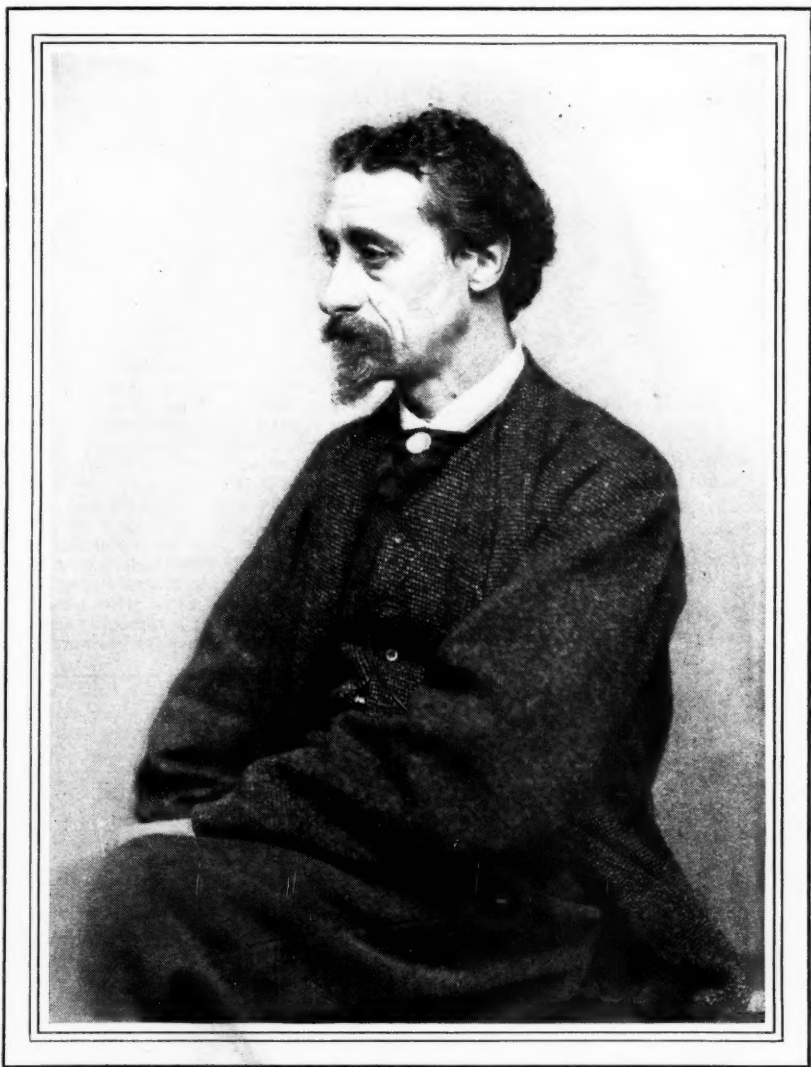
"THE LAST STRAW"—A SPECIMEN OF CHARLES KEENE'S WORK.

POLITE STRANGER (to Smolt, as he is removing his rejected Picture from the Cellars of Burlington House): "Pray, Sir, can you kindly inform me when the—ah—Royal Academy Exhibition of Pictures opens to the Public?"

From "Punch" for May 12, 1877.

The successor of Mark Lemon in the editorial seat at the weekly round table conference was Shirley Brooks, another

Among the illustrators the predominance of Cockney talent is as remarkable as among the literary contributors.

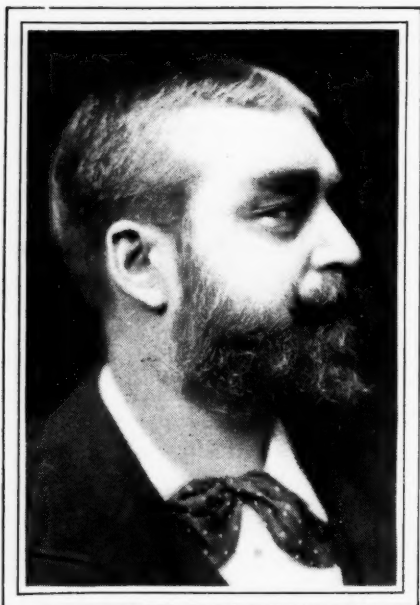


CHARLES KEENE, THE MOST TYPICAL ENGLISH HUMOROUS DRAFTSMAN OF HIS DAY, A CONTRIBUTOR TO "PUNCH" FOR MANY YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH IN 1891.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

Londoner, and he in turn gave place to Tom Taylor, who, although born in Sunderland, had lived in London from his college days. When Taylor died, his place was taken by the present editor, Sir F. C. Burnand, the fourth Londoner out of *Punch's* five editors.

Sir John Tenniel, a *Punch* cartoonist for fifty years, is a Londoner, as are Linley Sambourne, the present day political cartoonist, and Bernard Partidge, the society satirist. Du Maurier lived all of his English life in London, Harry Furniss settled there when a boy



SIR FRANK BURNAND, THE PRESENT EDITOR OF
"PUNCH."

From a photograph by Bassano, London.

of nineteen; while Phil May, most eloquent of Cockney artists, came later to

the metropolis than almost any of his predecessors and colleagues. Born in Leeds, in 1864, he had worked about a scene painter's studio, had illustrated in Australia and traveled in America, before he reached London and a seat at the Wednesday dinner. His illustrations of low class Cockney life are the best things in the modern *charivari*.

Thackeray, in his full twenty years' connection with *Punch*, had time to see its development from one of Fleet Street's foundlings into a national character. He has told of this increase in importance in his own manner:

Time was, if we remember Mr. P's history rightly, that he did not wear silk stockings nor well made clothes (the little dorsal irregularity in his figure is almost an ornament now, so excellent a tailor has he). He was of humble beginnings. It is said he kept a ragged little booth, which he put up at corners of streets; associated with beadles, policemen, his own ugly wife (whom he treated most scandalously), and persons in a low station of life; earning a precarious livelihood by the cracking of wild jokes, the singing of ribald songs, and halfpence extorted from passers by. He cracks his jokes still, for satire must live; but he is combed, washed, neatly clothed, and perfectly presentable. He goes into the very best company; he keeps a stud at Melton; he has a moor in Scotland; he rides in the Park; has his stall at the opera; is constantly dining out at clubs and in private society; and goes every night



"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"—A TYPICAL TENNIEL CARTOON.

LORD BEACONSFIELD sings to Mr. Gladstone: "Woodman, spare that tree! I love it, every bough; The Asian mystery, That it has lived till now!"

From "Punch" for May 26, 1877.

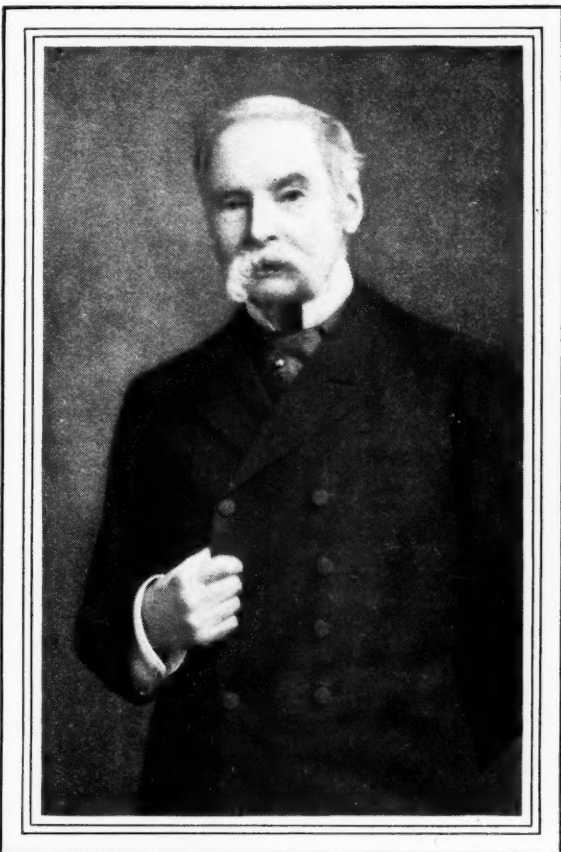
in the season to balls and parties, where you see the most beautiful women possible. He is welcomed among his new friends, the great; though, like the good old English gentleman of the song, he does not forget the small. He pats the head of street boys and girls; relishes the jokes of Jack the costermonger and Bob the dustman; good naturedly spies out Molly the cook flirting with Policeman X, or Mary the nursemaid, as she listens to the fascinating guardsman. He used rather to laugh at guardsmen, "plungers," and other military men; and was until latter days very contemptuous in his behavior towards Frenchmen. He has a natural antipathy to pomp, and swagger, and fierce demeanor.

Such are the lines on which *Punch* was developed, the rules by which he still seeks to regulate his conduct.

Thackeray's schoolboy chum, John Leech, has left the imprint of his quaint signature—a medicinal leech in a glass bottle—at the foot of more delightful conceits than any draftsman of the last century. Born in 1817, a stone's throw from the old offices of *Punch*, he began to use his pencil before his baby lips could pronounce his own name. Flaxman, the sculptor, has told how he found Leech at the age of three seated on his mother's knee drawing with much gravity. To the older artist his sketch was sufficiently remarkable to justify the prophecy that he would yet "astonish the world." At Charterhouse, however, he was supposed to be the inferior of Thackeray as a draftsman. A little later, as a medical student, he gained praise and fame for the beauty and accuracy of his anatomical drawings.

But medicine was not to confine his abilities within its stern limitations. At eighteen Leech gave to the world his "Etchings and Sketchings, by A. Pen. Esq." These were a series of studies of London street life, of those gamins and hackney coach drivers, maid servants

and life guardsmen of the metropolis who yielded him so rich a harvest in later life. He was only twenty four when first he drew for *Punch* and there



SIR JOHN TENNIEL, THE FAMOUS CARTOONIST, FOR FIFTY YEARS A MEMBER OF THE "PUNCH" STAFF.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

found the best medium his humor ever obtained. Ruskin recorded of his work that it was "admittedly the finest definition and natural history of the classes of our society, the kindest and noblest analysis of its foibles, the tenderest flattery of its pretty and well bred ways," that had appeared in England. Nor did Ruskin write laudatory criticism easily.

Another critic has written of the giant of the *Punch* illustrators:

Like Hogarth he was a true humorist, a student of human life, though he observed humanity mainly in its whimsical aspects,



"EVE'S CURIOSITY"—A TYPICAL DU MAURIER DRAWING.

YOUNG WIFE: "I wish you'd let me go with you to the City tomorrow, Fred."

YOUNG HUSBAND: "Why, my Love?"

YOUNG WIFE: "Because I should so like, just for once, to take a walk through the Money Market!"

From "Punch" for June 16, 1877.

Hitting all he saw with shafts
Of gentle satire, thin to charity,
That harmed not.

SIR JOHN TENNIEL, CARTOONIST.

Two men are associated in the mind of the present generation with the development of *Punch*—Sir John Tenniel and George du Maurier. From 1864 to 1900 Sir John drew the weekly cartoon, and not forty times in all that period was a substitute used in his place. Some of his pictures have entered into national and even international history, several have borne grave part in the provoking and the healing of animosities. All have been studied in the chancelleries of the world as

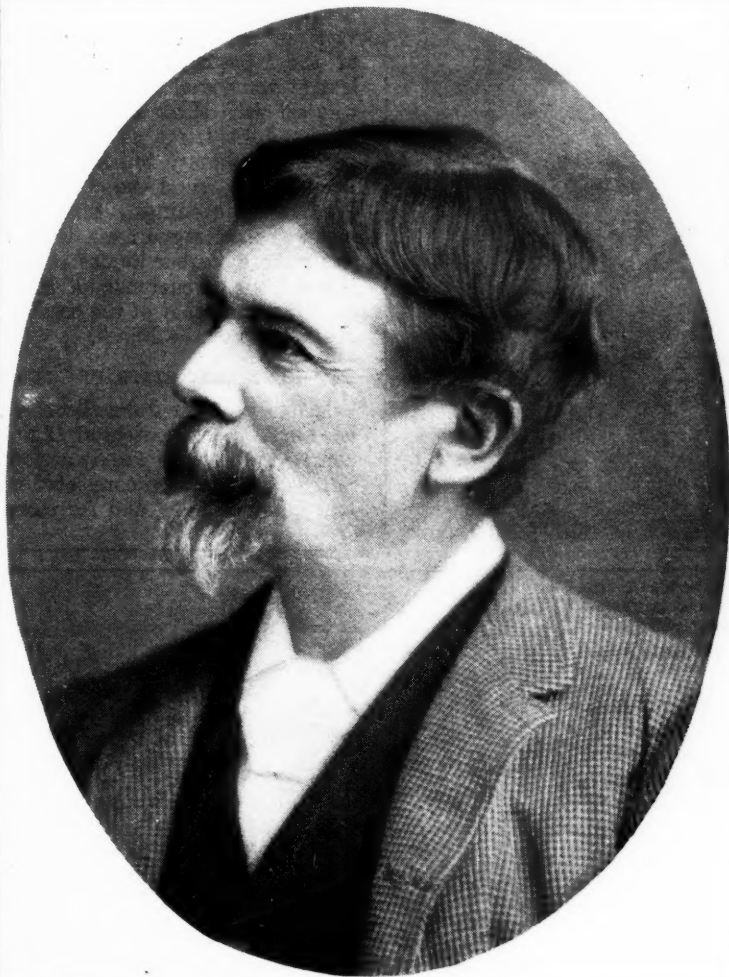
have not the leaders in the *Times*. Joining the staff of *Punch* in 1850, for fourteen years he drew the second cartoon in the paper. On the death of Leech he became principal cartoonist, and so remained until Christmas day, two years ago. During that period of thirty six years he illustrated the popular sentiment in regard to the American Civil War, to the Schleswig Holstein troubles, to the Six Weeks' War of 1866, to the Franco Prussian war of 1870, to the dozen British "little wars," to the Spanish American War and the South African War, to the events that made the nineteenth century the most remarkable in history. His



"THE FRENCHMAN IN LONDON," BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

"I am gai! I am poet! I dwell
Rupert Street, at the Fifth—I am swell!
And I sing trahala,
And I love my mamma,
And the English, I speaks him quite vell!"

From "Punch" for May 19, 1877.



GEORGE DU MAURIER, NOVELIST AND DRAFTSMAN, A LEADING CONTRIBUTOR TO "PUNCH" FROM 1860 TO HIS DEATH IN 1896.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

"Dropping the Pilot," when the Kaiser dismissed Prince Bismarck from the chancellorship of the German Empire, caught the sentiment not of Cockayne, not of England, but of the entire world. His cartoon of Napoleon III in the character of Blondin tiptoeing across the rapids of revolution appealed to every foreign observer of the French *débacle*. His Disraeli, as

"Moses in Egypt," takes rank with his cartoon of Mr. Gladstone in the likeness of a flurried hen demanding "What will he do next?" when the versatile Chamberlain is represented as a duckling first taking to water.

THE KINDLY, WITTY DU MAURIER.

A man of a vastly different stamp was George du Maurier, the kindly



LINLEY SAMBOURNE, THE
PRESENT CHIEF CARTOON-
IST OF "PUNCH."

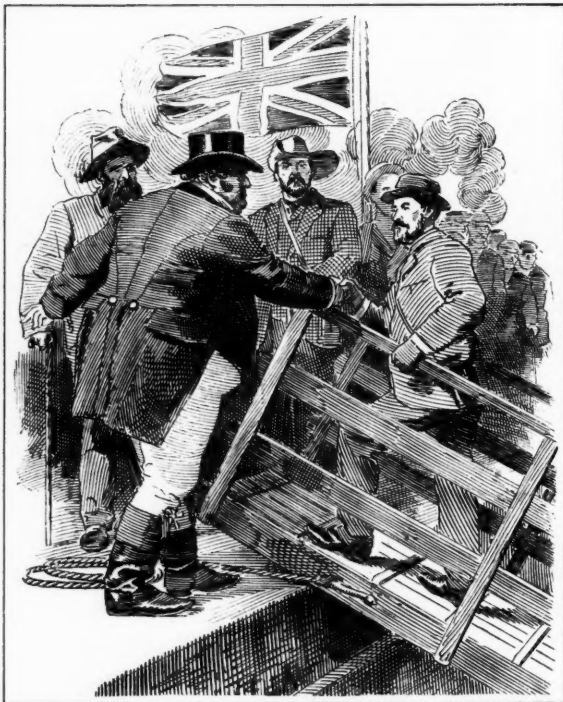
*From a photograph by Bissano,
London.*

satirist of London society, the artist who saw with a Frenchman's eye the foibles of Mayfair, who felt with a Bohemian's charity the excuse and the explanation. Born in Paris in 1834, he came to England at the age of seventeen, and, although he returned to Paris for a time later, became to all intents a Londoner, though never a Cockney. His was the kindest presence around the weekly table, the wittiest, the least practically helpful. Men such as Frank Burnand, Henry W. Lucy, and Harry Furniss will gain such credit as posterity may give

them from their marvelous industry in life. Poor Du Maurier will live because of his genial personality, his vast talent, his happy appreciation of the "better things." He was the last of the jovial bunch of Bohemians who sat with Mark Lemon and Charles Keene, John Leech and William Makepeace Thackeray, Shirley Brooks and Dick Doyle, round the cheery table on Wednesday evenings. Sir John Tenniel was a colleague from 1850, but his was a more somber humor than that of the volatile Frenchman, a less boyish geniality than that of the creator of the Musketeers of the Brush.

THE PRESENT STAFF OF "PUNCH."

In place of Sir John Tenniel *Punch* has engaged the services of Linley Sambourne to draw the weekly cartoon. Mr. Sambourne has been connected with the journal since 1867, and for many years



"FELLOW SUBJECTS"—A RECENT CARTOON BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE.

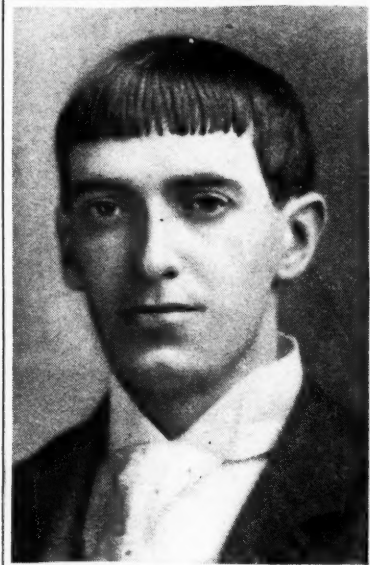
MR. BULL, to *Ree* Generals on their return from Bulland: "Welcome to your new country! I think you'll find the best enemies make the best friends."

From "Punch" for August 27, 1902.

has contributed the second cartoon. As a draftsman, he is vastly superior to Tenniel, but his wit is of a complicated order that requires labor to unravel. Humor he has none. He delights in classical allusion, in painstaking elaboration of detail, in intricate concealment of personal reference. His is an art that demands a guide book for interpretation. He lacks the broad touch of the great cartoonists, must ever be caviar to the general of newspaper readers in this age of the unclassical.

There is a ballad of Thackeray's which belongs to the *Punch* of Mark Lemon's time, and which Frank Burnand can now most feelingly chant at the round table where he sits the oldest diner:

Ah me, how quick the days are flitting !
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.



PHIL MAY.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



A SPECIMEN OF PHIL MAY'S WORK.

YOUNGSTER (who has just had a Penny given to him): "Ow much is them Grapes, Mister?"
SHOPKEEPER (amused): "They are Four Shillings and Sixpence a Pound, my Lad."
YOUNGSTER: "Well, then, give me a 'A'porth o' Grapes. I'm a Demon for Fruit!"

From "Punch" for June 1, 1895.

A fair young form was nestled
near me,
A dear, dear face looked
fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled
to cheer me—
There's no one now to share
my cup.

I drink it as the fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done
with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass, and
drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er
the seal is;
And sit you down and say
your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er
the meal is—
Here comes the smoking
bouillabaisse!

We too may join
with the editor of to-
day in toasting the
memory of the great
departed, in wishing
fortune to the living
present. *Punch* has de-
served well of all of us,
earned the resentment
of none.



"I HAVE MOTHER'S HAIR," SAID THE GIRL.
[See Story, "*The Recession of Mrs. McElway Bates.*"]

The Recession of Mrs. McElway Bates.

THE STORY OF A NEW YORK SOCIETY WOMAN'S TRIUMPHANT DIPLOMACY.

BY LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE.

I.

MRS. McELWAY BATES was a born manager. She first assumed the right of leadership in her skipping rope days, which were of a period and a neighborhood not yet educated beyond a certain democratic freedom. Little city girls then played together as do little country girls today, and New York streets were more pleasant to tread in consequence.

As a young woman, she managed her father into retirement and her mother into society. Her husband was unable to cope with her, and, being a clever man, succumbed at sight. After that, life became simple. With money, brains, and a knowledge of the colors that became her, Mrs. McElway Bates became a social power. Her name headed charitable lists. Her coiffure was the despair of every woman in her coterie. Her impertinences were copied, her bathing suits pictured in the Sunday papers. The world was hers, and she sighed for another.

At fifty, she was beginning to think herself tired of success. It is to be feared that her chief enjoyment had been in the actual making of her fortune, which, when completely finished, was rather dull and monotonous.

There came moments when she was wont to reflect bitterly upon her two great failures. Twice in her life Mrs. McElway Bates had not managed successfully. Her first disappointment was her brother Ambrose, who, in the face of her flat command, had married a girl, had moved West, and, in course of time, had died. Her second was the fact that there was no heir to the name of Bates, and the money was to go to hospitals and colleges.

The most irritating of her friends, Lucretia Evans, mourned for this waste of good material. Mrs. Evans owned a

flourishing family of daughters, who regarded the buds of each successive season as natural enemies. A masculine Bates would have figured as a blessing to the entire family.

"He could have married Emilia," Mrs. Evans had said on a time, but Mrs. Bates pounced at once.

"Emilia's too sour. I shouldn't have allowed it!" Whereupon Emilia's mother, knowing the truth and hating it, bridled, and became red about the ears.

"Emilia could have had Sir Archie McCrumble, if she had wished," she snapped.

"So could any girl with two hundred thousand," answered Mrs. Bates, whose rule it was not to mince matters. "He finally sold to Lottie Duquesne for one hundred. Now, if I had a daughter, she should marry Anthony Churchill," she ended easily.

"Anthony Churchill!" Mrs. Evans became more red, and tapped her foot. "Your assurance is almost sublime. He might not have wanted her."

"He should have had her just the same," said Mrs. Bates. "But he would have wanted her," she added calmly.

"Indeed?" said her friend. "Who would have made him, then?"

"I would," answered Mrs. McElway Bates, and there was no more to be said. Mrs. Evans more than half believed she would; however, woman like, she talked on.

"Others have tried hard enough," she asserted, with a nod that clinched matters. "There was Georgie Duquesne—but then, those girls were disgustingly fat—and there was Sybil Brooks. That mother of hers simply pitched her at him, and she didn't mind. And there was that Chicago pork girl—you know, O'Brien with a French accent—and the little Beverly that finally eloped——"

"Yes, and Emilia," put in Mrs. Bates, pouring more tea. "You tried it on, Lucretia, and did some pitching yourself. Why, the day of the Lukens' picnic he could not have gotten away from you if he'd been an *aéronaut*."

"This is really too much," cried Mrs. Evans, rising hurriedly. "I've stood a good deal from you, Virgie Bates, but this is simply beyond endurance. You needn't subscribe for that sanitarium fair, and I'm not coming to your dinner next Wednesday!"

Mrs. Evans' progress to the door was of impressive majesty. So might have paced the mother of the Gracchi. Her manner forbade any thought of her cheerful stoutness, her fashionable hat. She was imperial, sublime, Roman, in her wounded mother pride. Suddenly she turned.

"As for Mr. Anthony Churchill," she cried, in a manner that was not at all Roman—snapping her fingers quite vulgarly, in fact—"he's an idiot! Mark my words, he will be roped in. If you dote on him so, why don't *you* marry him off? It's easy to boast of what you would do if a certain thing were so, but if it isn't so, you would better talk about what you couldn't do, or else——"

"Take breath, Lucretia," suggested Mrs. McElway Bates. "You're as red as a tomato. Do you want some powder?"

"No, I don't," shouted the irate lady. "You can't anger me with your insults! Picking out a man for an imaginary daughter! It's—it's indecent!" She caught her breath for a stinging finale. "Good by, Virgie Bates. I wish you success with Anthony Churchill's mythical wife. An *aéronaut*, indeed!" Whereupon she went, slamming the door.

Mrs. Bates sat down with a thud. It may be said that she was not yet angry. Her sensation was rather that of floating in space with no solid body in sight to land upon. Lucretia Evans had been her staunchest supporter for years. They had even weathered together a winter in Europe, with Emilia, at Mrs. Bates' expense.

In a daze, she poured more tea. Her brain began to clear. Ideas flew to her, visions flashed. Suddenly a bright light

flooded her inner sight. She slammed down her cup, and rang the bell. She kept her fingers upon it until James appeared, running.

"I am out this afternoon, James. On no condition am I to be disturbed."

James departed, walking. Mrs. McElway Bates sat down again. She rummaged in her desk for an address, and finally wrote a letter.

That night Lucretia Evans cut her at the opera.

II.

It was with a manner that an ordinary woman would have acknowledged as nervously impatient that Mrs. McElway Bates paced the drawingroom, ten days later. She swished across to pull forward a bowl of roses five inches, and, after a visit to a mirror, returned to push it back four. At length she made a permanent station of the middle window, her face close pressed against the lace that covered it.

"If it wasn't wicked, I'd pray," she thought. "Dear Heaven, let her not be dowdy pretty!" She smoothed her dress over her hips. "But how any member of my family could be is beyond—ah, there's Cochran!"

Thought became suspended while eyes watched the advancing carriage. A halt at the curb, an interlude of descending footman and opening door, a flash of brown dress and yellow hair, and Mrs. Bates left her station.

She heard a girl's voice below, and clasped her hands. Then came a quick rush up the stairway, a pause at the door, and the entrance of the girl in brown, hesitant, fearful, yet with a great eagerness shining in her eyes. Without volition of her own, caught up as by a whirlwind of feeling blown straight from years ago, Mrs. McElway Bates took the girl to her heart, and held her close. James, coming in with tea, rattled the rolling table disgracefully, but Mrs. Bates merely wiped her eyes, patted the girl's hair, and smiled.

"Brown suits you, child," she said. "Your name is Rose, I believe. Your mother mentioned it. My dear Rose, you are my brother Ambrose to the life. You have his trick of the eyes, I ob-

serve. Very fetching!"—with a prolonged stare. "Not a bit of your mother, I think."

"I have mother's hair," said the girl very low.

"Ah," said Mrs. Bates, with another stare.

There was a pause. "Tea? You must be completely gone. Such a journey from Iowa—or is it Indiana?"

"It is Illinois," answered the girl.

"To be sure. Stupid of me!" Another pause. "Well, what do you like about me, child?" she concluded, with a kindly smile.

"Oh, Aunt Virginia, everything!" exploded Rose. She had been brought up in that simple minded, obsolete school which allows its pupils to speak when they wish, and as they wish, without calculation or a consideration of ends. She was also very young. "You are so beautiful," and the house, and the horses. I'm in a dream—have been ever since your letter—your wonderful letter! I can say nothing—it's beyond me."

"There, child, drink your tea, and leave the thanks. Now, tell me. You are poor?"

"Enough to keep us decently, aunt. I make my clothes."

"Um-m. You wanted to come to me for a time?"

"Oh, aunt!"—with a little gasp, and then, with wistful eyes upon the shining floor, "except for leaving mother. But then, she has gone South for a visit. I have a wonderful mother!" she added brightly.

"Ah! Southern, was she not? I'm truly glad. She has saved you from the Iowa—er—Illinois voice. I have worried somewhat over that point. But now for a little understanding. First of all, I'm to dress you—oh, yes, that was settled all along. Brown certainly does"—with a contemplative eye upon the girl's face and hair. "It would also be different. A dull green, too, perhaps."

"It doesn't really matter, aunt," put in the girl.

Mrs. McElway Bates opened her eyes wide, but said nothing. She was a woman who never argued. Her custom was to listen, and then to proceed exactly as before.

"You are to meet a few people on Wednesday—a few of the best. I give you a dinner dance on Saturday—that will be for the crowd. I have tortured my brother Jasper into a ball for you next week. By then you will be fixed in people's minds. You will be started. Already I have created an expectancy, which I am relying on you not to disappoint. Thank Heaven, you are not fat!"

Rose laughed. "I'm a rail," she said. "Mr. Benson calls me his——"

"Mr. Benson! An admirer?" came from her aunt sharply.

"My greatest," nodded the girl, adding with mischievous eyes, "eighty seven. Why, Aunt Virginia, you look really put out! Your eyes look worried." She went over to her aunt and kissed her warmly. It was a small act that spoke eloquently of her home atmosphere. "I was just fooling, Aunt Virginia," she said.

Mrs. McElway Bates stretched out her hand. "Sit down here, dear," she said. Rose, wondering, admiring, obeyed. Her aunt stroked the yellow hair. "Now, I'm going to be honest with you, Rose," she said. "We will start upon a solid foundation. I did not intend it so at once, but after seeing you, I've decided. There was a purpose in your invitation, child. It was not disinterested. There is something I want you to do for me."

"What?" breathed Rose, her eyes shining.

"Attract a man I know of, bring him to a proposal, and marry him," said Mrs. McElway Bates.

A sharp silence fell upon the glowing room; a white horror upon the glowing face at her knee. Mrs. McElway Bates found herself looking hard at the flowers in the bowl. She wished the girl would speak. She glanced at her, and then away again quickly.

Finally Rose moved. She threw out her hands with a sudden gesture of desperation. "Oh, aunt!" she breathed pitifully.

Mrs. Bates began to talk rapidly. She hated preliminaries, and wished to be done with them. "Anthony Churchill is everything that is fine—a gentleman, rich, good looking, a great catch. He

has figured in no scandal. There is nothing to which you could——"

"Stop, Aunt Virginia!" cried the girl. "You are talking idly. Do you imagine that I would do such a thing—such a cold blooded, evil thing—could do it even if you wanted me? I tell you I can't, I can't! I will not! You are cruel to ask me." Her voice broke suddenly. "Oh, aunt, let me go home," she pleaded, "now—at once—without taking off my hat! Please, please, aunt, let me go home."

"You are talking nonsense, Rose. There is no one at home. Your mother is South. You'd be mean enough to worry her and bring her home for nothing. It probably will be nothing. There are a thousand chances to one that Churchill will not look at you. I shouldn't blame you for that. He is not easily impressed. It was only a hope of mine. I wanted to see you happy. I am not used to being called cruel," she ended.

Rose stared at her a moment with miserable eyes, then down went her head upon Mrs. Bates' knee in a rage of tears. Her aunt stroked the yellow hair with a gentle hand, martyred forgiveness coursing through every motion. After a time the sobs grew less, and the wild tears became gentle ones. At last Rose sat upright, wiped her eyes, and started to speak. Her aunt interposed.

"We will go up now and see your room, my dear," she said kindly. "It will please you, I think. It is a rose room—specially prepared when I learned your name. After a time, we will drive down to my dress woman's. And there is a hat that I want for you. That will be nice, don't you think?"

Rose nodded dumbly.

III.

THROUGH a maze of rainbow tinted gowns and French hats, through a succession of drives in the closed carriage, followed by quiet dinners at home and early good nights, Rose moved during the week that followed. There were eternal tryings on, and weary parades up and down, while her aunt and her dress woman quarreled over the hang

of a skirt. There were whole hours of staring into the blackness from her rose hung bed, hours of thinking, of planning futile plans, of wondering with a savage curiosity about the man she was to be thrown to. Never before had she so longed to see any living creature as she longed to see this man; never before had she so hated any living thing as she told herself she should hate him.

Her aunt had said nothing more. She had asked no questions. Once Mrs. Bates had bowed indifferently to a man who passed them. "Mr. Churchill," she said, "with Barry Payne," and then dismissed the point. Rose, after one small start, quickly controlled, kept eyes front, and spoke of the gold apex of the obelisk. "The child is thoroughbred," her aunt decided.

It was the important Wednesday when there were to be asked "a few of the best." Rose, glancing beyond her aunt towards the doorway, wondered how many souls Mrs. McElway Bates would consider more than a few. It seemed to her that society had come in its hundreds. At first she had smiled charmingly over her tea roses, then monotonously. She had been allowed no relaxation in the shape of fluttering young men. Towards the end she became polite with a laboriousness that her aunt noted and caught up sharply.

"It is plain that Rose is bored to death, Mrs. Whittier," she remarked to a complimentary dame then occupying her partial attention. "When she is forty she will not be brave enough to show it. Confidentially, I am also bored to death at this moment, and observe how nicely I talk to you!" She glanced over Mrs. Whittier's plump shoulder to a tall man edging his leisurely way through the crush. "I am going to send you to my den to rest, my dear Rose. You will remain ten minutes. Ah, Mr. Churchill"—nodding to the tall man—"for the first and last time I must give you a task to perform. I have to ask you to take my weary little girl to my writing room, and to bring her back in ten minutes exactly. This is Mr. Churchill, Rose."

Churchill glanced at Mrs. Bates in amusement, and encountered in her eyes an earnestness that surprised him. The

girl did not move. She was clasping her flowers tightly in both hands.

"I am not in the least tired, aunt," she said. "I much prefer staying here."

Mrs. Bates smiled upon a newcomer. "Go at once with Mr. Churchill," she said crisply.

It was a silent march through the crowded drawingroom, across the marble hall, straight through the library, in most uncompromising fashion, and into the empty writing room, with a precision worthy of a regiment going to the front. Churchill glanced down once or twice at the averted face beside him, but said nothing. Arriving at the place appointed, Rose sat down in a straight backed chair and regarded the points of her slippers. Churchill gazed at her fixedly, with an attention, by now, undivided.

"They are certainly interesting," he said finally, "but you do not look comfortable. Let me fix you up on this couch."

"Thank you," said the girl. "I am very well here."

"Very well to catch a train, perhaps. Now, to my mind, a girl ought always to have cushions and things about her—that is, unless she is athletic—sleeves rolled up, and all that. You are not, I observe."

"Not at present," said Rose. All the prayers and plans had not gone for nothing. "Let me be as unattractive as possible," was the cry of her heart.

"You'd much better come over here," persisted Churchill; and Rose, to show that she had not a bad temper, went. She thought that in any one else his voice might be regarded as not wholly unattractive.

"I didn't expect anything like—you—today," he went on, unmoved by her rigidness among the pillows. "No one had warned me, and I'm distinctly offended."

Silence. He began again. "I suppose at home—where is it, by the way, if I may venture?"

"In Illinois."

"To be sure. I dare say, now—in Illinois—you are considered a great talker?" he drawled.

Rose flashed him a look, and then, at something in his eyes, blushed furiously.

"Finally!" he said. "Well, I suppose I deserve it. But I had no idea they were brown." After which somewhat disconnected speech he also relapsed into silence.

Rose, conscious of his steady eyes, tapped her foot uneasily. Then she spoke.

"Are the ten minutes up?" she said.

"I haven't an idea," he answered.

"Perhaps you have a watch?" she suggested.

"Something I never carry," he returned. "If I am interested, a watch is like a hangman—altogether too prompt and officious. A watch can also show that every minute contains sixty unadulterated seconds, at times. Minutes vary, you know, and watches are too fearfully businesslike. Suppose we talk of something else now," he suggested amiably. He placed a chair directly in front of her and sat down upon it. "Tell me, why are you so rude?" he said. "Were you not well brought up?"

"Oh, but am I actually—rude?" said Rose, in distress. "I did not mean to be—that!"

"Oh! Then you meant to be—something less horrible, but still not nice. Why?"

"I did not wish you to like me"—simply.

"Why?"

"Oh—nothing."

"But, you see—I do."

"Oh!" said Rose, with a horrified glance. "Not really?"

"I was never quite so honest in my life," he answered. "I did at once. I couldn't help it. You couldn't help it. You can't help it now. I shall continue to—like you—madly."

"Oh, but you must not!"

"It's not a case of being able to stop. It's much easier not to like you, but I'm this way—I go on liking people more and more."

"Do you like many," she asked, "so quickly?"

She was looking straight at him now. Churchill moved quickly, and then sat very still.

"Never any one before—just like this—in my life," he said, with something in his voice that held her helpless.

"Why didn't you come before? How long have you been here?"

"A week," answered Rose.

"A week?" he cried. "Seven whole days?"

"Six and a half. I arrived in the afternoon. But surely—surely it is ten minutes." She got up slowly.

"Don't go," he said.

"I must. I wish to go. At least—that is"—her invincible honesty coming to the front—"auntie will wonder."

He got up and came over beside her. "Will you allow me to call?" he suggested, with a certain diffidence about him. "And will you give me the cotillion on Saturday? And do you ride?" Again she was looking up into his face, with a half smile in her eyes. "I beg of you not to look at me just like that," he burst out. "It is not kind of you. You can have no idea how—tempting—it is."

Rose turned and walked to the doorway. Her heart was beating very quickly. Her cheeks were pink. In the doorway stood Barry Payne, monocle up.

"I really abhor anything savoring of—er—officiousness," he said, "but I am, in fact, the bearer of a message of recall from the commander in chief—in other words, Mrs. McElway Bates. I have not yet met Miss Harland, Churchill. Please present me."

Mr. Payne was a rosy gentleman, with a head soon to be quite bald. Churchill introduced him, with a manner in which a desire to throttle Mr. Payne was mixed with an elaborate politeness. "Insufferable bore!" was his inward comment upon this tried and true friend.

Mrs. McElway Bates received the trio calmly, despite inward enthusiasm. Rose had been gone just five and twenty minutes.

IV.

It became perfectly plain to the slowest people that Anthony Churchill was becoming interested in Rose Harland of Illinois, but no waves of indignation stirred the dowagers in consequence. The general opinion seemed to be: "A little flirtation with another

little girl—palatable, but harmless. It will last a month at most."

Mrs. McElway Bates reflected for one hour exactly upon the serene tolerance of the tabbies concerning Mr. Churchill's intentions. Her reflections, simmered down, produced a note. Notes, according to Mrs. Bates, went far in advance of interviews. The other fellow could not interrupt, for one thing. It also took him time to answer back. Besides, interviews were manufactured; notes grew.

"Dear Mr. Churchill," she wrote promptly. There came a period of pen biting, which supplied the needed inspiration. Then she went on quickly:

I am old enough to speak out my mind plainly to you, and you are old enough to listen. In another man, I should expect a bad temper, but I am convinced that, even if you own one, you have sense enough to conceal it.

I do not want you to be nice to my little girl. I know it was merely because she was some one new, and I do not deny that she is dear, but I wish to circle her with a railing and to put up a sign, "Hands off!" There is a man out West—you understand.

In plain English, she is not to be flirted with.

I do not mean by this that we shall not be glad to see you at any time.

Cordially yours,

VIRGINIA HARLAND BATES.

"That will have some small effect, I believe," thought Mrs. McElway Bates as she stamped it firmly.

It did. At the next dinner dance, women, other than Rose in her yellow gown, proved dim shades with familiar faces to Churchill. At Mrs. Fenwick's ball he hedged her into a corner for half an hour, from which she emerged with brilliant cheeks and an uncertain smile. He proved utterly regardless of public opinion. His attitude towards curious friends was that of a man with a large block of wood upon his shoulder. The case grew to be town talk, and dowagerdom was shaken to its center.

Only in the seclusion of her inner boudoir did Mrs. McElway Bates allow herself to smile. After the one outbreak upon the first day, there had been no trouble from Rose. All along her opposition had been tacit, but still of hard substance. Lately Mrs. Bates imagined that the substance was becoming honeycombed. This, also, in the inner boudoir.

One day, at luncheon, Mrs. Bates received a note from Lucretia Evans.

The strength of our former friendship ought to stand for something in our present indifference. I enclose a clipping from the *Eavesdropper*—a paper which, I believe, you never see. I came upon it by chance in the home of an acquaintance. I read the paragraph, and thought of you. My heart cried out for you, "Lucretia, stop this old friend in her mad career." I borrowed my acquaintance's manicure scissors, and I send you this in kindness. Read it, and prove those persons wrong who call you the most obstinate woman in New York.

The clipping was from a society sheet that every one read and no one acknowledged. It read as follows:

Another Western invasion! The devotion of one of our richest bachelors to the charming niece of a prominent society woman is already well known, and an engagement is expected to result. It will be news to many to learn that much of the young man's fortune has been swept away in unfortunate speculation. Here is a chance for the girl to prove that at least one American young woman is not mercenary.

Three times did Mrs. McElway Bates read the clipping, with a crease denoting concentrated thought between the dark eyebrows. It was seldom that the crease was allowed to show itself, and timid people avoided Mrs. Bates when it appeared. Upon the present occasion, James withdrew unostentatiously.

Mrs. Bates read her friend's letter twice before speaking. Then she addressed no one in particular. "It is an early riser who gets ahead of that woman," she announced finally.

"What woman?" asked Rose.

"A friend of mine with a regiment of scrawny daughters," said Mrs. Bates viciously. She folded away the note and pushed the clipping across the table. "Read that, my dear, and see if you catch its meaning."

Rose read it very carefully. She did not attempt a pretended innocence. Her hands shook a little as she placed it again upon the table. She leaned back in her chair and looked at Mrs. Bates.

"Well, Aunt Virginia?" she asked.

"Churchill—is he coming here to-day?"

"Yes," said Rose.

"Has he proposed to you?"—sharply.

"No, aunt," said Rose.

"Is he going to?"

The steady eyes dropped, but the voice was firm. "I think so."

Mrs. McElway Bates brought her hand down flat upon the table. "This alters my plans. You objected to my original idea concerning this man, Rose. It is true that I paid little heed to your objection; still, I would not have forced you. But this alters everything. I'm not going to marry you to a pauper. I give in. You may refuse him."

A lovely color flashed into the girl's face. "You order me to refuse him—because he is not rich?" she cried.

"Exactly," said Mrs. Bates.

"After all that has happened—your first commands——"

"Commands?" Mrs. Bates' eyebrows arched themselves tremendously.

"Yes, commands," went on the excited girl. "After letting him come so much—and all? I think you change your mind very quickly, Aunt Virginia, and for very paltry reasons!"

"Well, it should please you to have me change my mind at all. Have I not given in to you at last? Have you not got just what you want, after all?"

"I think it despicable to refuse to marry a man simply because he is poor."

"Upon what grounds were you going to refuse him?" queried Mrs. Bates suddenly.

Rose blushed and fell silent. Her eyes did not drop, however.

"It appears to me that you are not overjoyed at your deliverance," said Mrs. Bates acidly.

"I am not overjoyed at the manner of my deliverance," answered Rose.

The two women measured each other steadily. It came upon the older one, at length, that the girl's eyes held a challenge. She rang for James at once.

"When Mr. Churchill calls this afternoon, I shall be out," she said. "Miss Harland will be engaged with her fencing lesson."

James bowed discreetly. Rose said nothing. She merely regarded her aunt with a calmness that was irritating. Mrs. Bates rose.

"You will be ready to go with me to the academy at three," she said. After which, gaining no answer, she left the room.

Promptly at ten minutes past three Rose was dropped at the fencing academy. Mrs. McElway Bates made a round

of teas, reprimanded her florist, took a turn in the park, and drove home, after a satisfactory afternoon. There was a certain guiltiness about James as he opened the door.

"Who is in the drawingroom, James?" asked his mistress.

"Mr. Churchill, madam," said James. "I feel it necessary to explain, madam. Mr. Churchill called, and I said the ladies were out. He went away at that, and in a short time returned with Miss Harland, madam."

"I fancy you took it upon yourself to mention where the ladies were?" said Mrs. Bates.

James looked his mistress straight in the face. "I *did* mention as you were driving, and Miss Harland were fencing at the academy, madam."

"How long ago did Miss Harland return?"

"Over an hour ago, madam."

"That will do," said Mrs. McElway Bates.

She walked up the stairs very quietly. A murmur of voices came from above. At the third step from the top Mrs. Bates halted. She glanced through the portières into the drawingroom. She could see no one. They were evidently near the fireplace.

Mrs. Bates started to do the honorable thing, but invisible bonds held her tight to the third step from the top. It is a terrible thing to report—she listened, not as if she could not help it, but openly, greedily, with her whole soul.

Churchill was speaking. "From the first moment I saw you standing beside your aunt, with that huge bunch of yellow roses, and a polite smile upon your white little face. I was lost completely at that moment. I'm a fool. I don't wonder you laugh at me."

A murmur from Rose that was not audible upon the third step. Then came a silence.

"That blessed, scheming aunt of yours!" broke out Churchill. "If she hadn't taken it into her head—just think, dear, I might never have met you!"

"That is entirely possible," said Rose.

"I shall love her devotedly all my life for bringing you down here."

"And I shall love her all my life for opening my blind eyes for me," chimed in Rose. "Why, until—until I thought you were poor—I had no idea how I cared. And when she forbade me to marry you, I knew I should be wretched all my life if I didn't!"

Torn shreds of a conscience hitherto unburdened with eavesdropping began to weigh heavy upon the heart of Mrs. McElway Bates. Much as she longed to stay, she felt bound to go. She stepped gingerly across the landing and up the second stairway. Safe in the inner boudoir, she sat down at her desk. A fine smile settled upon her face as she wrote:

MY DEAR LUCRETIA :

It gives me much pleasure to announce to you—confidentially, of course—the engagement of my niece, Miss Harland, to Anthony Churchill.

VIRGINIA HARLAND BATES.

P. S.—Thanks so much for the clipping. It quite helped matters. Of course there is not a word of truth in it. The fact is, I sent it to the *Eavesdropper* myself. Now, don't you think it is time to make up and be friends again? I shall want your help with the trousseau.

VIRGIE.

The smile broadened as Mrs. Bates rang for James.

"Send one of the men with this note at once, James," she said.

James bowed and took the envelope. He had turned to the door when she spoke once more.

"And by the way, James, I am about to increase your wages," said Mrs. McElway Bates.

James bowed again.

THE RETRIBUTION.

"WHERE have I met you, love?" she whispered low

To him who was her husband and her lord.

"In some old, time forgotten life, I know,

We loved each other and are here restored."

Deep in his eyes she gazed, and then into

Her bosom struck a strange and deadly pain;

For in that look she read the past and knew

He was the Sisera she, Jael, had slain.

Susie M. Best.

The Early Days of Medicine in America.

BY SYDNEY HOWARD CARNEY, JR., M.D.

THE COLONIAL PHYSICIAN, HIS PRESCRIPTIONS, HIS EARNINGS, THE HARDSHIPS HE ENDURED, AND THE GOOD WORK HE DID IN PREPARING THE WAY FOR HIS MORE SCIENTIFIC SUCCESSORS.

THE pioneers of medicine in the New World bore their full share of the hardships that fell to the lot of the first white colonists. Dr. Thomas Wootton, surgeon general at Jamestown, the earliest Virginia settlement, lived for a long time on crabs and sturgeon as his sole diet. While Captain John Smith was exploring Chesapeake Bay in 1608, Dr. Anthony Bognall was left at the Jamestown fort. Passing through the forest one day, to visit a sick patient, he was exposed to a shower of arrows, one of which passed through his hat. We could easily imagine that a diet of crabs, with the possibility of digestion being interrupted by arrows, would not lure many from the comforts of their English homes to practise the healing art in the new colonies; but these hardships did not deter adventurous men from coming across the ocean.

There was no regular medical school in America until 1767, when a course was established at King's College, the present Columbia University, followed a few months later by a similar school in Philadelphia, established by the gifted Dr. Shippen, who had given private instruction for several years. As early as 1647, Dr. Giles Fermin, who had practised in Boston for a dozen years, gave what he announced as "readings on human osteology." His was the first course in anatomy in this country, "which he did make and read upon very well," as a contemporary records.

Sometimes a license to practise medicine was granted by a general court, as in the case of Captain John Cranston, who received permission in 1663 to practise in Rhode Island, "and is by this court styled doctor of physick and chirurgery, by the authority of this

the general assembly of this colony." Far more frequently the study of medicine began at the age of fourteen or fifteen, when the lad who desired to follow the profession was apprenticed to some well known practitioner for a term of six or seven years. During his apprenticeship he was expected to "bleed, draw teeth, run errands, compound drugs, attend to his master's horse, if he owned one, and see that it was properly fed and groomed." For medical books, he could revel in his master's library, which might consist of twenty volumes. More frequently his learning came from the personal experience of his preceptor—often a limited one. Medical societies, it must be remembered, were unknown.

NEW YORK'S PIONEER PHYSICIANS.

The earliest regulation in connection with the practice of medicine in New York is said to be the following, taken from the Dutch Records of 1652:

On petition of the Chirurgeons of New Amsterdam, that none but they alone be allowed to shave, the director and council understand that shaving doth not appertain exclusively to Chirurgery, but is an appendix thereunto, that no man can be prevented operating on himself, nor to do another the friendly act, provided it be through courtesy and not for gain, which is hereby forbidden.

Ordered, that ship barbers shall not be allowed to dress wounds, nor administer any potions on shore without the previous knowledge and special consent of the petitioners, or at least of Dr. La Montagne.

The first medical men in the New Netherlands are said to have been recruited from these ship surgeons, their services being solicited while their vessels were in port. One of them was Dr. Van den Bogart, who came to New Amsterdam in 1630 as surgeon on the West India Company's ship Eendragt, who served, later, as commissary at Fort Orange (Albany), and was burned to

death in an Indian wigwam on the Mohawk River in 1648. Dr. Johannes La Montagne, mentioned above, was a graduate of Leyden, who came over in 1636. Besides his medical skill, his personal qualifications were such that in 1640 he was appointed chief military commander on Manhattan Island, which office he held for five years. He was also supreme councillor under Governor Kieft, a member of Governor Stuyvesant's council, and for eight years vice director at Fort Orange; but with all these honors, he had a hard time in keeping the wolf from the door, as is shown by the following extract from a letter to Stuyvesant, under date of August 18, 1667—three years after the surrender of the city to the British:

I have always kept my household here in victuals and clothes as temperately as a common burgher here; but the excessive dearth of all things has driven me insensibly into such need and poverty as that never in the sixty eight years that I have lived, so great distress have felt, finding myself destitute of all means to provide for my daily bread and provisions for the winter; but my hope rests in those who until now have always helped me.

When we read of another Albany physician agreeing to attend a family for *two beavers* a year—or about six dollars—one can readily see that the colonial M. D. had little chance of attaining superlative affluence.

COLONIAL DISEASES AND REMEDIES.

Among a list of diseases printed early in the eighteenth century we find "age, ague, fever, apoplex and suddenly, burns and scalds, bleeding, cancer, gangrene, king's evil, pleurisie, quinsie and sore throat," and many others less familiar. The medical nomenclature of that period might sometimes offend the sensitive modern ear. We must not be hypercritical when we read of our ancestors' "dry belly aches, plagues of the guts, and divers sore distempers." The same ailments exist today under more euphonious names.

The modern rules of hygiene were unknown in colonial days. During the long winter months, houses were seldom or never ventilated; and when, as so often happened, there was a consumptive inmate, the home became such a storehouse of disease germs as could only be equaled in the Ghetto districts

of some modern metropolitan cities. Even today some old country houses retain this odor—the "prayer meeting smell," as a physician has styled it; a composite perfume in which the barn, the dairy, and the dwelling house, accentuated by perspiring piety, seem to struggle for precedence. Think of a family exposed to the exhalations from a consumptive or other invalid, often improperly fed and clad, the morning ablutions postponed until the ice in the pitcher had been broken and melted! No wonder that successive generations developed "invalids" or went early into a "decline."

It is related of an old time physician that when he was asked to give his general plan in treating disease, he replied:

"First I pukes 'em, then I sweats 'em,
Then if they wants to die, I lets 'em!"

Quackery was rampant in colonial days, as now. A writer in the *Boston Newsletter* is justly annoyed at the "shoemakers, weavers, and almanack makers, with their virtuous consorts, who laid aside the proper business of their lives to turn quacks" (January 5, 1737). Another writer of the period says:

In our various Colonies to prevent Depopulation from Malepractice in Medicine or Cure of Disease, there may be Acts of Assembly for the Regulation thereof, which at present is quite loose. A young man without any liberal education, by living a year or two in any Quality with a Practitioner of any Sort, Apothecary, Cancer Doctor, Cutter for Stone, Bone Setter, Tooth-Drawer, etc., with the Essential Fundamental of Ignorance and Impudence, is esteemed to qualify himself for all the branches of the Medical Art, as much or more than Gentlemen in Europe, well born, liberally educated (and therefore modest likewise), have travelled much, attended Medical Professors, frequented City Hospitals and Camp Infirmaries, etc., for many years. Our Practitioners deal much in Quackery and Quackish Medicines, as requiring no Labor of Thought or Composition. How dismal is it to observe some Apothecaries' shops wainscotted with Advertisements, recommending Quack Medicines for the profit of the shop, but destruction of their neighbors.

Much of this, unfortunately, is as applicable in 1902 as it was nearly two hundred years ago!

ABORIGINAL MEDICINE.

When the early colonists became acquainted with the Indians, they found the red men treating diseases with herbs and with incantations of the medicine men. The Indians did not take a pa-

tient's pulse, nor did they pay any attention to morbid kidney action. Blood letting, which "was the fashion of the day, its omission a sin," was likewise unknown to them. They had hot houses in which to sweat the sick, but they followed this with immersion in cold water, which caused many deaths. They blistered with punk or touchwood, converting the blisters into issues, and they "cure several poysons, for instance, the bite of that American viper called the rattle snake, by proper antidotes before they produce their usual *dismal* effects."

The belief in the efficacy of certain herbs has come down through the ages. We find mention in colonial records of conch grass, dandelion, sow-thistle, wormwood, bloodwort, patience, chickweed, mayweed or ironwort (used as an ointment for old sores), and plantain, called by the Indians "Englishman's foot," as it was said to have sprung up wherever the paleface trod. A strong decoction of tobacco was employed in burns and scalds, the afflicted part being washed and subsequently dusted over with dry, powdered tobacco. To a bruised knee, an Indian applied alder bark, *chewed fasting*, and laid over the bruised area.

SOME INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

Here are some gems of medical wisdom, of the date of 1672:

Picking the gums with the bill of an osprey, or a thorn from the back of a dog fish, is good for the tooth ache.

Bear's grease is good for aches and cold swellings. Moose horns are much better for physic than the horns of other deer.

A stone found in the head of the codfish, when pulverized, stops fluxes of blood.

The heart of a rattlesnake is an antidote to its bite.

It is refreshing, after these unpalatable compounds, to learn that "water-melon, its flesh exceeding juicy, is often given to those sick of fevers and other hot diseases with great success." A prescription for a "perilous cough" bids the sufferer take a certain quantity of hoarhound, licorice, maidenhair, hyssop, wild thyme, colts-foot, pennyroyal, aniseed, fennel, raisins of the sun, figs, jujubes, elecampane, all to be boiled in water, then strained, and add honey and sugar; then boil to

a syrup, and when almost cold add orrice and powdered woodlice!

For consumption—twelve red garden snails boiled in a pint of milk, strained, and then drunk on an empty stomach, each morning for three months!

That hysteria existed in colonial times is shown by the following description of the "vapours":

There is no disease puzzles physicians more than the vapours. These complaints are produced by so many causes, and appear in so many shapes that 'tis no easy matter to describe them. However, some of the symptoms are, a thumping at the heart, a croaking in the guts and a fullness of the stomach, which the patient endeavors to ease as much as she can by belching. Every now and then, too, something seems to rise up to her throat that almost stops her breath; she has, moreover, a great heaviness and dejection of spirit and a cloud seems to hang upon all her senses. In one word, she has no relish for anything, but is continually out of humor—she knows not why—and out of order—she knows not where. To escape this disorder she must suffer none of the idle disturbances or disappointments of an empty world to prey upon her mind or ruffle her sweet temper. Absolutely forbid all sorts of *drams* and not allow her one pinch of snuff or one drop of Bohea Tea, which makes people miserable and lumpish.

The female physician was by no means unknown in colonial days. A famous one was Anne Hutchinson; another was Mrs. Bridget Fuller, widow of Dr. Samuel Fuller, first physician in the Plymouth settlement; a third was Sarah Alcock, widow of Dr. John Alcock. Mrs. Alcock is thus described in the Roxbury Church records of 1665:

She died a virtuous woman of unstained life, very skilful in physic and chirurgery, exceeding active, yea, unwearied in ministering to ye necessities of others. Her works praise her in Ye Gates.

The years flee; the complexities of twentieth century methods obscure or entirely obliterate the names of the forefathers in medicine; but before the student of the past there arises an army of self sacrificing men whose eyes opened on the morning light of undreamed blessings for the human race. It is hard to estimate the debt that we owe to the Warrens, the Bowdiches, the Bigelows, the Holmeses, the Cabots, of New England; to the Seamans, the Motts, the Posts, the Clarks, of New York, and to many others whose feet made smooth the rough path of science in the New World, and whose beneficent unselfishness set so splendid an example before their successors of today.

THE WAR FOR THE RANGE.

BY CHARLES MICHELSON.

HOW THE SHEEP MEN AND THE CATTLE MEN ARE WAGING A BITTER FIGHT OVER THE GOVERNMENT'S GREAT PASTURE LOT—EACH SIDE IS STRUGGLING FOR EXCLUSIVE POSSESSION OF LAND TO WHICH NEITHER HAS THE SLIGHTEST TITLE.

CALL a cowboy a thief and he may possibly reply in kind; call him a liar and, unless time is hanging heavily on his hands so that he is pining for excitement, you may ride away in safety—though no guarantee goes with this statement; curse him and he is likely to express his admiration of your command of invective; but call him a sheep herder and your blood or his will flow.

It may be said incidentally that if you called him a shepherd he would probably fail to gather your meaning.

In his world there are two classes of human beings—white men and sheep men. In this connection white has nothing to do with color.

So it has been ever since the first wool bearer made the grazing range cows snort with its aggravating “ba-a!” The lion and the lamb may lie down together, but the steer and the lamb’s progenitors never.

THE LIST OF CASUALTIES.

There is nothing theoretical or academic about this war of the beef and the mutton raisers. It is a real fight, with shootings, slaughterings, burnings, raids, and reprisals. Within the past ten years, along the border of Colorado alone, a score of men have been killed, five times as many wounded, and six hundred thousand sheep slaughtered and their carcasses left to the buzzards; and that section is only one department of the field of operations. Take the full theater of war, and the loss inflicted upon the sheep raisers by the cattle men’s raids must amount to fully five million dollars in the decade.

The reprisal does not match these figures, for a number of reasons. The tenders of sheep are usually milder men

than the drovers of cattle, and their number is vastly less. One sheep herder and a dog will care for two thousand sheep, while a corresponding number of cattle involves the presence of a whole troop of mounted men, who range far, shoot hard, and have fighting traditions behind them. The sheep herder carries arms when he expects trouble; the cowboy’s gun is part of his dress.

It is the sheep men who give half a million dollars a year as the loss of the wool and mutton industry by reason of the depredations of the cattle faction. If a similar question were put to one of the other side, his reply would be almost as staggering. It would be embellished with a bill of particulars in which maliciously poisoned springs and stampedes of herds, engineered with fiendish ingenuity so as to cause the greatest damage, would stand out, dotting the range of indignant memory with the carcasses of cattle innumerable.

THE CAUSE OF THE FEUD.

There is ample reason for the hostility. Cattle dislike sheep as much as cowboys dislike sheep men. Cattle will not graze where sheep have run, and will not water where sheep have slaked their thirst. When a flock has passed, there is left scarcely a leaf or a blade of grass. Sheep move in close packed bunches, and nibble to the roots of the pasturage; the myriad sharp little hoofs complete the ruin, and the result is that the land is left as bare as a macadamized road. Moreover, cattle men assert that the peculiar odor of the sheep is so fixed to the trampled earth that cows will not be content there even when the grass has grown again, which is not until the lapse of several seasons.

The next band of sheep draws a like track of devastation abutting on the first, and so they advance in échelon until what was once a grassy pasture is a wide stretch of trampled earth.

It is when this sort of thing happens that telegrams like the following appear in the Eastern papers:

WALSENBURG, COL.—Reports from Sharpsdale, a small town near Mt. Blanco, in southern Colorado, say that the feud over the use of the range, which has so long existed between cattle men and sheep men, reached a climax this week, when the cattle men drove three thousand sheep over a high precipice, killing nearly all of them. The trouble has grown out of the scarcity of water along the water courses. Where grass still remains the sheep were pastured, and after they had once passed over the ground cattle refused to eat on it, and either died or became very poor. It is said the entire country has taken up arms.

When the whole country takes up arms what happens? Usually the sheep companies hire additional fighters, the cowboys put on an extra six shooter apiece, sentries are posted, and sheriffs and United States marshals ride about with worried looks and larger or smaller posses. There is a killing or two, a lynching or two, an indictment or two, and then the sheep go away, or the cattle men check their raiding, and so it is until the next outbreak. It is not a matter that either side particularly cares to fight to a finish in the courts, for, held to a strict observance of the boundaries of the land owned by either, there could be neither cattle raising nor sheep growing.

THE BATTLE GROUND IN COLORADO.

The war has pretty well run through the grazing States, but perhaps its fiercest and most picturesque manifestations have been in Colorado. There the cattle had it all their own way until the grazing lands were almost denuded, when somebody realized that sheep would fatten where cows would starve, and put flocks on the thinned range. The result was that though the sheep flourished the range died, and instead of poor pasturage the herds had none.

By and by the rival interests fought things to a fair understanding in the State itself; but every once in a while some sheep man, looking over the border from Utah or Wyoming, yields to the temptation to drive his flocks over into

the rich and forbidden territory, and the whole country blazes up. Laws ostensibly designed to protect Colorado animals from contamination by diseased outsiders have done much to hold back these invasions, but the man who will face an army of cowboys will hardly hold up for a health department rule, so they have had it, and are still having it, bloody and bitter in the north and west of Colorado.

For the last three years hostilities have been almost incessant. The campaign may be said to have begun when eight thousand sheep belonging to the Geodes Company were driven into Routt County, Colorado, from Wyoming, and pastured about forty miles northwest of Craig, in the very heart of a territory long sacred to cows. They had not been there a week when an organized troop of fifty men, masked and armed, and with the brands on their horses painted over so that they could not be sworn to, rode up. The raiders took every herder and made him prisoner, and set to work to slaughter the sheep. It is no slight job to kill eight thousand sheep, but they kept at it until the last one was dead. Then they released the herders, headed them towards the Wyoming line, and warned them not to come again. If anything has ever been done about it, the record has been lost.

In the years from 1890 to 1895, too, there was constant fighting in this part of the country. Griff and Jack Edwards, famous sheep kings, decided to break down the tradition that no flocks might be pastured in that section of Colorado. They sent their bands in from Wyoming, each with a large escort, until they had seventy thousand sheep in Routt County alone; these overran the winter range of the cattle men, and the latter began to make war medicine. There were numerous conferences, treaties, and compromises, but they lasted even a shorter time than the grass on the winter range; and at last the stockmen determined upon a combined movement against the enemy.

A most remarkable convention was held on the lower Snake River. The owners of cattle attended, each with his troop of retainers, all armed and mounted, of course, and each body with

its commissary department. A body of two hundred and fifty men was organized, scouts were sent out to locate the principal sheep camps, and then the small but formidable army marched on the Edwardses.

On the other side, the sheep men had been recruiting a force, and it looked as if a pitched battle would settle the matter; but the herders were outmaneuvered, overwhelmed, and bound to trees, while their sheep were slaughtered in thousands. The survivors of the big flocks were drawn off by their owners, and the Edwards family turned their faces towards Oregon and their backs to the coveted winter range. It was not an easy thing for determined men to do, this abandonment of rich pastures they needed; but had they remained they would not have had sheep enough left to raise a dust, and whoever had interfered to prevent the slaughter would have been disposed of as relentlessly as were the animals.

The Wyoming sheep had hardly started on the back trail when there came a call for another campaign against the Utah sheep. It was made a little easier for the cow men because there was a proclamation by the Governor of Colorado declaring the sheep infected; but the Utah flocks came on, the army met them with rifles, and there were banks of mutton heaped along the trail for ten miles.

THE SHEEP HERDER'S VENGEANCE.

Among the notorious names in the war is that of Bernardo Holguin, who once ran a little bunch of sheep in southern Nevada, helping out the meager living they afforded, perhaps, by occasional horse stealing. His sheep got in the way of the cattle, and the cowboys drove the flock into a torrent, while the Mexican stood by powerless. His loss made a great change in Bernardo, the sheep herder. Thenceforth he lived to kill cowboys and cows. He haunted the ranges like an avenging ghost, potting lonely cowboys from behind as they rode by his hiding places, stampeding herds whenever he could in safety, stabbing sleeping men in the camps at night, and sticking a knife into a cow whenever he got a chance. It

was calculated that he had slain thousands of range cattle and murdered nearly a score of herders before a cowboy in Arizona, discovering that Holguin was stalking him, turned suddenly and killed the man.

Of late years the sheep herders, hunted away from the fat ranges, have been encroaching on the United States forest reserves, where they were ignored if not tolerated; but here again all sorts of charges are brought against the flocks. To let them graze in such places, it is urged, means an end to the underbrush that holds the water so that the streams are kept alive, and involves the extermination of all birds that nest on the ground. Whether all this is true or not, a recent order forbade the parks to the sheep men, and they are forced back to fight for the free range. This is the meaning of the recent recrudescence of the old time war.

During the summer just past it raged with all its ancient fury. Ten thousand sheep and goats were killed in three months, and when the snow drives the cattle to the winter ranges the slaughter will probably be greater. Angora goats, the breeding of which is a comparatively new industry, are fought as fiercely as the sheep.

HOW TO END THE WAR.

Of course this sort of thing cannot endure forever. Every year sees the free range reduced by the farms that are pressing on it from every side; and as the grazing land shrinks, the fighting becomes more bitter.

As to the remedy—until the general government assumes an active control of what is left of the open ranges, makes hard and fast rules for the use of the land, and establishes forces to see that they are obeyed, there is no use talking of remedies. It would take a troop of cavalry to every flock to protect the sheep when, because of them, the cattle owners see their herds starving on the free range.

But perhaps some day Uncle Sam will say: "Here shall sheep run in peace; here only cattle shall graze; and here neither shall be allowed until the grass has grown again and the barren has become fertile."

In the Wilderness.

AN IDYL OF THE GREAT LONE LAND OF THE NORTH.

BY CHARLES SLOAN REID.

THE silver birches had showered their leaves to the ground, making a bed for the coming snows, and the maples were aflame in the deep Canadian forest, when Emil arrived at the low pole cabin. Pushing ajar the door, he stooped and entered. Everything in there was just as he had left it, except that a bird had nested on the bunk.

Although three strides carried Emil the length of the cabin, and he could scarcely stand under the comb of its roof, it was homelike in there; and he was glad to get back. The freedom of the great forest, its wide silences after the snows fell, and the nearer companionship of the stars or the clouds, were the things that the trapper loved; and his heart now reveled in the opening season of companionable loneliness. Emil stored his supplies, fed his dogs, and began to inspect his traps. He had made some new ones during the summer, and these were added to his stock.

Before the sun rose on the following morning, Emil was off with his traps and the bait. Two days were spent in the work of setting; and when the trapper returned to his hut at nightfall, the skies had drawn slowly down, a gray canopy just beyond the tops of the trees, while the intervening spaces were filled with flying flakes.

With the coming of darkness, Emil crawled into the hut and closed the door. The great silence, the deep solitude, fed the trapper's lonely soul with the manna that it loved, and he sat with crossed legs, gazing into the fire, where he outlined pictures of the forest, clumps of snow clad birches, groups of slender poplars, deep recesses among the firs, and arches of maple boughs flaming beneath their coating of white. In all Emil's life no passion had entered his heart but the passion of the woods; nothing but things of the forest had found a welcome there.

Days passed now during which Emil did little but wander among the near by trees, eat, sleep, and sit by the fire. Slowly the drift of the snow crept up the side of the cabin until the roof dipped into the bank and he had to make a tunnel from the door. Then he started on the first round of his traps. His claim to the territory which he had staked by his traps was of eight years' standing, and had never been disturbed; but on this first round he had gone no more than three miles from the cabin before he found the sign of an invader. It was in one of the many "likely places" which Emil had marked out in his mind for future covering that he found a trap. It was some trespasser on his territory, perhaps, who did not know that he was encroaching upon the claim of another.

"Well," thought Emil, "I am sorry he will have to move further so late, but he will understand when he comes the first time. I hope he is a young man, for then it will not so much matter."

He sprang the invader's trap, and carefully hung it upon a low branch just at hand. It was in no monopolistic spirit that Emil resorted to this customary mode of warning; but the wilderness was broad, there was plenty of untrapped territory farther away, and he feared future encroachments should he fail to make claim of his rights. There was little to be expected on this first round, and the dog sled was lightly burdened on the return trip.

A week passed, and Emil again started on a general round. Nearing the place where he had found the invader's trap, he went aside to see if the owner had carried it away. It had not once occurred to him that the trap would be reset; but such proved to be the case, and Emil scratched his head in surprise.

"Didn't understand, maybe," said

Emil to himself, after reflection; and he again sprang the trap and hung it up.

Four days later Emil made a special trip to the place. Somehow, he had been thinking a good deal about it, and wondering what this defiance meant. Not the least of his fears was that he had got a troublesome neighbor; and when he found the trap again reset—only removed to a little more secluded spot—he was assured of it. The slow working machinery of his thoughts went to turning the matter over and over. Out of it all came a sudden decision, brought to maturity by the sight of the invader's snow shoe tracks, not yet obliterated. The tracks were small beside those of Emil's shoes; and they led away to the north—Emil's cabin was to the south. The trapper had decided to follow those tracks. A glance at the sky told him that the sun was not many hours high; but if the light would hold out until he could trace the tracks to their destination, it was all that he cared for—it would be little trouble to find his way back through the darkness—and he set out briskly.

The trail that Emil had taken up led him by half a dozen traps, but all of them just outside of what he regarded as his boundary line. Two hours passed, and still no further sign of the maker of the tracks appeared; and the drab twilight was rising in the woods. Emil thought of returning, to make an earlier start another time; but he could still trace the tracks, and kept going. At last he had to stoop to distinguish the snow shoe trail from other marks in the snow; and in this position he crept along until he almost stumbled upon a cabin half buried in a big drift. The logs were new, and the cracks at the edge of the roof had been left unchinked, for Emil could see a light through them. Smoke was issuing from the chimney; and he shivered a little as he thought of the long distance between him and his own cabin and comfort. But he was a determined soul, and crept forward to have a look at his neighbor.

It was an easy matter to look in upon the interior of the hut; but what he saw in there suddenly changed the feeling of resentment which had shaped it-

self in Emil's heart into one of strange fascination, not unmixed with pity. Unlike his own cabin, the hut had two occupants, a decrepit, white haired old man and a stout young girl; and it was no hard matter for Emil to tell whose shoes had made the tracks he had been following. The girl was busy preparing the coarse evening meal, and her cheeks glowed from the heat of the fire.

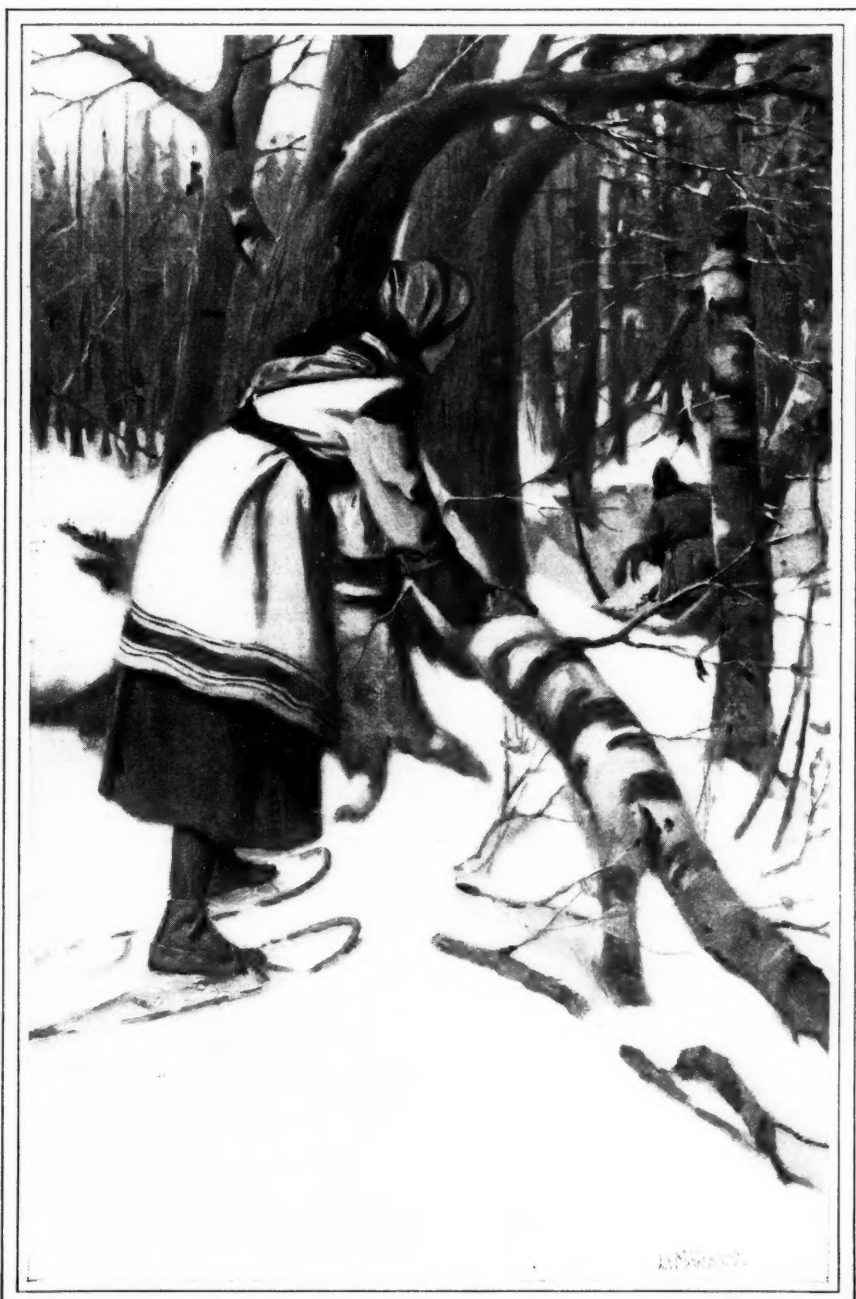
With no thought of shame for this spying, the trapper lay for some time with his breast on the snow, watching the movements of the girl. Then he arose and crept away in the darkness.

Emil gave his dogs an extra allowance when he reached the cabin—far into the night—though he ate but little himself. All the way back through the woods he had been thinking, and he was still thinking as he sat by his own fire. For the first time in his life he felt a sense of loneliness creeping upon him.

A few days later he made a round of his traps, and took from one of them the finest mink he had ever seen. He turned in the direction of the intruder's trap, which he had left as it was on that last visit. With a stealthy and hasty movement, he sprang it upon the mink he had taken from his own. Then he stole away, even as a thief might steal from the scene of his theft.

Two months passed, and Emil had kept the invader's trap supplied with the best of his own catch. He often asked himself why he was doing this. The question always brought to his mind the scene he had witnessed in his neighbors' cabin. Especially vivid in his recollection was the gracefulness of the girl as she bent to her woman's task of preparing the food. He thought of his own awkwardness in doing this same task. He pictured the hardships which the girl must undergo to attend her traps, and then the skill, the ease and pleasure, with which he did the like work. The strange feeling of loneliness which had lately taken root grew upon him. Emil fell to making pictures in the embers through the long hours of the night.

One evening he returned with a sled well laden. It was a dark day. The clouds had been gathering for some time, and a whistle of the wind ac-



"I WATCHED YOU ONE DAY FROM THE SHELTER OF A FALLEN BIRCH; AND I HAVE LOVED YOU EVER SINCE."

accompanied the first flying flakes of snow as darkness crept up from the hollows. Emil shook his head knowingly. He re-

membered the great snow of two years before, and all the signs were the same. He had not suffered from the storm;

in fact, he had rather enjoyed it. Now, however, for some reason, there was a little dread in his heart.

Far into the night Emil sat over his fire, listening to the wind outside and the occasional creak of the roof timbers, caused by the increasing weight of the snow. At last the sound of the wind grew faint and distant; and the trapper shuddered a little—not, however, that he was cold. It was because he understood the meaning of the growing faintness of the wind's roar. He was shut in; the cabin was completely buried beneath the snow. But he was not thinking of his own hut; it was that of his neighbor, six miles away.

When Emil judged that it was daylight, he tunneled out through the snow to the surface, and looked about him. The tops of the trees seemed to have settled into the snow, and the flakes were still thickly falling. He stood still a few moments, gazing upon the wonderfully changed landscape of the forest; then, with his spade thrown across his shoulder, he set out briskly northward. For hours he trudged through the snow, with never a moment's hesitation about his course. When he finally reached the little opening among the trees where the other cabin had stood, only a great drift of snow marked the spot; the pole hut had completely disappeared beneath it.

Emil strode forward to the crystal mound; and the snow was soon flying from his shovel in dense clouds. It was at the eaves that he had begun, on the side where he had looked in upon his neighbors weeks before. Occasionally he would pause a moment, just a moment; and something caused his heart to swell uncomfortably, as if he were breaking the seal of a tomb.

In a few minutes the edge of the roof was reached, and Emil carefully cleared a long crack between the poles with his fingers. Then, dropping upon his breast, he once more spied upon his neighbors. The little streak of daylight which had been admitted to the cabin dimly revealed the interior.

Lying stretched upon the floor, with sightless eyes staring towards the roof, was the white haired old man. Sitting on her feet by his side, with hands

clasped, and gazing into the old man's face, was the girl. She, too, was motionless, but not breathless.

Emil went some distance back from the front of the cabin, and again sent cloud after cloud from his shovel. At the end of half an hour he had cut a way to the door and stood on a level with the cabin floor. After a moment's hesitation he pushed the door inward, and, stooping, entered.

A little gust of wind and snow followed him, fanning a curl about the girl's temples; but she did not look up. Emil closed the door, but did not advance, and the silence of the cabin remained unbroken for some time.

Emil's heart had found a new desire, there was a new office for his long arms—he wanted to fold them about the girl on the floor and lift her up to his breast. Outside, the wind had begun to whistle again, and the clouds were gathering for another night of storm.

The girl extended one hand towards the man at the doorway. Emil strode forward, and, kneeling at her side, took the hand in his.

"He was all I had—my father," she said, pointing to the lifeless form; "but somehow I knew you would come to me after the storm. I have known that you would come to me when I needed you ever since I saw you one day spring my trap on a silver fox you had taken from your sled. I watched you from the shelter of a fallen birch; and I have loved you ever since, for I knew that somehow you had come to love me."

"I had looked in upon you from there," said Emil, pointing towards a corner of the cabin. "I have known I wanted you ever since then. And now, cannot God unite us here?"

"Yes, here, by the side of my dead. Heaven and death shall bear witness!"

Emil clasped her hands.

"In Thy sight, Almighty God," he said, "I take this woman to be my wedded wife."

"And I take this man to be my wedded husband."

There was a sudden deep lull in the wind outside, and a strange calmness reigned. The woman, accepting the sign, bowed her head upon the breast of the man.

The Twentieth Century Runabout.

BY EUSTACE CLAVERING.

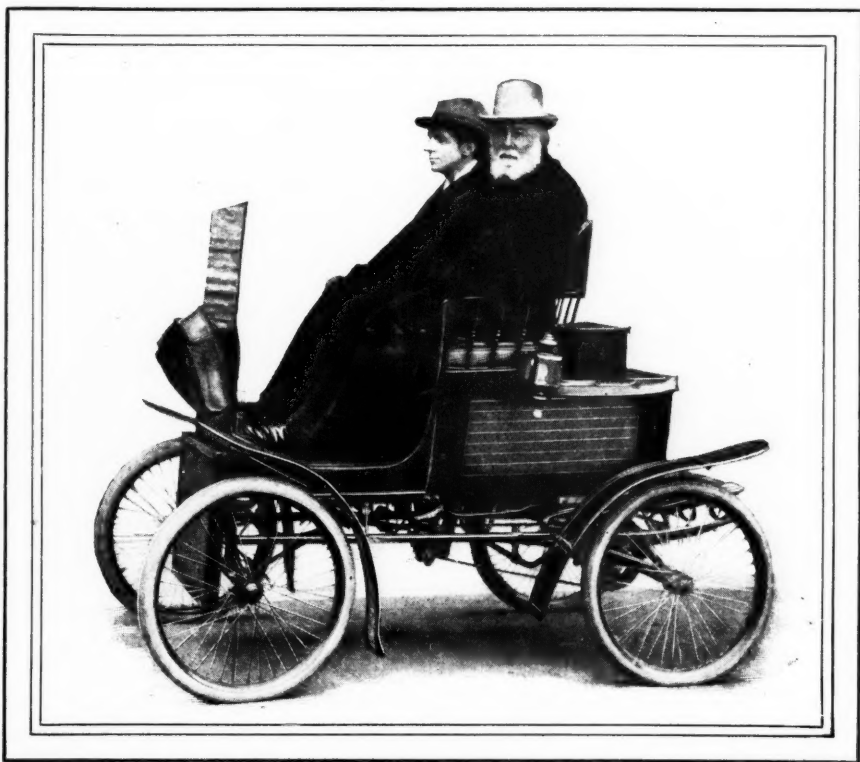
THE AUTOMOBILE, SO RECENTLY AN INNOVATION AND A WONDER, HAS TODAY BECOME FAMILIAR ON OUR STREETS AND ROADS AS THE COSTLY PLAYTHING OF THE RICH—TOMORROW IT MAY BE THE POPULAR CONVEYANCE OF THE GREAT MIDDLE CLASS.

ONE year ago the automobile was an alien on the streets of the world. Its presence at the curb was the signal for a crowd, the excuse for a blocking of the sidewalk traffic. In motion it frightened horses, and was a nuisance on terrestrial highways. At rest it was a fetish of the idle, an avatar in the worship of telegraph boys and district messengers. Today the motor car is a com-

mon vehicle of the roadway, a companion of the brougham and the landau. Its passings and repassings receive not a glance from the promenaders on the pavement, tempt not a shy from the horses in the carriageway.

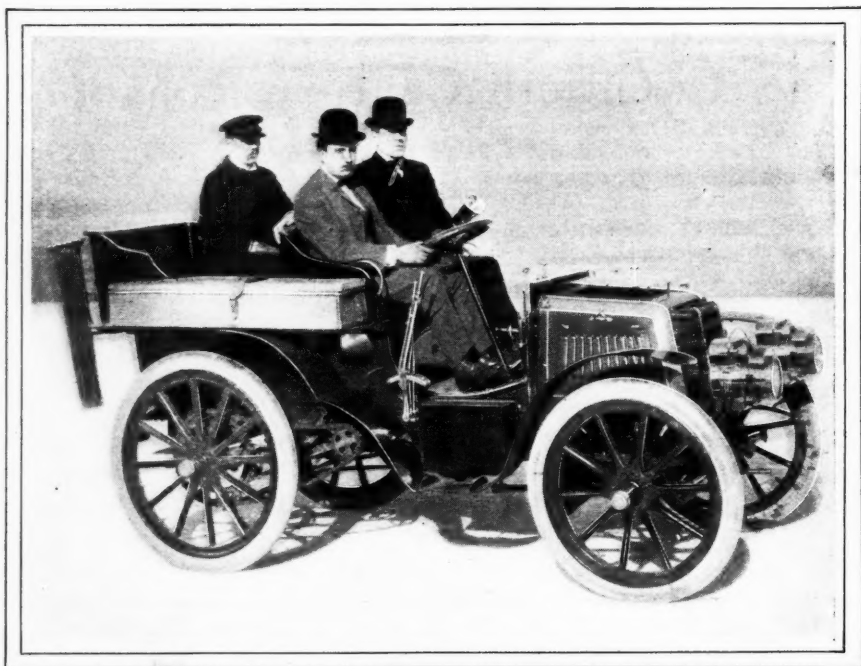
THE FUTURE OF THE AUTOMOBILE.

Years ago, when the bicycle was a possession of the rich, it, too, attracted



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY AND HIS SON, LORD ROBERT CECIL, IN THE FORMER BRITISH PREMIER'S RUNABOUT.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.



J. OGDEN ARMOUR, OF CHICAGO, IN AN EIGHT HORSE POWER TOURING CAR OF FRENCH MAKE.

the attention of the curious wherever it appeared. As its use became familiar, as its cost became popular, it became the vehicle of the telegraph messenger and the policeman, of the plowman hastening toward for his evening beer, of the clerk hurrying cityward from the suburbs. Today its possession demands little more notice than the ownership of an umbrella. Tomorrow the automobile will be as the bicycle of yesterday—the conveyance of the democrat as of the aristocrat.

Meanwhile the motor car is the monopoly of the well to do. Its cost is prohibitive to the proletariat, its development has not yet justified cheap manufacture. But it has come to stay, and before long its possession will be as possible to the mass as the runabout and the buggy are at present. Never, however, will the automobile be an inexpensive purchase. Its internal mechanism must of necessity be fashioned from the best material, must be capable of bearing a mighty strain, must be able to withstand tremendous wear and tear. The reason for this is obvious. On the

great railroads are locomotives to all intents and purposes constructed on the principles of the automobile. But these engines run on specially laid rails, on mathematically ballasted tracks, on carefully leveled road beds. Yet are they subjected to a microscopic cleaning and overhauling each day at the conclusion of their journey, minutely inspected, generously oiled, and renovated by skilled mechanics. The automobile, on the other hand, must force its way over stony places, must plunge through slough, and climb steep gradients, must take the luck of the road, and, at its home coming, must be content with the rough and ready cleansing of an ignorant attendant. To withstand these adverse conditions it must be built of the most resistant materials of the most tried excellency, the very acme of strength and of lightness.

THE PLAYTHING OF THE RICH.

For the present the automobile is a luxury of the rich, an adjunct of a wealthy corporation. The plutocrats of the republics, the aristocrats of the

monarchies, have taken it to themselves as a means of travel. King Edward VII prefers his motor car to his horse-drawn carriages along the level roads

eral home with him to Teheran. In France the use of the motor car has become universal. It threads the *allées* of the Bois de Boulogne and lends color



THE AUTOMOBILE AS A VEHICLE FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN—THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK "MOTORING" WITH HER YOUNGEST SON.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

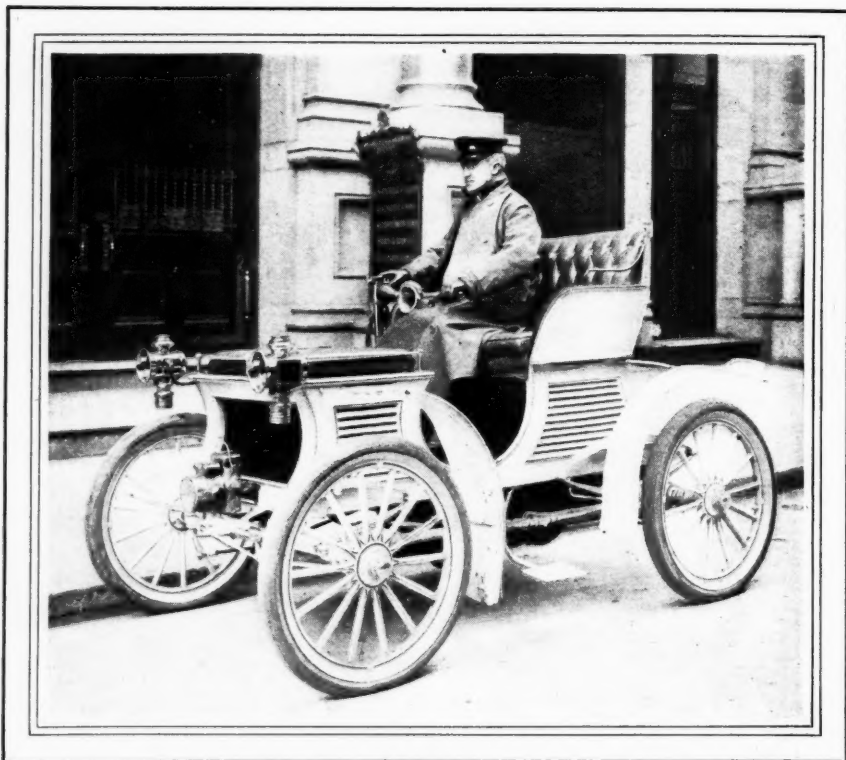
about Windsor. His brother of Connaught inspected the troops in London on the day of the coronation from an automobile. The Emperor of Germany uses one, and so does the King of Italy. The Shah of Persia recently carried sev-

to the Champs Élysées. In certain cities of the United States—in Washington, in Philadelphia, in upper New York, in Chicago and St. Louis—the automobile is as familiar as the horse carriage. In Newport it has almost

replaced horses. From America will come the earliest development of the inexpensive motor car, of the factory built automobile.

In England the late prime minister has adopted the twentieth century vehicle to replace his tricycle and his

touring, a specially constructed automobile for speed contests, an auto victoria, an auto brougham, and an auto omnibus for the pleasure of his wife and family. If he be a man of sporting tastes, he will desire an auto tallyho. An equipment of automobiles has be-



JOHN PANCOAST, OF NEW YORK, IN A SIX HORSE POWER RUNABOUT OF AMERICAN MAKE.

From a photograph by Lazarnick, New York.

brougham. The ladies of the court have taken to engineering the machines themselves. The Prince and the Princess of Wales prefer them to the old fashioned carriages of state.

AN AUTO FOR EVERY USE.

Here, in America, we have developed beyond the European frugality in matters of conveyance. The present day millionaire, the man of Fifth Avenue and Michigan Avenue, of Beacon Street and Connecticut Avenue, requires a steam runabout for use in town, an electric or gasoline road car for use in

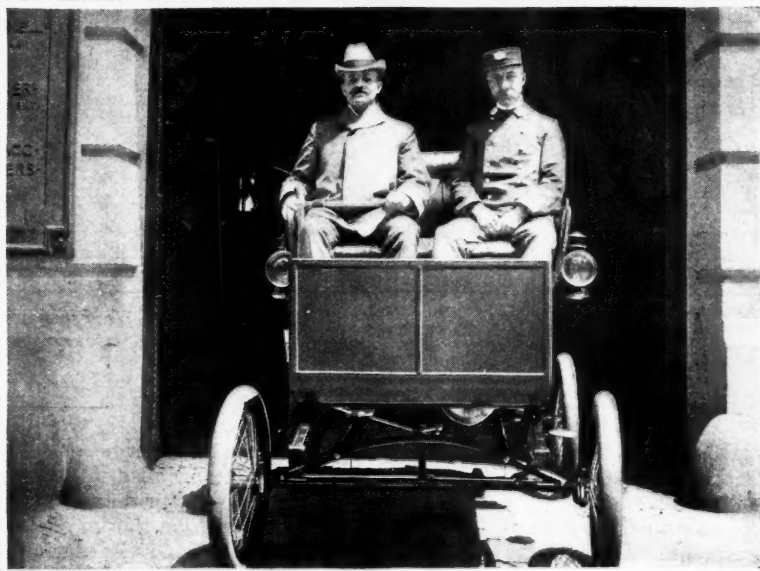
come as costly a hobby as a nobleman's stables—almost as varied and extensive.

But the day of the more moderately priced motor vehicle is rapidly approaching—the day when the man of the side streets will ride abreast of the capitalist of the avenues. That day is almost certain to dawn in the United States.

In October, when the Automobile Club of America organized a run to test the reliability of the modern vehicle, it was expected that few of the starters would finish in perfect order. The route was one of four hundred and



A TYPICAL RACING CAR, WITH WHICH H. S. HARKNESS OF NEW YORK WON THE OPEN TEN MILE RACE AT THE BRIGHTON BEACH TRACK ON AUGUST 23 LAST, DOING THE DISTANCE IN ELEVEN MINUTES, FIFTY FOUR SECONDS AND FOUR FIFTHS.



A FIRE DEPARTMENT AUTOMOBILE—EDWARD F. CROKER, CHIEF OF THE NEW YORK FORCE, AND THE STEAM RUNABOUT IN WHICH HE GOES TO FIRES.

From a photograph by Ruggles, New York.

eighty eight miles, from New York to Boston and back again. The road is a trying one, very hilly in places, and rough and sandy in others; and the run was made in unfavorable weather. Yet of the seventy five motor cars which

century existence. A yachtsman were as likely to use a torpedo destroyer for his pleasure as the average individual to engage one of the many hued "ghosts" and "devils" in his every day existence.



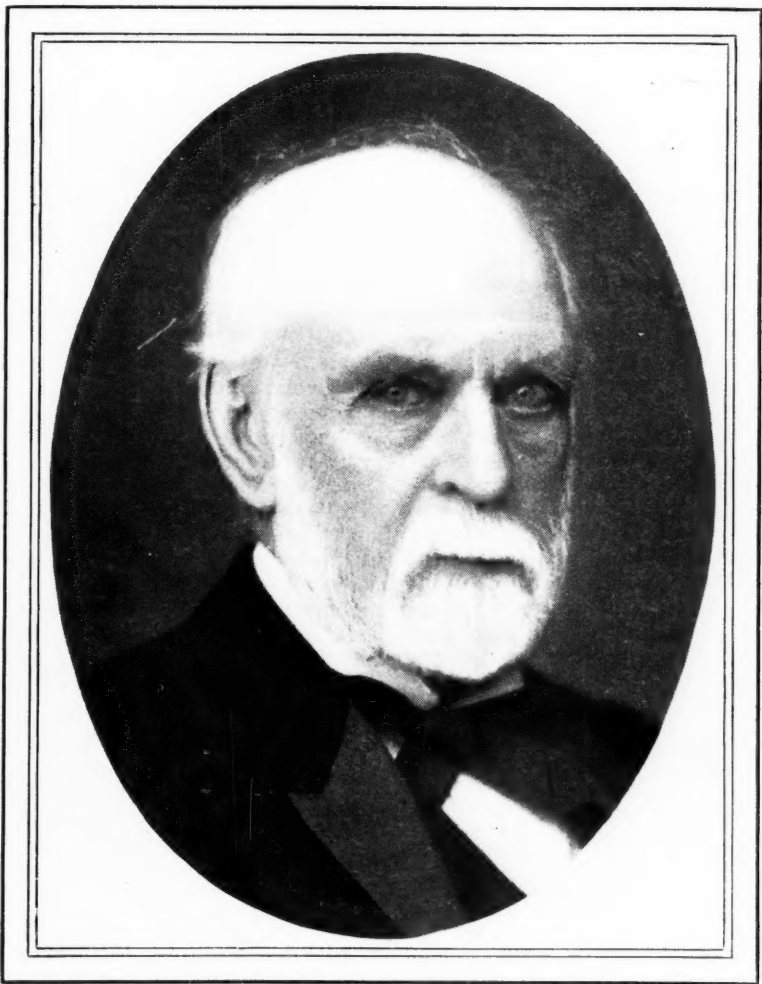
THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY ROSEMARY LEYESON-GOWER, IN A LIGHT ROAD CAR.

From a photograph by the Biograph Company, London.

started, sixty seven finished successfully. The automobile had justified itself of its practicality.

Such a thorough test of reliability is of infinitely greater value to the popularity of automobiling than the attempts to rival the pace of express trains on prepared tracks. The ordinary citizen has no desire and no necessity to whiz through space with the speed of a projectile. He has no wish to increase the gait of this already too rapid twentieth

What he wants is a trustworthy machine that will obviate the need of maintaining a stable of horses, a veterinary surgeon, and an army of grooms. He desires something that will travel at a speed greater than that of a horse, yet less than that of a railroad train. He desires something that will not blow up when he uses it, that will not break down when he leaves the streets of the city. Such a car the reliability run has proved to exist.



ABRAM STEVENS HEWITT. BORN JULY 31, 1822; CONGRESSMAN FROM NEW YORK 1875-79 AND 1881-86; MAYOR OF NEW YORK 1887-88.

From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, New York.

A Grand Old Man of New York.

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON.

ABRAM STEVENS HEWITT, STATESMAN AND BUSINESS MAN, WHO IN HIS EIGHTY FIRST YEAR IS ONE OF THE MOST ACTIVE, USEFUL, AND PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZENS OF THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS.

THE other day the New York Chamber of Commerce decided that it was time to issue a protest against the continued delay in the legal preliminaries to the Pennsylvania Railroad's great work of tunneling the North

River and establishing its terminus in the heart of New York. The representatives of the business interests of the metropolis appointed Abram S. Hewitt to voice their earnest desire that a plan promising such benefits to the city

should not be obstructed by petty or selfish opposition. At the same time Mr. Hewitt was engaged in a correspondence on the subject of the Pennsylvania coal strike which attracted more attention, and exerted a greater influence on public opinion, than any other utterance on that burning question. Such are the avocations—the amusements, I had almost said—of a man who celebrated his eightieth birthday last July, and who is still the active head of a large business concern.

Mr. Hewitt's best services to the public have been done as a private citizen. In New York politics, indeed, he never seemed quite in place. It may have been that he was too square for his surroundings, like the proverbial rectangular peg in a circular hole. The result was a maximum of friction without a maximum of efficiency in operation. His election to the mayoralty was supposed to mean a general reform of the municipal organism, but as a matter of fact little or no permanent good was accomplished, and when his term closed the machine had no difficulty in reasserting its power.

Abram S. Hewitt is not a politician; he is a statesman. For that reason, he was far more in his element in the House of Representatives at Washington than in the New York City Hall. Early in his legislative career, which lasted ten years, he became a power in the House, and won a national reputation as a speaker and as an authority on the tariff and other public questions. If he had cared to remain in Congress, he might have done still more. He might have set his name beside those of the great orators and lawmakers who have molded the history of the country. But like others who have tried it, he found the sacrifices of a Congressional career too heavy, the prize too hollow, the strain too severe. He is not a man to spare himself, but his health has never been robust; during most of his life he has been a martyr to insomnia. It is a marvelous spiritual fire that keeps him, at fourscore years, full of the keenest intellectual energy.

If within a year or so New York shall possess, for the first time in its history, a safe, quick, convenient, and efficient

system of rapid transit, it is to Mr. Hewitt, more than to any other one man, that the city will owe the inestimable boon. The commemorative gold medal given him by the Chamber of Commerce two years ago was no more than a just recognition of his work. A trained engineer, an able business man, and possessed of rare foresight and clarity of view, he pointed out the way to what was probably the one practicable solution of the exceedingly difficult problems that the question involved. Just fourteen years ago, during his mayoralty, he made public his plans for a railway up and down Manhattan Island, very nearly on the lines finally adopted; and, a far more important point, he suggested the financial methods that made it possible to build the road—the loaning of the city's credit to the contractor, the leasing of the property to an operating company, and its final reversion to the municipal government by means of a sinking fund. His recommendations had no direct result at the time, but they have been followed almost to the letter, luckily for all concerned.

Born in a log cabin, the son of an English immigrant who failed to find fortune in the new world, Mr. Hewitt is self educated and self made, with the aid of a fortunate marriage to the daughter of the late Peter Cooper. He is a rich man who lives a very simple life. He has a comfortable but not gorgeous town house on Lexington Avenue, in an old fashioned neighborhood, and a pleasant but not palatial country place in the hills of northern New Jersey.

Twenty years ago Mr. Hewitt looked an old man, white haired, with a bent figure and a heavily lined face. Today he looks little older. His eye is not dimmed, his step is still quick and firm; his mind is as keen as a knife, and his tongue can be equally incisive. He has decided opinions and a forcible way of expressing them. He can be bitter, but he is never bilious or pessimistic. "I believe," he said not long ago, "that every day the world, instead of going down, is going forward;" and he has done more than his share to move it in that direction. He is absolutely honest, wholly unafraid; a grand old man, if New York ever possessed one.

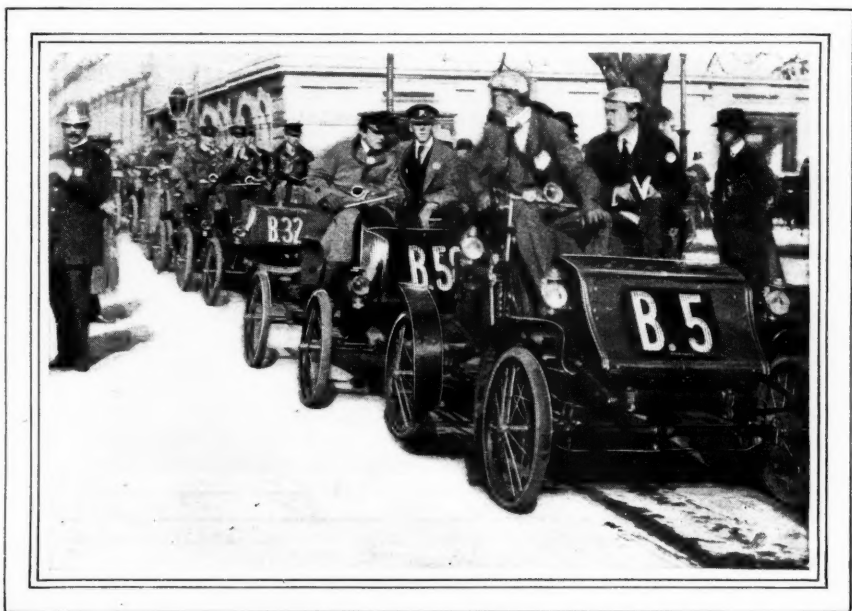
IN THE PUBLIC EYE

The Modern Flag Maker.

There is something akin to poetic justice in the fate that has made Clement A. Griscom first president of the International Mercantile Marine Company. The new corporation will operate the combined fleets of ocean steamships that have been called the Ship Trust, and its organization has agitated the British mind ever since the proposition was first mooted. On the 1st of October the company was incorporated under a charter from the secretary of state of New Jersey with an authorized capital stock of one hundred and twenty million dollars.

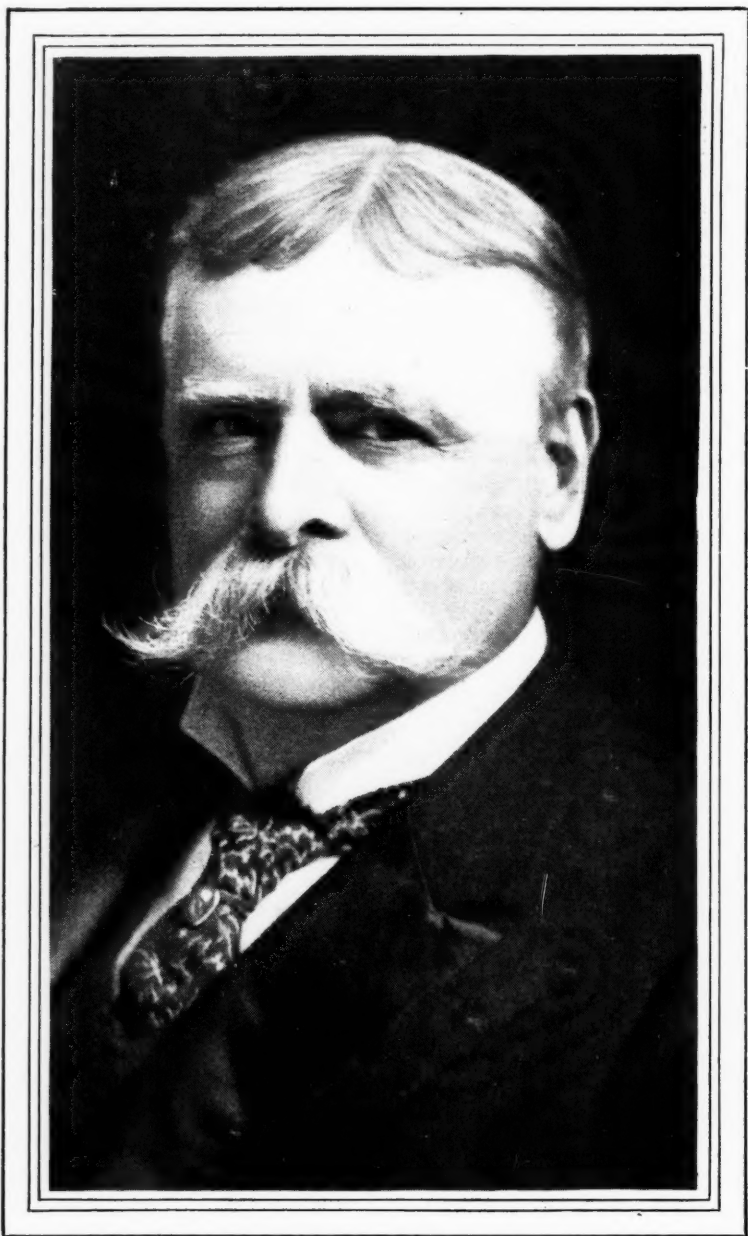
Mr. Griscom is the great great grand-nephew of Elizabeth Griscom, who, as Betsy Ross, made the first star spangled

banner in May, 1776. Betsy Ross was a young widow struggling to maintain an upholstery business in Philadelphia when General Washington with the Congressional committee strutted down the street from Independence Hall to consult with her concerning the cutting of a five pointed star. Betsy speedily solved the problem of manufacture, stitched together seven strips of red bunting and six of white to represent the thirteen Colonies, added a cluster of stars upon a blue canton, and so formed Old Glory. The newly invented flag was run up to the masthead of a merchantman lying at Race Street wharf, inspected, and adopted. In May, 1777, a year later, an order on the Treasury was made "to pay Betsy Ross fourteen pounds twelve shillings and two pence



THE START OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S "RELIABILITY RUN" FROM NEW YORK TO BOSTON AND BACK, OCTOBER 9—SEVENTY FIVE CARS ENTERED THE RACE, AND FULLY AS MANY MORE WERE GATHERED ABOUT THE STARTING POINT, FIFTY EIGHTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.

From a photograph by Lazarus, New York.

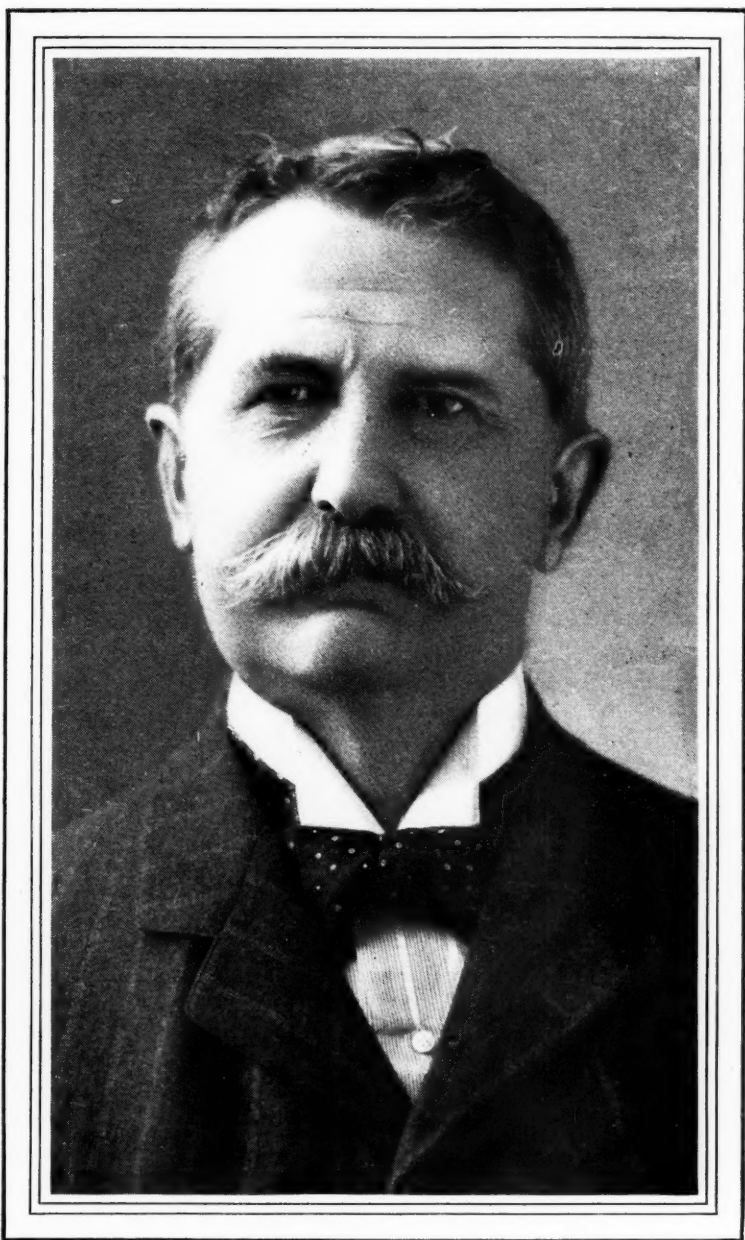


CLEMENT A. GRISCOM, OF PHILADELPHIA, PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY, THE GREAT NEW "SHIPPING TRUST" WITH A CAPITAL OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

for flags for the fleet in the Delaware River."

had a brother Andrew. Of Andrew Griscom, Mr. Clement A. Griscom is the great great great grandson. It has

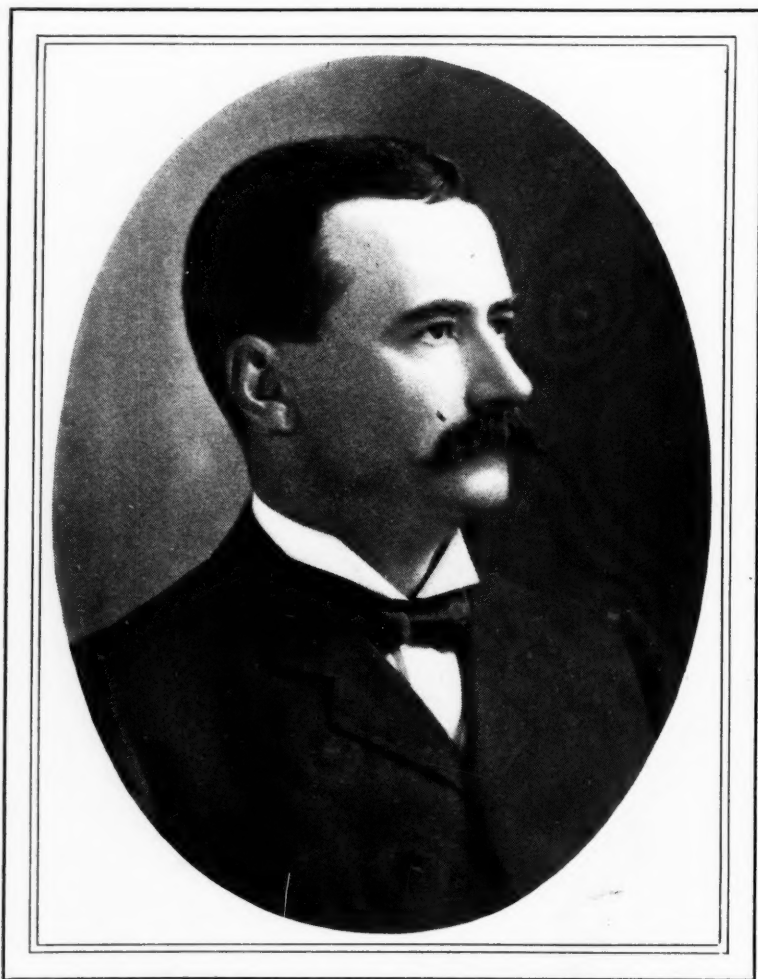


HENRY WHITE, OF RHODE ISLAND, FOR MANY YEARS SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY IN LONDON, WHO IS TO SUCCEED GEORGE VON L. MEYER AS UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO ITALY.

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston.

been left to him to bring under American control a larger fleet of merchant vessels than ever the world has seen be-

fore, to fly "Old Glory" from a greater number of mastheads. His daughter, Miss Frances C. Griscom, won the



DUNCAN CLINCH HEYWARD, GOVERNOR ELECT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

From a photograph by Reckling, Columbia.

woman's golf championship of the United States in 1900, and christened the ocean liner *St. Paul*.

To hark back from the hundred and twenty million dollar corporation to the sixty three dollar commission for flags is a curious commentary upon the growth and development of the United States.

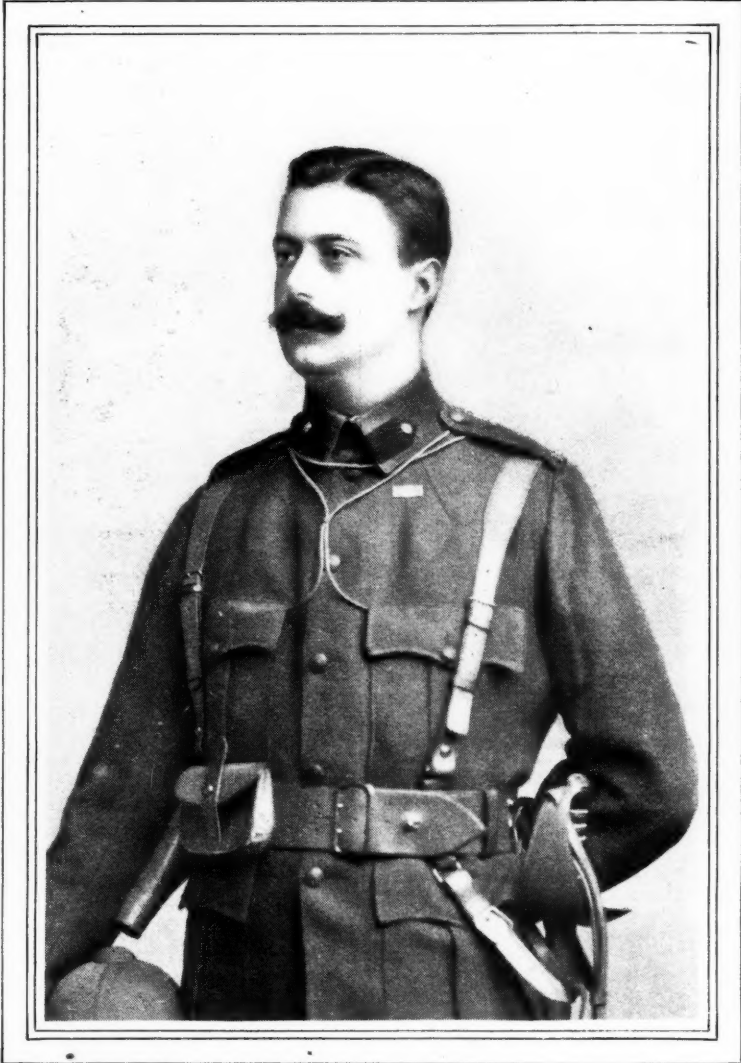
The Well Trained Diplomat.

It is one of the misfortunes of our present diplomatic system—or lack of

system—that the best trained men are forgotten at home during the period of their service in embassies abroad. Mr. Henry White has a longer experience, a closer knowledge of our affairs, than any other member of the diplomatic service. He has served many years abroad, has acted as *chargé d'affaires* at the court of St. James, has represented the nation's best interests during a long period of useful public service. Now that he has been designated successor to George von L. Meyer as our ambassador at Rome, it is

found that the people of the Senate know not the man of tried service, have forgotten his existence. Consequently,

long as to have got out of touch with American ideas—scarcely a fair accusation to bring against a man with such



THE EARL OF DUDLEY, THE NEW LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND—THE ENGRAVING SHOWS HIM IN THE UNIFORM OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY, IN WHICH CORPS HE SERVED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

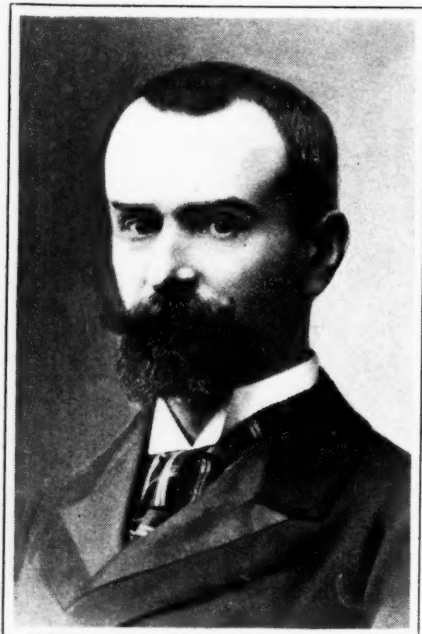
pressure is brought to bear upon the government to pass him over in favor of men more close to the ear of the powers in the upper chamber. It is charged against him that he has been abroad so

a long and honorable record of public service. It is hinted that he may suffer from the resentment of certain American women for whom—acting strictly in the line of his duty—he has declined

to secure a presentation at the British court.

This ought not to be. The man who has worked hard as first secretary of legation has deserved well of his generation, has earned his promotion to a full ambassadorship. Since Mr. Hay's day no American diplomat has done better

started upon that meteoric political career which has ultimately landed him in his present position of senior United States Senator from South Carolina, the great opponents of Tillmanism were the Conservatives, the party captained by old Bourbon leaders. From the time of Tillman's first election as Governor until



M. JUSSERAND, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED M. CAMBON AS FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.



MME. JUSSERAND, WIFE OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.

for his country and the dignity of his office than Mr. Henry White.

A New Régime in South Carolina.

To those who have followed closely the devious trend of Southern politics, the result of the recent general elections in South Carolina spoke clearly and conclusively upon two points. One of these things, and the more important, is that the present generation of South Carolinians is tired of dirty politics and ring methods. The other is the undoubted death of that bitter factionalism which has characterized South Carolina politics ever since the advent of the elder Tillman.

In 1892, when "Ben" Tillman

the present year the Tillmanites and their legitimate descendants, the Reformers, have dominated each successive election. The recent election of Duncan Clinch Heyward to the chief magistracy of the State marks the beginning of a new era.

There being only the most embryonic of Republican organizations in South Carolina, the results of the Democratic primary in September are merely repeated at the elections in November. In this year's primaries the people had to choose between a number of candidates for Governor, one of them being Lieutenant Governor James H. Tillman, a nephew of the celebrated Senator. Five years before this the name of Tillman would have been sufficient to

assure him a sweeping success, but the rejection of "Nephew Jim" was one of the most emphatic notes of the entire election. Another of the leaders from the old Tillman camp who met decisive defeat was Ex Governor John Gary Evans, who sought the position of United States Senator left vacant by the resignation of John L. McLaurin. His successful opponent, Latimer, was a Reformer of much milder type.

It should be said that all this has not affected the personal prestige of Senator Tillman. There is probably no one in the State who could successfully oppose him before the people. But the elections unmistakably show that the Tillmanite or Reform party has seen its day, and can never again, as a faction, dominate South Carolina politics.

Notable, too, are the platforms on which the successful candidates took the field—and in South Carolina it is a literal taking to the field, with daily stump speeches in a county to county campaign through the State. The dispensary system, the most widely discussed innovation that South Carolina has known since the Civil War, had, for the first time in its history, the approval of all candidates. With one exception, they were also united in relegating to the rear all questions of party politics. Especially was this the case with Captain Heyward, who took his nomination from no faction, and made his campaign on a strictly non partisan basis, emphasizing home rule and the need of good roads and liberal school support. He also advocated liberal appropriations for the State institutions of higher learning, which for some years have been the favorite object of Reform attack.

Captain Heyward comes of an old family of Carolina Bourbons, of the blue blooded stock which was common to the rulers of the State in ante bellum days. He was educated at the Washington and Lee University, in Virginia, which State also gave him his wife. He is thirty eight years old, and has lived all his married life at Walterboro, in one of the lower counties of South Carolina. He may be classed as a well to do farmer, having made a business of rice culture. Prior to his nomination

for Governor he had never been a candidate for a public office. He won without a campaign fund, his expenditure in the largest city in the State amounting to just two dollars and forty one cents.

An Ambassador With a Theory.

In place of M. Cambon, Washington welcomes to the ranks of its diplomatic corps M. Jusserand as the representative of France. M. Jusserand has already had experience of English speaking people by reason of his sojourn at the court of St. James in the character of chancellor of the French embassy. While in London he devoted himself to a study of English manners and customs, of English literature and history, of English social and commercial life. The result has been to confirm him in his faith in the Celtic as opposed to the Anglo Saxon genius of the European peoples.

For long there has been a growing irritation in France at the assumption that the Anglo Saxon races stand for progression and development, the Latin races for retrogression and destruction. This feeling is now finding expression in the journals of Paris in strongly worded protest against the assumption of the designation "Anglo Saxon" by nations who possess no right to its use. The Paris *Figaro* recently remarked:

Thrice happy shall we be if the condescension of the so called Anglo Saxon races moves them to retire us with a pension. All the same, we should astonish our Bretons, our Flemings, our Picards, our Auvergnats, our Basques, our Alsations, our Picts of Poitou, our Hellenes of Marseille, and, lastly, our Normans—who, it should not be forgotten, conquered England—if we told them that they were all simply Latins. Precisely under the same conditions a citizen of the United States descended from the French of Louisiana or from the Dutch of New York has no right to assume the strange title "Anglo Saxon."

M. Jusserand, the new ambassador, who is the author of an elaborate "Literary History of the English People," speaks in support of a similar contention. In the words of a Parisian critic, he has striven to correct "the inexplicable omission on the part of his predecessors, who, while enumerating the constituent elements of the English nation, carefully mention the Angles, the Saxons, the Frisians, the

Jutes, and other branches, but, as if by an oversight, forget our ancestors, the Celts, the creators of those admirable legends whose reflections coming from both sides of the Channel are cast upon the treasures of idealist literature."

M. Jusserand will be a valued addition to the literary as well as to the social and diplomatic ranks of the American capital.

The New Viceroy of Ireland.

Lord Dudley's recent assumption of office as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland marks what may prove to be a change for the better in the relations of the Emerald Isle to the government of the country of which she is a more or less uneasy part. The new viceroy is not a member of Mr. Balfour's cabinet, and will not be the personal representative of its policy in Irish affairs. That responsibility, not a light or an easy one, will fall upon George Wyndham, nominally Lord Dudley's secretary, actually a cabinet minister and his political chief. The lord lieutenant will have in Ireland a position comparable, on a small scale, with that of King Edward VII in his wider dominions. He will—if he has the necessary tact and strength—stand aloof from party strife. He will be an ornamental but by no means useless figurehead to the Hibernian ship of state.

Lord Dudley will find his office no sinecure. Sovereigns are required to work hard nowadays, and viceroys must expect to follow their example. "Outside the political arena," the Irish magistrates said, and with perfect truth, in greeting him on his entry into Dublin, "there is much that your influence can do to promote the happiness and prosperity of the people of Ireland. We look to you to encourage all undertakings which tend towards the commercial, industrial, and moral advancement of the country."

Earl Dudley is a favorable specimen of the titled order to which he belongs—a man of thirty six, rich, well educated, able bodied, public spirited, a citizen of the world. He does not come of a very ancient family, for he traces his

descent only as far as one William Ward, a London jeweler who was patronized by Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I. The Wards prospered, and the earldom of Dudley was created for them, to become extinct for lack of a direct heir, and to be revived in favor of a younger line. The present peer is the second earl under the new patent. He is a major of yeomanry, and during the recent war in South Africa he and several of his brothers volunteered for active service. He owns mines, iron works, and thirty thousand acres of land. He was married eleven years ago to a Miss Gurney, and has a son, who bears the courtesy title of Viscount Ednam, and two daughters.

A Son of Siam.

Somdet Chawfa Maha Vajiravudh, Crown Prince of Siam, is no greenhorn. A minor American official whom he met on the steamer that brought his royal highness to America is said to have taken the young Asiatic prince under his wing one day and in a fatherly way to have given him some valuable "pointers" about western civilization. Vajiravudh listened attentively, nodding his head at proper intervals during the discourse. At the end of it he gravely remarked:

"Yes, sir. Your observations relative to Anglo Saxon manners and customs agree substantially with the conclusions which I have formed after nine years of study in England."

In several other ways the prince has shown that he is a wide awake and up to date young man. He has written a book—not a volume of his impressions of the United States. He uses a typewriter—two typewriters, indeed, for besides the ordinary machine of commerce he has a special one with a wonderful keyboard of Siamese characters, devised by an ingenious American manufacturer who secured a contract to supply the palace at Bangkok. In this respect, it may be noted, Siam is ahead of many of the European countries, where the pen still reigns supreme in the government offices, while King Chulalongkorn requires that all documents presented to him shall be typewritten.

THE GOLD WOLF.*

THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS MONEY.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

DUDLEY HATTON, who has amassed millions in the London money market, is engaged to Daphne Bell, a young girl to whom he was first attracted owing to her startling resemblance to his late wife, Hermine. Dudley was long a recluse after his wife's death, for though he loved her, they had become estranged, and she died suddenly after a quarrel during which he, suffering from a nervous malady at the time, temporarily lost his reason. He bribed the physician to attribute her death to heart failure, but there were marks on the delicate throat, and Dudley has been tortured with the thought that he, in his madness, may have caused her death. He manages to throw off this feeling after he meets Daphne, however, and again enters into worldly affairs with a keen zest. Not long afterwards Dudley is beset by a gang of blackmailers, who claim to have proof of his culpability in his wife's death, and threaten to prevent his marriage. He is unsuccessful in his efforts to find out who these unknown foes are, although he suspects that his late valet, Courvoisier, is one of them. He finally goes to Daphne, resolved to tell her the whole story.

XX.

FOR a moment Dudley lived again through the bitter scenes of his solitude; but how differently! For now the full measure of a woman's pity was given to him; and clinging to him, caressing him, a woman bade him hope.

Daphne spoke with almost passionate earnestness.

"Oh, dearest, if I had known, if I could have come to you in those days! But it will all be forgotten now. I shall help you, watch you, love you, Dudley! You will never think of the old days if I am with you!"

He had all the desire to answer her with a fervent protest; but the resolution forbade him, and, turning from her pity as from that which he might not enjoy, he bowed to his destiny.

"I wish to God I could forget, Daphne; but, for your sake and mine, it is forbidden! When a man is warned as I am, he has a duty to others which he may not neglect. A year ago Dr. Chaplin told me that my reason would give way if I did not abandon everything and rest. I believe that his opinion was justified then, if it is not now. But how can I know for certain? If my illness recurred, what right have I to speak of love to you? None, dear child; I know that I have none!"

"You have every right—every right, dear Dudley," she said, a little wistfully.

"If you are ill, is not my place at your side? Let it be that always. Let me find my world there. It would be happiness for me, the greatest happiness I can find!"

He answered her with a lover's caress; and for a little while they walked together in silence beneath the sheltering canopy of leaves. A fresh wind of the night stirred the thicket all about them. None intruded upon a confidence so fateful. And the lovers' thoughts lay apart; for while her trust and gentleness added to the burden of his task, she, despite her love, was like a child perplexed by some mystery beyond its understanding. This revelation of a manhood that did not give, but ask, the courage of life, was altogether new to her. She said that her love should not be the less for it.

"You are speaking of that which is past, Dudley," was her answer, when they came out into the open again and the moon gave a clear light to the terrace of the old world garden. "Why should we bring it back tonight, why should we think of it?"

"Because we must, Daphne—you and I! We must ask ourselves if we are doing well. You do not know the truth yet; I am trying to tell it you."

"The truth—the truth of what, dear Dudley?"

He could see the startled expression of her eyes, and feel the little hand tremble upon his arm; but he knew that he might not spare her.

* Copyright, 1902, by Max Pemberton.—This story began in the July number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

"The truth of Hermine's death," he said, though every word cost him an effort. "She died after we had quarreled, Daphne. I have never known the truth of it. I think I was mad that night. I only know that we quarreled, and that when next I found her she was dead. The rest is oblivion; I cannot tell you what I did. I would give my fortune to know!"

He stepped back from her so that her hands fell from his arm; and, clasping them, she tried to speak to him.

"Dearest, dearest, what are you saying?"

"I am telling you the truth, Daphne. As God's in heaven, I do not know how my wife died! There are some who say that I killed her!"

She uttered a low cry and turned from him, pressing her hands to her death white face. The idol had fallen now; it lay shattered at her feet. She was terrified, stricken dumb, a child before one of life's great tragedies.

"No, no! You are not telling me the truth! I will not hear you, Dudley—you are cruel, cruel! You frighten me!"

He caught her by the arm, fearing that she would fall.

"I wish to God I could say 'no'!" he said in a voice grown hoarse with the pain of that confession. "It is true, true, every word of it, dear child! I do not know how Hermine died; and my quarrel with her that night may have killed her. That is why I speak to you tonight. Ask yourself if I have the right to marry any woman. You cannot answer me, Daphne! You cannot, child!"

His tone had changed to that of one who would charge her with the consequence of his own confession. She could not answer him, indeed. As he suffered, so did she. She knew not why she was silent. Fear, an overwhelming, abiding fear, closed her lips. It forbade her pity. Of all his confession, she heard but this, that he had no right to marry her because of that which he had done!

"I must be alone, Dudley. I must think!" she cried at last, turning her pale face from him and avoiding his touch. "Tomorrow it may be different. I cannot answer you tonight."

"You will never answer me, Daphne. We have met for the last time. It is our destiny. God make it light for you and for me!"

She ran from him into the house. In her own room her courage failed her, and she fell sobbing upon her bed; but midnight found Dudley a figure of the shadows in the moonlit gardens.

He quitted the house with the sunlight, leaving for Daphne's grandfather a letter in which he spoke of business urgencies. For Daphne herself he left no message.

It was not without a sense of relief that he had crossed the valley of the shadow; but he knew that the goal for which he had striven was lost to him irretrievably. That supreme devotion upon which he had counted had failed him in the hour of his need. A woman who loved, he said, would have answered him there and then, disbelieving the charge he brought against himself, and showing him how false it was. But she had doubted him. He believed it was that. She, as those others, had said, "It may be so." Her fear repelled him. He who had so loved had earned a title to the generosity of her affection. She should have said: "Though all the world doubts, I believe;" but she shrank from him; had gone away as one who feared his touch.

So let it be; he would never show his face to her again. He would ask her to forget that he had lived.

The whole house was sleeping when he wrote the letter; and, having written it, changed his clothes and made ready for his journey. The silence of the morning hour attuned itself to his own need. He was glad that all should be sleeping and he awake to suffer. The cold air of day found him shivering as with an ague, and very weary; but he defied sleep; and when he had drunk a little glass of brandy, he took a stout stick in his hand and quitted Sonning Court, by the servants' gate.

In the lonely gardens, the vista of the woods shaped itself already by the wan rays of the cloudy dawn. The old house, every gable clear cut in that mournful light, rose up like some vault of his happiness. He cursed the day which had carried him out of Devonshire and his exile to this brief dream of happiness and love. The gardens wherein Daphne had walked, the rosery, the sheltered glades, were so many landmarks upon the road he had followed so gladly. And whither would it lead him now? He looked at the black water of the river and asked himself what kept him back from the rest which is eternal. A coward would have answered, "Nothing;" but he was not a coward; he could yet live to repay to the uttermost farthing that debt of vengeance over which his enemies had exulted.

It had been in the minds of Dudley's enemies that their unscrupulous attack must drive him from their midst and hold him impotently an exile, as erstwhile he

had been. For this they schemed; in this belief their plans were laid. Threatened by the gravest charge, they had no doubt that he would quit London and leave to them that financial field wherefrom, in his absence, they garnered so full a harvest. But it chanced that the very act which drove their victim to the desperate act sent him in the same hour back to the world, to meet them face to face.

From the first hour, revenge was Dudley's impulse of life. He would return to London and find there the battle ground. Such pity as they had dealt to him should be their measure. In the past, even the worst of them had found him a generous enemy. His house had earned an envied reputation. He used to say that a code of honor, foreign to Drapers' Gardens, cost him a considerable income; but these very men who had profited by his tolerance were those who would now hound him out. He was resolved to throw down the glove to them. Sentiment should guide him no longer; he would wage an unscrupulous war against the enemies of his financial fortunes; he would live for gain. Let the means be what they might, fortune should be paramount.

He had struck upon the Maidenhead road, which led him away from the river to Twyford and the railway. Here and there he passed laborers going doggedly to the fields; there were gipsies in a nook of his own woods, and the rags of the children fluttered at his approach and showed the naked arms and legs of sun-burned beggars. Children rarely begged of him in vain in the old days, but he thrust them aside this morning and gave nothing. The friendly greetings of early neighbors were scarcely answered. At Taplow Station, an inspector's loquacious welcome met with no better reward. London beckoned him like some goal of despair. He did not listen until the station master spoke of London.

"I'm sorry to hear of this trouble on your line, sir," the man said, believing that the news brought Dudley to Twyford. He could imagine no other reason.

Dudley asked what news there was. He had heard nothing.

"It was in last night's paper, sir; they say your men are coming out."

"I did not see it," Dudley said, with a new interest. "You speak of the Great Southern, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir; there seems to have been a meeting at Battersea last night, and, from what I hear, things went badly. It's a pity you weren't there, sir. If you'll excuse my saying so, you're worth a hun-

dred of the others! They'd have listened to you, sir, please believe me."

This compliment would have flattered Dudley at any other time. He resented it this morning. His mind strove constantly to persuade his heart that it had no longer any interest in men or their troubles. He was like one who had his back to the wall against the whole world. This grave news promised him his opportunity. Why should he spare these men? The Great Southern Railway had been his own undertaking; he was proud of it; responsible in a measure for its success. If it had not prospered in the past, he laid that to the charge of his own humanity. Why should humanity count henceforth?

"If the men want me, they know where to find me," he said bluntly to the official. "When is the next train to London?"

"There is nothing till the seven forty five, sir."

"I can't wait for that; I must have a special."

Specials are not often asked for at Twyford Junction. The station master, greatly important, made haste to appear as if it were a very simple matter.

"We shall have to telegraph to Reading, sir—"

"Telegraph where you like. I must have a special."

"It will mean half an hour, sir."

"Then don't waste your time here. Go away and telegraph."

The man went away very pleased at such an honor as a special for his own station; but Dudley, forgetting it already, fell to wondering how Daphne would awake today.

* * * *

He arrived at Paddington a little after six o'clock. No one was awake in Park Lane when he reached the house. He asked for a simple cup of coffee, and drank it while he despatched a messenger to Macalister, his partner in the firm of Hatton & Hatton. That discreet Scotsman was just about to set out for the city when the news came; but he returned at once with the groom, and found Dudley in his study. His recognition was one of surprise and pity.

"Man," he said shortly, "ye're ill!"

Dudley took a cigar from his box and lighted it with some deliberation.

"The very thing I wish you to put about this morning, James," he said phlegmatically.

Macalister eyed him with suspicious curiosity. The pallid face gave to the sunken eyes the brightness which often

attends fever. The cheeks were furrowed as they had not been yesterday. The hands were shrunken and nervous. The mouth twitched when the lips were still. Macalister had seen Dudley under many circumstances, but never like this.

"What do you mean? What's the matter with you?" he asked in his brusque way. "I'm thinking you'd be better to bide in bed, by the looks of you, Dudley!"

Dudley laughed with a grim humor that meant much.

"If you like," he said, "put me in bed, James. Let Drapers' Gardens understand that I have had a great blow. Get it about as quickly as you can, over the tape if possible. We're going to make some money, you and I, today, James."

"I'll be no party to anything inordinary," said the Scot determinedly. He had never heard such a suggestion as this. And Dudley turned on him fiercely.

"Good God, man, isn't it true? Look at me! Am I well or ill? Would you put sixpence on my life if you were a stranger?"

The Scotsman took a snuff box from his pocket and opened the lid of it clumsily.

"Chaplin will be your doctor," he remarked, after a pause. "He shall see you this day."

Dudley did not resent the proposal.

"Excellent!" he remarked, with a finer irony. "He calls here before eleven; it is known in the House at twelve; you will buy Louisvilles at one—buy heavily! And every shilling's worth of Great Southern stock you can sell for the next week let the market have. Do you follow me?"

Macalister was agitated in spite of himself. Coveting money patiently, he found himself at war already with conflicting principles. Should a rumor of Dudley's collapse reach Drapers' Gardens, the crash would be tremendous, he remarked. But what of the aftermath, the day of reckoning? This man beside him seemed at death's door. If he died, the house of Hatton & Hatton would fall like a pack of cards. A disciple of the truth (*rara avis* in Drapers' Gardens), Macalister tried to tell himself that it was the truth. Dudley undoubtedly was very ill.

"'Twould be no lie to say as much," he admitted at last; "but I'll be no party to any prevarication! Man, your health's your ain—and poor enough at that! Should they find you out, there'll be the devil of a settlement—"

Dudley raised his hand.

"Not a word of it," he said; "it's not your business. Tell them to mind their

own. I am ill, James—ill enough, heaven knows. Let those who have made me suffer pay the price. If I pull through, God help them, James—God help them!"

Macalister lowered his heavy brows and watched his partner shrewdly.

"There's been trouble in your own house, then?" he remarked at a hazard.

"It's not difficult to guess that, James; there's been great trouble. I am here because of it. I am here to answer the men who brought it about. I shall begin when you go to the city."

There was no need to tell James Macalister another word. He picked up his hat and buttoned his frock coat.

"If there's any justice betwixt man and man, I'll help you this day," said he. "But I'd be sorry for the innocent to suffer."

Dudley laughed again.

"The innocent always suffer. You and I cannot help the fools, James; we have something else to do."

* * * *

The day upon which Dudley Hatton returned to London is not yet forgotten. Brokers speak of it even now with a bitter phrase, as of some wide spread conspiracy by which they suffered. The names of those which the cataclysm brought down are referred to without pity. The survivors ask sympathy for themselves.

It began at eleven o'clock in the morning; the subtle rumor ran from ear to ear and office to office like a current of greed and gain. Men spoke of it at first in corners; anon openly. Dudley Hatton, the king of the financiers, had been stricken down and lay dying. Some said that he had finally lost his reason; others named the physicians in attendance upon him. While one report left him at Sonning, unconscious and beyond hope, another brought him to London and promised him but a few hours of life.

Soon that pandemonium which heralds a crisis set up in the purlieus of Throgmorton Street. In the House itself, a multitude of throats cried in descending scale the story of the downfall. Sober men surrendered themselves to the intoxication of panic. Telegrams fell as a shower of leaves before the gathering storm. Cabs rattled incessantly upon the asphalt pavements. There were groups about every tape in the outer offices. Men saw their fortunes melting before their very eyes.

Down and still down rattled that fabric whose foundation was but a name. Great throngs surged about the well known doors and uttered the news as some sentence of doom. Those who were rich men

at eleven o'clock were beggars at four. Few profited by the hurricane of disaster. Wild messages to Park Lane, to Sonning, to Dudley's yacht in the Solent, appeared to confirm the news.

When night fell upon the city it was said that Hatton was dead. Men went westward reluctantly. Some had looked upon the scenes of their success for the last time.

* * *

And the truth? Ah, days passed before that was known! For while the storm gathered, and the tempest broke, and the madness of panic fell upon the bewildered city, one man, as the master of the storm, sat at the helm of the driving ship and steered it whither he would. From hour to hour, sometimes from minute to minute, the messengers had entered and received their brief instructions. By a word sometimes, by a sentence at others, the spoil was netted. When night fell the helmsman was alone; but the treasure of the ship he could not reckon.

In a few short hours he had won a vast fortune, had answered his enemies in the words of his promise.

XXI.

DUDLEY had left Sonning Court believing that no one had witnessed his departure; but in this he was mistaken; for Daphne heard his step upon the path, and she watched him when he set out upon the Twyford road.

Her night of tears had ended in a day of a woman's resolution. Yesterday a man's confession left her a child and witless. She had turned upon an impulse of fear and fled from him who had the title to her courage. Her dream of heroic love had been so real, so dear to her, that the awakening frightened her to silence. It was all so different from the future she had imagined. That a woman must share a man's sorrows, as she would share his joys, had been no part of the girlish creed in which she delighted for so many years.

She loved with all her heart, and yet it had seemed to her that Dudley's confession robbed her of this right to love. Why had it changed his tenderness towards her—why had he spoken to her like a man in anger? She could not believe the dreadful story he had told her; she had never really believed it. But the first shock deprived her of the will to deny it. She was a child still in the face of tragedy so terrible. She knew that Dudley charged himself falsely; but his nervous anger at her silence she could not understand.

Why had she not said at once, "I will trust you; I will be your friend even now"? Dudley, she thought, was to be blamed for her own cowardice. She could not say, "I believe nothing, will hear nothing," with those hot words still in her ears.

The new day found her longing ardently for that moment when she might go to him and say, "Dudley, forgive me! I did not know!" The thought that she could bring joy to him was the solace to her grief. He had loved another woman; but not to his own happiness. Daphne remembered how he had spoken of Hermine's coldness, of her want of pride in him, of the growth of an inevitable estrangement. And she, she who had loved him so, had she not acted as the dead wife in the hour of his greatest need? Her tears of distress became anon tears of self reproach.

The night did not pass quickly enough for her desire. If she could find him, find him before any stirred in the house, and run to him and in his arms forget that he had spoken! She fought with sleep for that. She must see him at the very break of day.

She did not undress, but lay upon her bed with the cloak she had worn in the garden still wrapped about her. Towards the hour of dawn fatigue, which she had defied so long, mastered her a little while, so that she dreamed she was at Cambridge again, looking from the windows of Queen's upon the river and the Fellows' Gardens. In her troubled sleep she believed that Dudley waited for her and was in great distress; but when she tried to rise a dream figure of the darkness forbade her, and all the doors and windows round about were locked.

This suffering of sleep was very real; and when she started up from her bed she knew that she had been crying. The daylight streamed into her room at this time; despite a gloowering morn, the birds were singing in the garden, and she heard the murmur of the weir. The familiar scene brought to her a sorrowful memory of Dudley's confession; and looking upon her own dress and the cloak tumbled upon the bed, she remembered everything, and chiefly her own desire to go to him.

It must now be six or seven o'clock, she told herself; and perhaps he would be awake. The best of fortune would have sent him already to the gardens, awaiting her; and when she heard a step upon the gravel of the drive, she ran with fluttering heart to the window, believing that indeed it was so.

The truth was a new hurt to her pride. For Dudley was there, as she wished, but

even a first look made it plain that he was about to quit the terrace. This was such a humiliation for her, so contrary to her desire and belief, that she had no ready courage even to open her casement or to lift a hand to beckon him.

It was evident that he was leaving Sonning. For an instant he paused upon the steps of the terrace, in fitful hesitation; then, with firm stride and an impatient gesture of the hands, he set out towards the lodge; and the shrubs of the drive hid him from her view.

Daphne knew not what to think of it. She dressed in bitter haste, caring nothing for the clothes she wore. Dudley would return to breakfast, and she would go to him and tell him all her pretty story. It was her only hope. She did not know how many long days must pass before she would hear his voice again.

The servants were up and about when at last she went down stairs, but none of them knew anything of their master's departure. Dudley lacked a valet now, and old Spiler, the butler, proved a clumsy substitute. He had taken the hot water up, he said, but was not sure whether Mr. Hatton were awake or no. Daphne did not tell him what she had seen, or speak of it to any one; but she counted the minutes until eight o'clock, their breakfast hour; and when eight was struck, and after that nine, and no message came, the truth confronted her, and she knew that he would not return.

Overwhelmed by self reproach, heart broken, she ran from the house like one who cheated herself with the delusion that she might still find him where she had found him in the supreme hour of her life. She longed ardently to be alone with him. She spake her grief where none might hear.

It was twelve o'clock when she returned to the house, to find the guests wondering both at Dudley's departure and at her own absence. To Romer, and those who were with him on the tennis court, she made some good excuse. It was more difficult to answer little Beryl, and the child's questions troubled her.

"What is it, Daphne? Why is he gone to London? Oh, you know and you won't tell me! It must have been something, or he wouldn't have gone without saying good by to me. Was he ill, dear? Oh, you don't think he was ill?"

Daphne said that it was nothing, and went up to find her grandfather. She wished to conceal everything from him, but his quick eyes, aided by the letter which Dudley had left, were not to be

deceived; and when she said "Good morning" to him, he took her hand in his and kissed her with some affection. He thought that there had been a lovers' quarrel—that and nothing more. But he was not a little surprised that it should be so soon.

"He's gone to London, Daf," he admitted, with gentleness in every tone. "Perhaps you know why he's gone? I won't ask you, my dear. I'm thinking how very glad you'll be when he comes back."

Daphne flung herself into an armchair—they were alone in the library—and gazed into the empty grate.

"He won't come back, daddy," she said; "he'll not come back while I am here."

She spoke with such earnestness and so defiantly that her grandfather, who believed that it was a lovers' tiff, put on his spectacles and regarded her very critically.

"Why, what is it, Daphne? You've been crying, child!"

She tried to say that she had not; but the tears came to her eyes again when she protested.

"It's nothing—nothing, daddy. He'll not come back, and it's my fault—and I wish I had never entered this house!"

The bitter truth found its measure of consolation in this wild confession. Daphne had determined to tell her grandfather nothing; but kindness, attuned to her own grief, dragged the words from her; and so far as she might regarding Dudley's honor, she told him much.

"He has had great trouble, daddy. I was unkind and frightened. He will never forgive me! That's why he's gone to London. Of course he won't come back; I couldn't expect it."

She clung to him in the bitterness of grief, and he, knowing Daphne, and understanding, took her in his arms and said:

"We must go home, little Daf; we shall find you there."

* * * *

They left the house by the afternoon train, but not until Daphne had spent a full hour upon the contrite letter in which she confessed to Dudley all the childish wrong of her doubt and hesitation. Such a page betrayed the unmeasured truth of a young girl's love. How she reproached herself; with what promise would she not atone! She offered him all—her belief in his innocence, her willing sympathy and loving care. She would return to him whenever he might command her. Her affection was unchanged, unchanging. And this letter, costing her so much of shame and tears, she left with those who

promised that it should reach the master without delay.

Mr. Hatton would return tomorrow, the servants said. They laid the letter upon the library table, expecting him without delay. It had gathered dust abundantly, and many weeks were numbered, before Daphne's sweet confession came to Dudley's hand.

XXII.

PERCY ELLINGHAM was away to the north so soon as the grouse season began. Trevor Webb remembered that he had mountains to climb, and set out about the business with a philosopher's leisure. Of the three, Romer alone idled at Sonning when the stifling month of August drew to its welcome close.

Old Aunt Mary had come down to take charge of that forlorn establishment and to warn all and sundry against the perils of damp linen and the treachery of misty nights. From day to day little Beryl wrote to Dudley, and wondered that he answered her so curtly or did not answer her at all.

To the house itself the vaguest news of its master's movements came. Dudley was in London, but not at Park Lane, report said. They heard of his financial triumphs; the papers did not tire of his name. He had recovered from a grave illness, said the paragraphists, and was the busiest among the busy of Drapers' Gardens and its purlieus. The tattlers for society papers summed his fortunes in cabalistic drawings, or showed you how his linked gold would girdle the earth. Others attacked him fiercely in pamphlets of surpassing bitterness. The radical papers named him for a greedy tyrant and oppressor of men. Even his friends wondered if his principles had not changed. He was making a rare fortune, they admitted, but were the means to be justified? The pessimists believed that the Great Southern Railway would be the grave of his ambitions. He had not done with that trouble yet.

Beryl used to ask Romer every day why Dudley did not return and why Daphne had left them; but the answers were evasive, and she could make nothing of them.

"When you are a woman you'll know," Romer used to say patriarchally. "You should never ask for reasons when girls are concerned. A game of patience is nothing to them. They can never understand why their queen should not take your king. I always liked Daphne—but I'll be hanged if I can make head or tail

of her! She seemed to be awfully fond of Uncle Dudley, and just when I was wondering what I should give him for a wedding present, off she goes! It's worse than Roman law, Beryl. You'll know all about it some day!"

Beryl shook her head, and did not believe that she would. That any one should run away from Dudley was a fact beyond her comprehension. She would lie for hours on the lawn by the old weir trying to puzzle it all out. Sometimes she thought that she hated Daphne. And what had she done to Dudley, that he did not answer her letters? Beryl remembered the old days in Cornwall, and wondered if they would ever come again.

"I don't want to understand it, Romer," she said pugnaciously; "I don't want to understand anything! He's gone away, and he hates us all, and we're no better—than trees!" she burst out, with one of her splendid smiles. "And it's all Daphne—you know it is! Oh, 'f I could hate her, how glad I'd be!"

She could not hate Daphne; she remembered her with love. Romer, on his part, guessed something of the truth. He imagined Daphne had left his uncle because of some echo of Hermine's death. He would have done much to help the lonely man, had chance offered him the opportunity; but it delayed to come. The idle hours at Sonning Court began to weary him; and when he heard of Dudley's activity he would have given much to share it. Shrewd enough, he imagined that all this smoke of gossip could not be without fire. Dudley was treading a perilous way. Romer dreaded a fall, though he knew not by what catastrophe it would be brought about.

He was never more pleased in his life than when, on coming down to the breakfast table upon the second day of September, he found a letter from old Pat Foxall asking him to go to Paris without delay.

"For your uncle's sake," old Pat concluded, "lose no time. There is that going on here which may save or ruin him."

Romer took the morning train to London and was in Paris before midnight.

He had looked to find the Irishman at the Gare du Nord to meet him, but Foxall did not appear. Romer was about to take a cab to the Ritz Hotel, when a burly Frenchman stepped into the vehicle he had engaged and refused to budge an inch. He laughed at the man's impudence, and began to wonder if it were worth a scene.

"*Je ne bouge pas—je ne bouge pas!*" cried the intruder defiantly.

He was a typical Frenchman, with a heavy gray mustache, a wide brimmed felt hat, and a smart coat trimmed with astrakhan. Romer was minded to take him by the collar and fling him to the pavement; but he remembered the Chauvinistic partialities of the French police and tried to keep his temper.

"It's my cab," he argued doggedly, ignoring the fact that the man spoke French. "For two pins I'd throw you——"

"Into the gutter, faith! Come in, me bhoys—it's no time to be treading on the tail of me coat!"

Romer got into the cab without a word. He had common sense enough to understand that Foxall had some object for this amazing humor. Not until they were rattling over the *pavé* of the busy streets by the station did he confess his astonishment.

"Pat, by all that's unholy!" he said, slapping the wild Irishman affectionately upon the thigh. "If I hadn't been a chump, I'd have known. What's up now, Pat? Is it bailiffs or females? You look like the roaring lion of Sardis! What does it mean, old chap?"

Patrick, relieved to have left the station behind him, took off his hat and showed a flowing wig of iron gray curly hair. His manner was unusually earnest; but he had lost none of his spirits.

"Molinard's my name," said he, "and Victor was I christened in my baptism. There's a great deal up, my lad—your uncle's safety, for one thing. I'm glad to have you in Paris, Romer. It's no coward I am, God knows, but there are times when a man counts the number of his friends—and this night's one of them!"

He took a cigar case from his pocket, and when both were smoking he began to tell a quick story.

"Romer," he said, "ye'll have heard how your Aunt Hermine died?"

"I know something of it, Pat; not much. She was found dead in her boudoir, and they said it was heart disease, I remember."

"Aye, they said more than that! Trust your friends to be first in lying about you!"

"I know what you mean, Pat; you mean that people talked about my uncle. They said he was unkind to her."

"It's gospel truth—they said that he killed her."

"I wish I could come across the man who said it—he wouldn't be in voice to-morrow, Pat!"

"That's a luxury you won't enjoy, Mas-

ter Battle Axe! Malice speaks with a cloak about its face, let me tell you. You'd chase a shadow. I've been at work night and day for the month past chasing those same shadows—but now I've nailed one to the wall!"

Romer apologized for laughing at old Pat.

"Go on, Pat," he said; "I won't tell it at the club. I'm sure it's no joke that brought me to Paris tonight, any way!"

"Indeed and 'tis not, Romer. 'Twill need something more than an Irishman's wild talk to do the work that's to be done in this city between now and tomorrow night."

He was silent for a spell, and then he asked suddenly:

"Did it ever occur to you, Romer, why your uncle's valet left him?"

"I can't say that it did."

"And you didn't know that your Aunt Hermine was always against the man, I suppose?"

"I knew she never liked him."

"Ah, she never liked him! True as sin—she couldn't abide him! Dudley told me as much the last time I saw him. And yet—mark this, my lad!—'twas Courvoisier that came first to your uncle's help on the night Hermine died."

"Good God, Pat, I never thought of that!"

"If I could say the same, 'twouldn't be so many sleepless nights I'd know. He was the first down, let me tell you, and the quickest to the doctor. His blarney carries your uncle to Cornwall and tries to keep him there. There's another marriage talked of, and what follows? Courvoisier gives notice. Shall I tell you why? Because, as God's in heaven, I believe he murdered your aunt!"

Romer had seen a good deal of the world for a lad of his age, but little of its tragedies. This unmeasured accusation both excited and unnerved him. He did not know what to say. Patrick, he thought, must have imagined half of it.

"If you believe that, Pat, why don't you charge the man with it? You owe it to Dudley. You should arrest him at once."

Old Pat smiled at his simplicity.

"'Tis an innocent kind of a fox ye are altogether, Romer. What would be the good of arresting him until I had the proof in my hand? He'd laugh over the damages a court would give him. I should be called an interfering old fool for my pains. No, I'll just wait like a sane man. Let him give me the half of a chance, and I'll have him in prison in

twenty hours. I'm in Paris to get it; that's what brought me here."

"Then, he's in Paris, too?"

"As sure as the Judgment! He's in Paris; he came yesterday; and what do you think it's for, now?"

"I'm no good at riddles, Pat."

"How if it should be to sell jewels?"

"Jewels! Whose jewels?"

"The Lady Hermine's."

"Do you believe he stole them, then?"

"If I did not, should I be wearing this hat? 'Tis rubies he has to sell, and, mark you, rubies your aunt wore on the night of her death. I'm sure of it, as far as mortal man can be sure. What's more, I'll buy those stones tomorrow night, Romer."

"You!"

"No other. Ah, young gentleman, 'tis useful sometimes to have been a rolling stone which takes a glass with Moss—bad cess to him! If there's anything they can teach me about the selling of stolen jewels in Paris, I'm a Dutchman and not born in honest County Cork! Believe it, I know every blackguard buyer in the whole shop; there's not a decent fence in Paris that I haven't met in honorable agreement one of these days or the other. 'Tis these men that wrote to London for me, at my prompting, telling your uncle's valet that if any friends of his had jewels to sell, one Victor Molinard was to be trusted and would buy them. They wrote through one of Courvoisier's pals. Romer, I paid five hundred sovereigns to have that letter written. Tomorrow night I'll tell you if it was worth the money. 'Twill be when Courvoisier thinks he's dealing with Victor Molinard, that buys stolen rubies and asks no questions. I'd give something to see his face when he finds out that this same gentleman is just old Pat Foxall, God bless him!"

"Are you going to meet Courvoisier face to face, Pat?"

"'Tis truth that I am. Tomorrow at seven o'clock in the Rue Marbeau. I'll carry my life in my hand, Romer; but I'll go! You'll come with me, boy. 'Tis no '*Marchons*' they'll sing when they see you, Romer! St. Patrick be praised that you got my letter!"

Romer said nothing. He had come to realize how his journey to Paris might save his uncle's honor, perhaps his life. This, then, had been Dudley's trouble in the dark months! Romer was very sorry for his uncle that night; he regretted that he had left him so much alone in the by-gone months. The excitement of today was like wine to him. He determined al-

ready that, whatever the cost might be, he would trace this dark mystery to its source.

XXIII.

ROMER spent the night at the Ritz Hotel, having left old Pat in the cab at the door. He did not see the Irishman on the following morning nor again until they met at the Café Joncereau, at six o'clock, as had been agreed. That they were about to embark upon a highly dangerous undertaking was plain to Romer from the first. He understood Pat's desire to remain hidden from such friends as he numbered in Paris.

"Courvoisier is lodging in the Rue Marbeau," Pat had said. "I shall go to him as Victor Molinard, the receiver. If he discovers who I am, 'tis likely I must run for it. But I speak French like an Irishman," he remarked sapiently; "and I doubt if 'tis Courvoisier that will deal with me. He wasn't on your uncle's yacht when she was in the Solent; and he's never seen me but twice in his life. We'll take the risk, lad; we'll not turn back, for Dudley's sake. I know that you'll say yes to that."

The question was superfluous. Romer's impatience would have worked mischief had not Pat controlled it. All that day he wandered aimlessly about the streets of Paris like one who resented the hours between him and a night of pleasure. Six o'clock had scarcely struck before he entered the Café Joncereau and found Patrick sipping absinthe at a marble table. They met as casual acquaintances. The peril they were to face was scarcely named. In the cab which carried them to the Rue Marbeau, Patrick spoke of it as of the commonest adventure; but he knew, none the less, that it might cost him his life.

"'Tis simple as A B C," he said, while he buttoned his coat with nervous fingers, and forgot, in his excitement, even to smoke. "I shall go to the house, and whoever sees me will put down the rubies. If it's Courvoisier, the trick's done; I shall refuse his price, and leave. If it's not Courvoisier, I shall act as the opportunity serves. You'll stand in the street like a watch dog, my boy. Don't be too far away; and if I whistle, come in—with the police, if you think best."

Romer could see the gravity of it; and, little as he liked his part, he feared there was no other.

"It would give the show away, I suppose," he said, "if I came in with you, Pat?"

"There wouldn't be a rag of it left, young gentleman! I must go alone this night. I must go for my friend's sake. But you will not desert me—faith, you won't! There's no man in Europe I'd so soon have with me, Romer!"

The cab stopped with a jolt at the corner of the Rue Marbeau almost as he spoke; and without any further word, Patrick stepped nimbly to the pavement. It was almost seven o'clock then; the first gloom of twilight already darkened the shabby street. Romer saw that it was one of those narrow thoroughfares with immensely large houses which border upon the Gare du Nord. Here and there a low *brasserie* gathered harvest from workmen returning from the railway. Of the shops, many had no windows, for their owners sold carriages, and there was *garage* for motor cars.

In a way, the Rue Marbeau had a character of its own; it was neither a slum nor a suburban thoroughfare, but a lofty, narrow street, alternately speaking of sufficiency and poverty. Romer, in truth, could learn nothing from it; nor did his anxious impatience permit any second inference. He was telling himself all the time that old Pat Foxall risked his life for a friend's sake.

"I wish I could come with you, Pat," he repeated for the tenth time; and for the tenth time Pat would not hear him.

"It's No. 7," he said nonchalantly. "Don't let anybody see you loitering. Walk as if you had business here. I know you'll stand by me, Romer."

He squeezed his hand, and turned away. Instinctively Romer's fingers closed upon the good pistol in the pocket of his light gray coat. He did not move until Patrick had disappeared into a carriage builder's shop some eight doors from him; then, at his leisure, he walked down the street.

Let us follow the Irishman while he enters that open shop, and asks, as had been arranged by letter, for Paul Dufayel. By such a name, he believed, had Courvoisier, the valet, written to him from London.

Ostensibly a carriage builder's shop, there was but one shabby motor car in the show room upon the ground floor; and when Patrick entered he could not attract attention, nor did he see any bell. A dirty wooden office at the far end of the shop had a single electric lamp; but there were neither books nor letters upon its crazy desk. Foxall observed a loose door upon the right hand side of the office, and a flight of narrow, tortuous steps; and when he had waited a little while and no one answered his knock, he climbed the stairs

and found himself upon a cramped landing, to which the daylight came through a starred skylight of frosted glass.

It was plain to him by this time that whoever had named the house for the rendezvous did not live there, but used it for his own security. His suspicion of Courvoisier gained conviction while he stood. This man, who had written to him in the name of Paul Dufayel, would not deal openly, then, even with a notorious friend of thieves. Such a disinclination was of itself a proof of something more than common guilt. Even the lowest of the criminals of Paris bartered freely with Victor Molinard, the receiver of their dangerous spoil; but Courvoisier appointed another's house for the rendezvous; he came under another's name.

All this passed through Patrick's mind like a flash while he stood upon the landing and knocked at a bare wooden door to which the stairs conducted him. He expected to meet Courvoisier face to face; but in this he was greatly mistaken, for when the door opened a woman answered him, and he concluded at once that it was the same woman who had tried to blackmail Dudley in Charles Street, Berkeley Square.

Her appearance, her manner, her voice, justified that conclusion. The same black Spanish mantilla was wrapped about her face; she wore the black dress of which Dudley had spoken; her French was excellent, without flaw or accent.

The surprise staggered the Irishman. He had not schemed for this.

"M. Molinard," she exclaimed, with a curious look at once of suspicion and of pleasure, "you are expecting my husband, Paul Dufayel, I think?"

Patrick bowed with a great air of gallantry. He twirled his fierce mustache with his gloved hand, and answered with all assurance:

"Madam, the expectation was less than the pleasure of this surprise. Your husband will be very late."

Again she looked at him with a quick, searching glance which betrayed the woman's doubt.

"My husband will not come at all; he is detained in—Rome," she said bluntly, with just an accent upon the word. "Not that it matters at all. I am here to act for him, M. Molinard."

"He is very good to me, madam, your husband. It will be a protracted business, I hope."

"I trust not. Pray come in. We can be alone here."

She entered a little room upon the first

floor of the house, and closed the door. Scarcely had she done so when masked men came stealthily from the staircase above and waited, as if for some signal which the woman would make to them. Patrick, meanwhile, was quite at his ease. He knew how to manage a woman well enough.

"I owe something to the antiquities of Rome," he exclaimed, with the fine air of the schooled gallant. "Your husband is a great traveler, madam?"

"Sometimes, monsieur—he likes new scenes."

Foxall whispered in his ear: "When a city becomes unhealthy, for instance?"

It was such a signal as one rogue might make to another—a masonic pass to a good understanding between thieves. She did not misunderstand it, and she laughed with him. Her voice was unpleasant and harsh. Patrick imagined that she had known much trouble.

"If you like, unhealthy—as unhealthy as this poor room, M. Molinard. Come, won't you sit down?"

She indicated a cane chair with a torn seat. The room was shabby enough, and its one window gave out upon a bare brick wall. The furniture scarcely suggested permanent habitation. The table was littered with the remains of a hasty meal. A sofa and three chairs completed the ornament. When Patrick sat down he could observe the woman more clearly. He had begun to ask himself already where he had seen her before.

"Madam," he said, "the room could not be better. I go into many like it in Paris. Sometimes I carry pretty things away. In that case I leave pretty things behind me. But I have a treacherous memory. I can never recollect my friend's name when I have left his house. Pity me and say that I am foolish."

The woman put her elbow on the table and almost peered into his face.

"I will tell you that by and by," she said, with some meaning. "You are fond of pretty things, are you not, monsieur?"

"Incurably fond, madam."

"And you have your preferences?"

"Certainly I have."

"They would be for——"

"Pretty women, madam, nature's jewels!"

"Costly treasures, sir!"

"Madam, I observe that you know the sex. Why should we complain? We do not value that which costs us nothing. I blame woman for her sweet reasonableness. Whatever she costs us, we should pay the price."

"In ready money, did you say?"

"In ready money—exactly!"

"For the treasures she has garnered?"

"For the gold of her hair, the pearls of her teeth, the sapphire of her eyes, the rubies of her lips. I am very fond of rubies, Mme. Dufayel."

She laughed softly. The masked men, listening at the door, stooped to hear every word. When Patrick said "rubies" one nudged the other. In the room, the two fenced with words like skilled exponents of the subtlest art.

"Being very fond of rubies, you buy them sometimes, M. Molinard?"

"Whenever I can find them, madam."

"At a man's price?"

"When a man is vendor—yes."

"But when a woman?"

"I pay folly its tribute."

She paused a minute, and then she asked suddenly:

"Why did you come to this place to-night?"

"I have told you—to pay folly its tribute."

"Ah, then you look for rubies in this house?"

"Pearls are found in deep places, madam."

"And rubies?"

"In the lace about your throat, madam."

The shrewd guess startled the woman and brought her hand swiftly to her throat. For a moment she appeared almost to cry out; but she mastered herself, and answered with studied calm:

"There are no rubies there, M. Molinard."

"I beg your pardon, Mme. *Courvoisier*, there is a whole string of them in the place I have indicated."

She stood up in affright when he named her truly, and he, giving her no time to spring a surprise upon him, stood also and spoke with great rapidity, but still in French.

"Come," he said, "we know each other. I perceived that five minutes ago. You recognized me when I entered. I named you when you put your hand to your throat. You are the Frenchwoman, *Georgette de la Mousse*, who left Vienna in some haste three—let me see—three years ago, under suspicion in the affair of the *Chevalier Zizka*. Twelve months later—but why should we call up the past? We must be friends; it would be absurd if we were anything else."

He spoke like a man who stakes all upon a single throw, in quick, brief periods, each of which had its purpose. From the first

it had been apparent that this woman penetrated his disguise. She must have seen him in London, perhaps in Charles Street. His French betrayed him, good as it was. She had come to Paris upon a two-fold mission, he concluded—to sell the jewels, if Molinard were what he pretended to be; or to identify him, if he were a spy upon her. Foxall guessed that she had men with her in the house. He understood that the situation was greatly dangerous. Her very ardor of contradiction betrayed her. She breathed heavily, turned upon him fiercely.

"What do you mean?" was her angry protest. "I have never been in Vienna in my life—I know nothing of the Chevalier Zizka!"

"And yet you have his name to perfection! Oh, I compliment you. The Hungarian accent is charming. Don't imagine that you will frighten me! Your friends are outside—yes, I have observed that. Has it occurred to you that I also have friends outside?"

He raised his voice with a deliberate purpose, for he quite understood that others were listening. The men upon the landing, hearing every word that was spoken, looked at one another for an instant and then made some signal to the shop below. Upon this a lad ran out into the street and began to draw down the iron shutter which closed the *garage* in. Mme. Courvoisier's design was to discover if the police had come with the Irishman.

"Your friends need not suffer any anxieties," she said, with a hard laugh, while the hand at her throat closed about the stolen jewels. "You were very foolish to interfere, Mr. Foxall. What did you hope to gain? Did you think that I should be so blind as not to recognize you? You can prove nothing against me—nothing, nothing!"

She turned upon him defiantly, like one who thought that the mere denial would settle it. Patrick was quite aware what her vehemence implied. This was not the first time that he had brought an angry woman to bay. He believed that it was a game in which he had few rivals.

"It will be necessary to speak of proof, madam, when you compel me. I trust it will not come to that. There are other ways. One of them is a safe way. I point that out first. It would be a great misfortune if I were compelled to go to your husband and to say that Georgette de la Mousse——"

She stifled a cry, and took one step towards the door. The threat frightened her as nothing else in their interview. It was

plain to Foxall that Courvoisier knew nothing of his wife's story.

"Come," he said quickly, "be reasonable. I say there is an alternative. Why should we not act together? You lose nothing, and may gain much. I shall go to England and forget that we have met. Being wise, you will remain in Paris, or any city which is not unhealthy. London is not safe. There are inquisitive people there who will ask where you got those jewels. If I tell them that they were stolen by my friend's valet——"

She cut him short with an oath of defiance. Her natural prudence did not withstand his knowledge of her true name and history. At whatever cost, she argued, this man must not leave the Rue Marbeau alive. The hour for compromise was passed. She flung the door open and summoned her friends.

"You shall tell nothing, *monsieur*!"

Foxall stood quite still, believing that he had lost the throw. He was a man of courage, but the danger might have appalled the bravest. There, in that lonely house, whence no cry could go out, face to face with the thieves of Paris, his life did not seem worth a moment's purchase. But he would sell it dearly none the less. His back was to the wall. The fighting instincts of ten generations of Irishmen fired his blood and nerved his hand.

"Indeed, madam, I shall tell much," he said, with ironical calmness. "Pray let these gentlemen come in. I am very glad to see them."

She cowered back, for he was at no pains to conceal the revolver in his hand. The door was now wide open, and a man sprang out of the darkness of the corridor; and, lifting the iron bar, he aimed a blow at the defiant figure. Patrick leaped aside lightly, and hurled a chair at the man's legs. He would not shoot if he could help it, and the ruse served him more cleverly, for the man fell headlong, and lay stunned and bruised by his own impetuosity.

"One of you!" roared Patrick, as he stepped over the prone figure; and pushing the woman aside, made boldly for the staircase. He had looked to find others at the door; and he found them, but not according to his guess. For a masked man lay huddled upon the floor, and above him stood Romer Hatton, no more concerned than a boxer at an academy.

"Are you safe, Pat? Are you safe, old man? Then down you come! The whole place is full of them!" he shouted in a whirlwind of excitement.

Patrick followed him blindly down the broken staircase. He saw that the iron

shutters of the shop were lowered, and that men guarded the outer door.

XXIV.

ROMER had obeyed Patrick very faithfully in his injunction not to be seen loitering in the street. For some minutes he did not enter the Rue Marbeau at all, but strolled through neighboring thoroughfares, here noting a busy café, there watching some odd scene typical of Parisian life. In the porch of the church of St. Vincent de Paul a flower girl stopped him and offered her roses. The piquant foreign face appealed to an English sentiment; he bought a single white rose of her and gave her a couple of francs. It was amusing to talk bad French to such a pretty creature; and he had become quite eloquent when he recollected old Pat, and left her abruptly.

Like some sentinel guilty of sleep, he remembered Pat's necessity and hurried to the rendezvous. When he regained the Rue Marbeau he found that melancholy street at the nadir of its gloom. The shops were closed by this time; a drizzle of rain sent the workmen from the marble tables to the shelter of the cafés. No. 7, the house which Foxall had entered, did not show a single light at its windows; nor was there any tenant of its shabby *garage*. Romer passed it twice, and fell to wondering what was happening to Patrick. He blamed himself a little that he had not insisted upon going up. An Englishman's goodly instinct for the pleasantries of a brawl caused him some self reproach. If Patrick had made some excuse, they might have gone up together and none of the fun would have been lost. He blamed the Irishman for his selfish instincts.

In truth, he fretted at the rôle, an ignominious rôle, which his friend compelled him to play, and was almost tempted to return and buy another rose of the pretty flower girl. The number of times he crossed the end of the Rue Marbeau, or measured its length, or looked up at the unlighted house, deducted from the scene of his general calculations, would have made a pretty series for an examination paper, he thought.

There were intervals when he came to the conclusion that he had missed Patrick and had better go back to the Ritz Hotel; there were other resolutions which prompted him to enter the house and learn the truth. The difficulty was a nice one, and he was in all the throes of it when an incident occurred which changed the cur-

rent of his thoughts instantly, and brought his mind to its best activity. For what should happen but that, as he was standing in the shadows of a doorway, almost opposite the unlighted house, he beheld a man come out of No. 7 and begin to draw down the iron shutters of the shop! Not only this, but when the shutter had fallen with a loud clang, and only the wicket remained open, the man looked stealthily up and down the street, and, as if to make more certain, crossed the road and opened the door of a neighboring *brasserie*.

It was a natural proceeding, to be passed by without remark at any other time; but Romer, slow to act upon his ideas in the common affairs of life, jumped instantly this night to a conclusion; and without a second thought, or any question of his own safety, he slipped across the road and entered the shop by the open wicket. Scarcely was he inside when the man returned, and, again looking up and down the street, entered the shop at last and closed the aperture behind him.

The two now stood so close together in the gloom of the half lighted show room that Romer could almost feel the man's breath upon his cheek; but he neither moved nor breathed. The man passed on, and, opening a wooden door upon his left hand, disappeared from the place.

It was a fine moment, a moment when hesitation might have undone all; when one false step, one slip or stumble, might have brought out the gang who plainly were harbored in the dismal house. Romer could hear the voices of men in some room below. The walls about him were but lath and plaster which would betray the slightest sound. Never in his life had he been called upon so to exercise his judgment or to scheme for a friend's safety.

How should he act, what course pursue? Should he rest there in the shadows of the shop, or, braving another step, seek the rooms above where Patrick, it might be, was in danger of his life? Without a doubt upon it, he took the bolder course, and, crossing the flags, mounted the winding stair by the little office.

It was almost dark here, for a poor lamp cast but feeble rays upwards; and when he gained the stairs head, he stood in black darkness. There were men in this place, too; Romer could hear their mutterings and whispers. If they were unconscious of his presence, he set it down to the occupation which engrossed them; for they were listening intently to the shrill voice of a woman who cried, "You shall tell nothing, *monsieur*!"

(To be continued.)

The Parting of the Ways.

THE STORY OF THE LAST APPEARANCE OF JACK THE TOMBOY.

BY MABEL CLARE CRAFT.

THEY had grown up on the hill together, Jacqueline and the three boys. Their stout little legs could be seen stumping through the grass during the daylight hours, and their chirpy voices might be heard shouting through the perfumed dusk. Jacqueline was as good a boy as the real ones. Her overalls were of the same pattern, her shoes of the same stiffness and the same scuffiness at the toes. The only difference was that her overalls bulged a bit where her short skirts were stuffed into them, and from beneath her golf cap tumbled a nest of yellow curls.

One of the boys was Jacqueline's brother; the other two were her "intimate" friends, and there was not two years' difference between the four of them. From the time they could toddle to the sand heap, the four had been inseparable, and so Eden-like was it that it had never occurred to the boys that Jacqueline was not one of them, in body as in spirit. On that hill no one ever said "only a girl."

Perhaps the perfect equality of it all was due to Jacqueline's own prowess. No one could have been braver than she at handling green potato bugs or horned toads. Her scratched little brown fists closed quite as readily over a caterpillar, and caught a gleaming lizard by the tail with just as much alacrity, as those of the other three. Jack never flinched at bisecting a worm, and when she ran a splinter half way through her foot she stood it like a Spartan, though she paled under the tan. After such heroism, what boy could fail to respect her as a man and brother?

Jack's prowess, too, was more than moral. She did everything the boys did, and generally contrived to do it a little better than they. Most of the puries, the comps, the crystals, the agates, and the prized china taws belonged to her, because her eye was so true and her aim so unerring. She could fly a kite as well as the other three, and some subtle discrimination seemed to tell her precisely how long to make the tails of her kites and just where to slip on the belly bands. Her tops were wound and placed to a nicety, and she seemed to have escaped the feminine frailty of throwing balls in a way to

excite derision. Jack's curves made her a desirable pitcher, and her long, thin, quick legs made her invaluable in the running games to which they were all devoted.

She could whiz down the steep slopes of the hill on her sled; and on misty mornings she was always the first to slide down the enormous pile of Hubbard squashes in the back yard, from the little green one at the top to the big, lumpy, golden spheres at the bottom. She never shrank from the touch of the slimy, cold rinds against her bare legs—for sliding down the squash pile was the first item in the program of the day, and the overalls were not donned until after breakfast. Decidedly, Jacqueline bade fair to be a man's woman.

She was her father's joy. "I'll tell you, my dear," he said one morning, as he watched her go bumpety bump down the squash pile, "Jack's a better boy than the others. I want her to ride and row and fish and swim. There'll be no headaches and backaches for her when she's a woman."

"And what are you going to do with her when she is a woman?" asked the mother of Jacqueline, with an odd little smile. "Marry her off?"

"There'll be no man good enough for Jack," her father said with warmth. "I tell you I'd rake him fore and aft—any man who dared to ask for her!"

"Well, it would be a brave man who would, if you rear her as you're planning. He'd be too brave to mind your fire."

"Stuff! I don't care, anyhow. I want the girl to have a good, sturdy foundation."

"And the parting of the ways?"

"There'll be none. Jack will always be the same."

The wife went on. "I'm glad we had this talk. I fancied you wanted her to learn to dance and sing and all that some day."

"Well, of course I do; but there's no hurry about all that."

"Oh, I see. You intend to graft the young lady shoot on the tomboy."

And at that moment Jack opportunely terminated the conversation by bouncing



SOME SUBTLE DISCRIMINATION SEEMED TO TELL JACK PRECISELY HOW LONG TO MAKE THE TAILS OF HER KITES.

into the room and swarming up one of her father's legs.

There came days of bareback riding on

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a decrepit old horse, and days of turning on parallel bars. Jack was equal to it all, as usual. The boys took her for granted;

the parents looked on smiling, and said: "Jack has never shed a tear in her life."

Jack was ten, and the boys ranged from nine to eleven, when there came another day. For mere love of exercise, she had climbed the oak tree, and had flung herself and the swing from one of the highest limbs, enjoying the exquisite thud when the rope swung taut at the end of the curve and her lithe little body braced itself for the backward swing.

Underneath the trees the boys were concocting a scheme.

"Come on, Jack!" yelled Stanley. "We're going to shoot squirrels!"

She jumped from a perilous looking perch, and settled her cap firmly over her curls.

"All right," she said. "Come along!"

"But there's only three guns," said Stanley. "It's no fun unless we each have one."

"That's all right," Jack replied. "I'll ask mother for Al's old one. He's let me use it here in the yard. He won't care. Wait a minute!"

She dashed around to the back door of the big house, only stopping to pull up a stocking, and the boys sat down in the shade on the stone steps to wait. But Jack did not come back for a long time.

Her mother was in the morning room when the child burst into the room, and she smiled at the rumpled hair, the brown face, and the bear-like hug to which she was somewhat hurriedly but affectionately treated. Kind neighbors had often told her that Jacqueline was growing a perfect tomboy, but Mrs. Mason was not the woman to take the matter seriously. She was a mother without a pedestal.

"Mudder," said Jack, falling into the childish corruption in which all the children indulged, "we're going 'quirrel shooting, and I'm going to take Al's gun—the one he let me have to practise with. It's the old one, and I won't hurt it, and we want some lunch, and we'll be back before dinner."

The speaker was already half way up the stairs when her mother called her back.

"Don't take the gun, dear," she said gently. "I want to tell you something."

Jacqueline came stumping down stairs noisily, her eyes wide open with surprise. Al had never refused her anything. Could he have said she could not take his gun? Very well, she would ask her father to buy her one that very night. Such discrimination in families was unfair, not to say disgusting.

"Sit down, Jack dear," said her mother tenderly. "I must tell you something."

Jacqueline's eyes grew rounder and larger. That was the way her mother's voice sounded when she broke her arm in the trapeze, and her mother told her to be a brave girl and not cry while it was being set. Cry? Not much. Jacqueline wasn't the crying kind.

The mother slipped an arm around Jacqueline and dropped a kiss on the golf cap.

"Hurry up, mudder," said Jacqueline. She hated to be rude, but the boys didn't like waiting.

"My dear little daughter," came the even tones, "I don't want you to go squirrel shooting."

"But, mudder, why? The boys are waiting for me now. We're all going."

"Yes, I know, dear. But you haven't any gun. The boys have their own." The woman did not relish the task before her. Jacqueline was unconcerned.

"But, mudder, Al lets me have his old one. He said I could have it. He lets me shoot at the sardine can with it all the time. He said he'd give it to the one who hit it the most, and I won. But of course he hasn't given it to me yet."

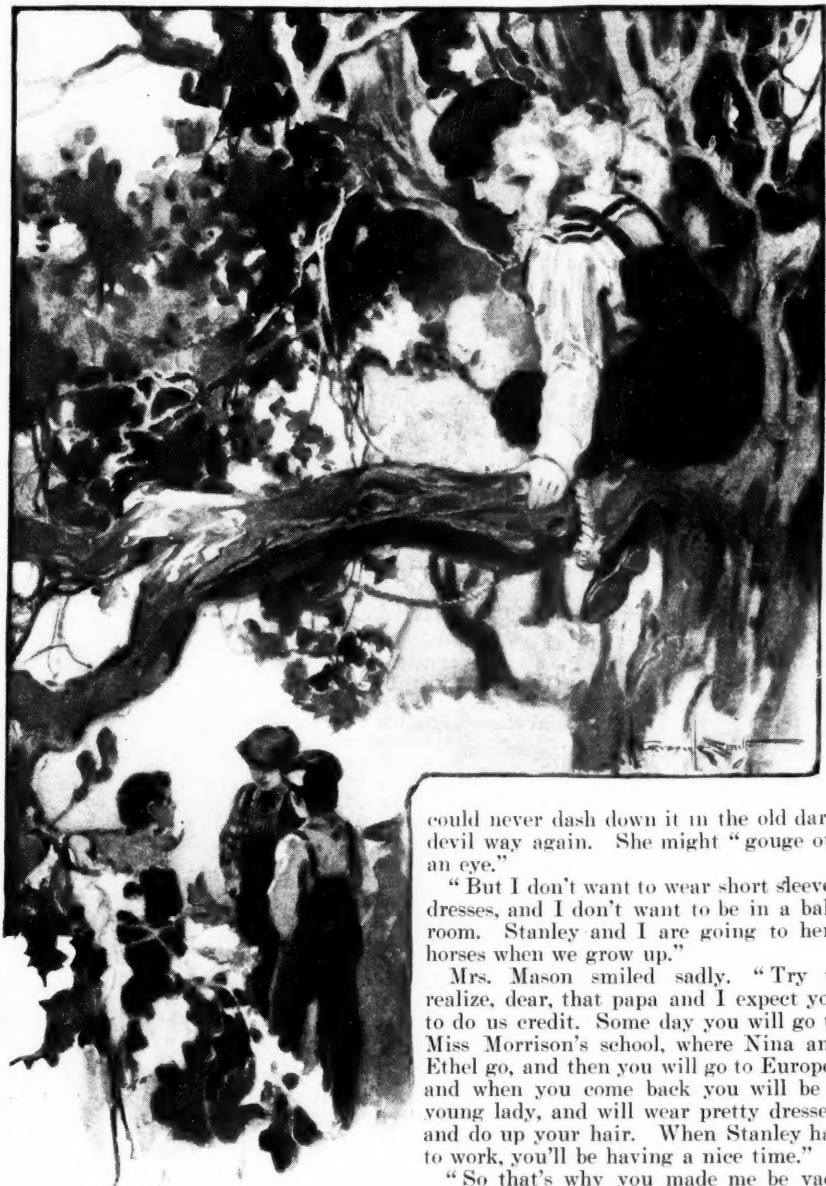
"Yes, dear, but shooting in the back yard and going shooting over the hills are two different things. There are fences to climb, and the boys are careless and might shoot you."

"Well, I'll just tell 'em then that you won't let us go," and Jacqueline began to slide off the couch.

"But that isn't it, dear," continued the mother, her task growing harder as she went on. "The boys may go, but I can't let you."

"But, mudder, why? I shoot better than Stanley and as well as Bob, and we're going to use the squirrel tails in the tool-house."

"Jacqueline dear, please try to understand. It isn't that you don't shoot as well, or that you would not be careful yourself, but you don't understand yet, dear. If Stanley or Bob were to have an arm shot off, or an eye gouged out, or something like that, it would be terrible, but they would still be boys, and even a one armed man, or a man with his face disfigured, may get on very well in the world. You can teach some other part of him and make it up. But, Jack dear, if you were to have an arm shot off, or have anything happen to your little brown face, you would be disfigured for life, and your happiness as a woman would be utterly ruined. It is an entirely different thing. One armed young ladies can't wear short sleeved dresses, and don't look pretty in



UNDERNEATH THE TREES THE BOYS WERE CON-
COCTING A SCHEME.

a ballroom. We can't afford to take any chances."

Jacqueline was looking out at the grass covered hillside between the trees. She

could never dash down it in the old dare-devil way again. She might "gouge out an eye."

"But I don't want to wear short sleeved dresses, and I don't want to be in a ballroom. Stanley and I are going to herd horses when we grow up."

Mrs. Mason smiled sadly. "Try to realize, dear, that papa and I expect you to do us credit. Some day you will go to Miss Morrison's school, where Nina and Ethel go, and then you will go to Europe; and when you come back you will be a young lady, and will wear pretty dresses, and do up your hair. When Stanley has to work, you'll be having a nice time."

"So that's why you made me be vaccinated on my leg and Stanley on his arm, and I couldn't go out and he could!" mused Jacqueline aloud, as she gave an impatient little twitch to the copper toed boots, in her mind's eye seeing them caught in an incumbering white skirt. The tears that did not flow for the broken arm came now. She slipped from the couch and buried her face in her mother's lap.

"I don't want to go to Miss Morrison's! I'm going to Yale with Stanley, and then we're going to herd cattle!"

"But girls can't go to Yale, dear. Oh, Jacqueline, mother's so sorry! But it's the way of the world, dear, and mother expects you to be brave. We've let you be as long as we could, dear."

Jacqueline stood up, a pathetically drooping little figure in her worn overalls.

"I won't keep the boys waiting, mother," she said with dignity.

The next moment the mother heard her voice ring out steadily:

"Don't wait for me, boys! I have to stay in."

Three whistling figures crossed the road in single file, guns over shoulders. Jacqueline did not come into the room again, and her mother left her to fight it out, face downward on the hay in the barn loft.

"I'm not at all sure that we've done

right with Jacqueline," said the mother as she told her husband the story that night.

"At any rate, it's too late to change," he replied.

The boys had come in hot and dusty, and laden with the treasure trove of the woods. The neighbor lads were asked to stay for tea. There was much splashing up stairs, and Jacqueline, for a wonder, came down in a skirt.

"Gee whiz, Jack!" said Stanley. "You missed it not coming with us today. But we're going again tomorrow, ain't we, boys? You can come then. We had some dandy shots."

The father and mother glanced at Jacqueline. There were faint lines at the corners of a patient little mouth, but she did not speak.

Stanley looked up just then. "Say, Jack, you're getting to look just like mother. Ain't she, boys?"

PANAMA.

THE hand clasp of two continents, I hold
Two oceans separate.

Through me the marriage of the seas
Is rendered null—they beat upon my shores
Like caged, amorous lions whom but a wall divides,
And roar their ancient bootless rage
Unto the heedless wind.

I've watched the all transforming centuries pass,
And mocked their mandate, "Change!"

Though bowed my neck unto the tread of man,
His brain and hand in vain have sought a way
For ships—yet from the masthead, lo, the sea!
Which he to gain a thousand leagues must sail.
Stout Cortez trod my soil, and dreamed that Spain
Might pierce my heart; Saint-Simon paced
The path by which the oceans should commingle;
And he, De Lesseps, whom his countryman
Inspired, came bearing others' gold, and wrecked
His honor and a thousand homes.

The dreams of man, they say, are but the facts
Of unborn morrows; but from me man learns
That to his science nature sets a bound

And stamps some dreams impossible.
Scarred deep by fruitless toil, and yet intact,
I am the bar which God laid down to mark
The oceans' separation and the end
Of human exaltation; I am the sphinx
Whose riddle is unsolvable; I suffer all

To come, and bear their feeble blows.
In mocking silence. And when age shall wipe
Dominion from the northern land, I still
Shall hold my trust intact, tho' graven on my breast
The petty record of a further failure.
God placed me here, to join and separate,
And here, deep rooted in the watery waste,
I harken only His command to part

And let th' impassioned seas unite.

William Wallace Whitelock.

THE ART OF MOSAIC.

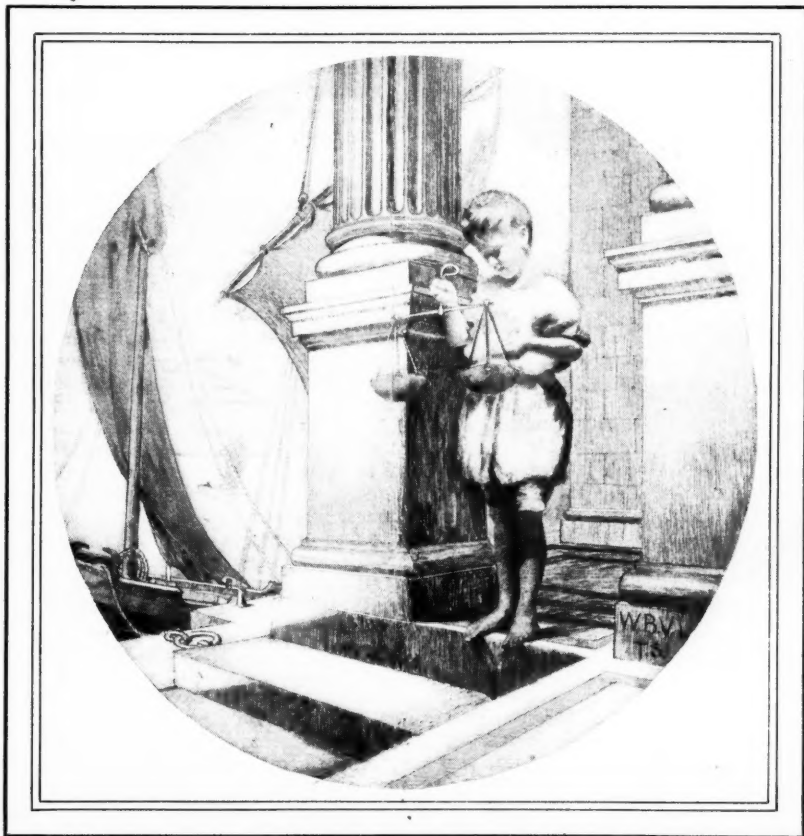
BY WILLIAM H. THOMAS.

ONE OF THE FINEST AND MOST INTERESTING OF ALL THE DECORATIVE ARTS—ITS ANCIENT ORIGIN, ITS GOLDEN AGE IN MEDIEVAL ITALY, AND ITS MODERN REVIVAL FOR THE BEAUTIFICATION OF CHURCHES, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, AND DWELLINGS.

THE art of the worker in mosaic is one that has a long and interesting history and high technical value. After a period of comparative neglect, it has been restored in our own times to a place of honor among the arts, and today it is studied and appreciated as it has not been since the golden age of the craftsmen of

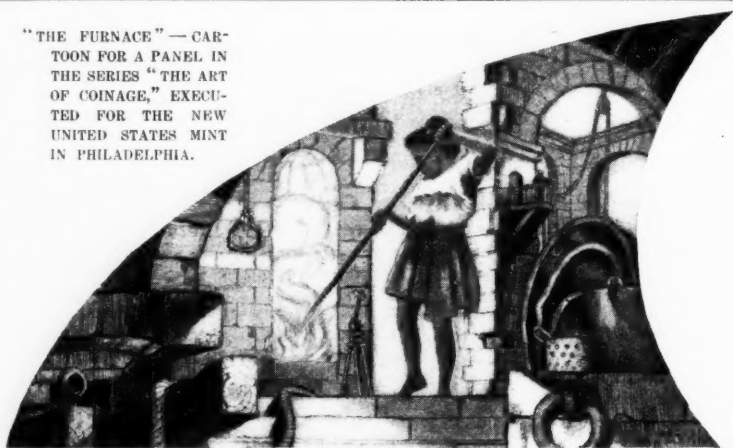
medieval Italy. An abundant field is open, nowadays, to anything that contributes to "the house beautiful" and the impressive public building; and there is no finer and nobler method of structural enrichment than mosaic.

The art may be defined as that of joining pieces of colored marble, glass, or



"THE SCALES"—CARTOON FOR A PANEL IN THE SERIES "THE ART OF COINAGE," EXECUTED FOR THE NEW UNITED STATES MINT IN PHILADELPHIA.

"THE FURNACE"—CAR-
TOON FOR A PANEL IN
THE SERIES "THE ART
OF COINAGE," EXECU-
TED FOR THE NEW
UNITED STATES MINT
IN PHILADELPHIA.



other materials in ornamental or pictorial design, ranging from simple arrangements of lines to the most elaborate figures, and to the full extent of polychromatic effects. The word itself, it may be worth while to explain, has nothing to do with the Mosaic dispensation or with the great Hebrew lawgiver in any way. It is derived from the Muses, the presiding divinities of the arts; and in old writings it sometimes appears as "musaic." For instance, Joshua Sylvester, three hundred years ago, speaks of a basin—

Made of Musaick work with quaint device.

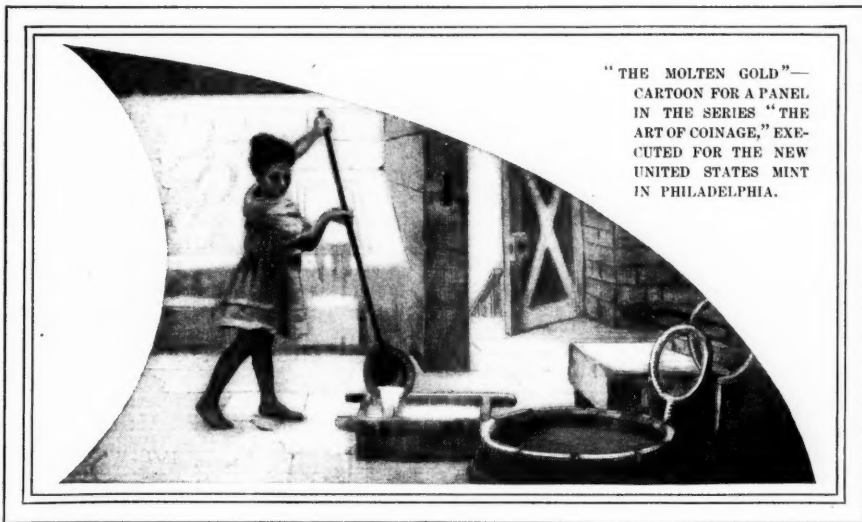
The art is older than authentic history. In the ruins of Nineveh the excavators have found ivory carvings beautifully decorated with patterns and figures formed with inlaid pieces of colored stone or glass. Tiles and capitals of columns ornamented in the same way, but on a larger scale, have been unearthed in Egypt. Less ancient, though dating from the sixth century before Christ, was the pavement in the palace of Ahasuerus, mentioned in the Book of Esther as being constructed of porphyry, alabaster, and blue stone—evidently a mosaic. The Erechtheum, one of the famous ruined temples of Athens, which was built a century later, has the bases of its great marble columns, inlaid with tesserae, or pieces of colored glass, arranged in a geometrical design.

A curious and delicately wrought mosaic was made by the Egyptians of the Ptolemaic and Roman periods, the finest known specimen of which is now in the

British Museum. This piece, about three eighths of an inch square, has the figure of a hawk for its design, which is microscopically perfect. The method was to arrange sticks of various colored glass to form the design on a comparatively large scale, the background being made of sticks of blue glass inserted around and between the outlines. The whole was then heated and melted together, and while in this state was drawn to the reduced size, cut across, and the face polished, showing the pattern diminished, but retaining the relative proportions of the larger original.

Most of the classical mosaics were either pavements or mural decorations. The finest yet found in Greece were discovered some thirty years ago during the excavations at Olympia, the seat of the great quadrennial games. Rome was the pupil of the Greeks in almost all the arts, but here some scholars have thought that the process was reversed, for the most elaborate and extensive of the ancient mosaics are Roman, and the best Hellenic specimens date from the time of the Roman conquest. Pliny speaks of glass mosaic work for wall decoration (*vitrea parietes*) as a recent invention in his day, the first century after Christ. At the Isola Farnese, nine miles from Rome, there is a pavement made of pieces of green glass; on the Palatine Hill a more elaborate specimen has been found, showing a pattern worked out in three colors—black, white, and yellow.

But the chief storehouse of classical mosaic work is Pompeii, where the floors and walls were richly ornamented and



"THE MOLTEN GOLD"—
CARTOON FOR A PANEL
IN THE SERIES "THE
ART OF COINAGE," EXE-
CUTED FOR THE NEW
UNITED STATES MINT
IN PHILADELPHIA.

almost every villa had its mosaic vestibule. Probably the finest and most famous example is the "Battle of Issus," a mural decoration in the so called House of the Faun, to which a special interest attaches in that it is the most important picture that has come down to us from the time of ancient Rome. It is a large and elaborate historical composition, with figures of about half life size, minutely worked out; the subject being Alexander's victorious charge against the Persian cavalry.

The Romans often made their mosaic pictures independent of the structure they were to decorate, so that they could be removed from one building to another.

Wherever the Roman sway extended, from the Danube to the Tagus, and from Britain to Libya, it has left its marks behind it in the shape of mosaic pavements. England is particularly rich in these interesting antiquities, large tessellated floors having been unearthed at York, Silchester, and many other places. At the other limit of the empire of the Cæsars, in the ruined Roman cities of Africa—notably at Tingad, in Algeria, and at Carthage—some of the finest known specimens have been discovered, constructed from the richly colored marbles in which that region abounds.

Like all the arts, that of mosaic was pagan in its origin; but its later development has been mainly in the service of the Christian church. Medieval work, indeed, was exclusively ecclesiastical, or practically so; the extension of the art to the purposes of domestic and general deco-

ration is a distinct feature of its modern revival.

The earliest extant Christian mosaics are of the fourth century. In the Vatican museum there is an interesting fragment of that date, found in the cemetery of San Callisto at Rome, and showing the face of Christ. It is the oldest of all existing portraits of the Saviour.

Constantinople was the seat of the first great school of mosaic art after that of classical Rome. When the Emperor Constantine was converted to the new faith, and moved the seat of empire from the Tiber to the Golden Horn, he set himself, as a part of his magnificent plans for his new capital, to provide places of worship in which all possible beauties of architecture, decoration, and ritual should symbolize the triumph of Christianity. Artists and craftsmen flocked to the city, and during the reigns of Constantine and his successors many churches—above all the great cathedral of St. Sophia, built by Justinian—were gorgeously ornamented with mosaics. Unfortunately, after the Moslem conquest, the Turks, with their horror of sacred images or pictures, destroyed all these decorations or white-washed them over.

The Byzantine mosaic work was executed in glass of many different colors, and prepared by cracking thick slabs into cubes. Backgrounds were often formed of gold tessere, made by spreading gold leaf upon a sheet of glass, pouring a thin skin of molten glass over it, and then breaking it into pieces. In the Roman work it was usual to let the cement joints

show freely—a practice that often gave a pleasing tone to the general texture of the surface; but the Byzantines preferred to fit their cubes more closely, and arranged them in a practically even surface without subsequent rubbing down or polishing. The slight irregularities that resulted gave additional luster, and an effect of light and shade which strengthened the composition.

Byzantine art was exceedingly conservative. Its school of mosaic work arose, flourished, and remained in existence for centuries, down to the decadence of Constantine's empire; but it made practically

no progress in, technique, and its later work was inferior in spirit and execution to its earliest products. Some of its best remains are at Ravenna, the Italian city that was so long an outpost of the eastern power. Here is the famous church of San Vitale, with a sanctuary and apse covered with mosaic decorations that were executed in the years following the conquest of Ravenna from the Goths by the Byzantine general Narses, A. D., 550.

The grand medieval revival of mosaic work began in the twelfth century, and in Italy—where, curiously enough, the art had been practically extinct for two hundred years. Its two grandest creations of any place or time date from this period—the decorations of St. Mark's at Venice and of the cathedral of Monreale, near Palermo. The former are well known to almost every traveler who has visited Italy; the latter are less familiar, lying off the beaten route of the tourist. Unfortunately, some of the original work at St. Mark's has been replaced with later copies, executed in inferior style. This is the case with all the mosaic pictures on the west façade, fronting towards the Piazza di San Marco, except one—that over the northernmost of the four doorways, representing the procession that carried the body of St. Mark into the church. But neither the passage of seven centuries nor the vandal hand of the "restorer" has seriously dimmed the splendors of the wonderful Venetian church, which is covered within and without with brilliant glass mosaics and gorgeous colored marbles. Its only rival is the Sicilian cathedral, whose rich ornamentations cover more than eighty thousand square feet, and are extremely magnificent in effect.

It became quite a recognized practice with the Italian craftsmen of the twelfth century to incrust the apse of a church with mosaic work. Instances of this are the cathedrals of Torcello and Murano, on the Venetian islands, of Capua and Salerno; and the basilica of San Clemente in Rome. The custom continued in the following century, when the great Flor-



"KNOWLEDGE"—A MODERN AMERICAN MOSAIC OF FAVRILE GLASS TESSERÆ.

entire painter Cimabue took up the art, and brought it to its highest point of perfection by his increased mastery of the principles of drawing and of color. To

were working in other fields. To this period of decadence belongs the picture of "The Ruins of Paestum," in the Metropolitan Museum, New York—a picture



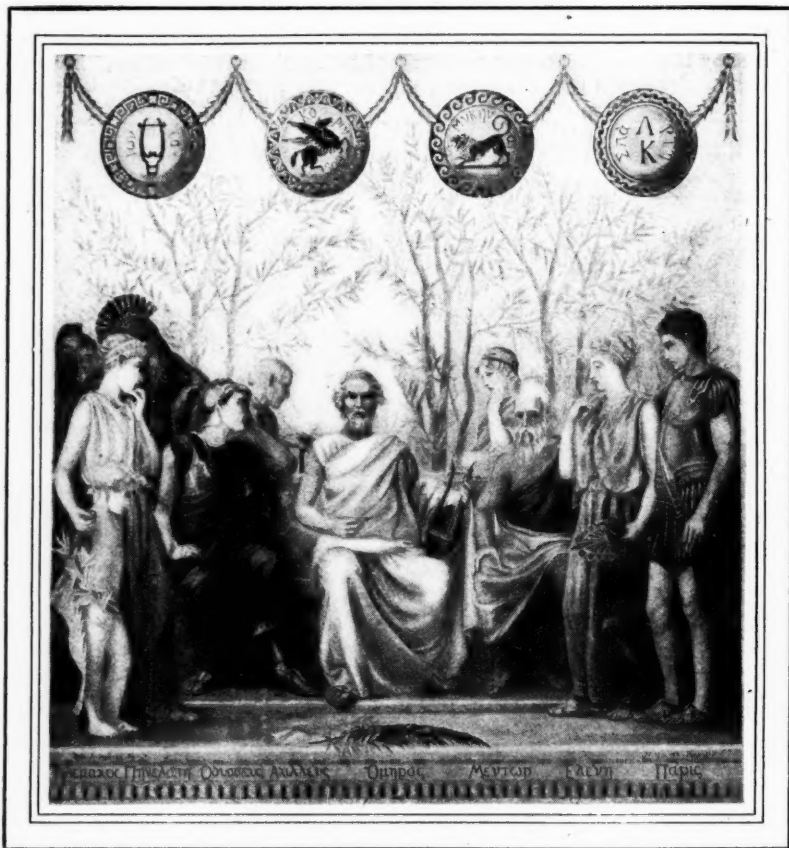
"SHAPING THE METAL"—CARTOON FOR A PANEL IN THE SERIES "THE ART OF COINAGE," EXECUTED FOR THE NEW UNITED STATES MINT IN PHILADELPHIA.

the decorations of the apse of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome, executed by Cimabue's pupils, Jacopo da Turrita and Taddeo Gaddi, is commonly accorded the distinction of ranking as the most beautiful of all mosaic pictures.

In the fourteenth century the art underwent a sudden and marked decline, being completely eclipsed by the renaissance of painting in Italy. As mural decorations, mosaics were almost entirely superseded by frescoes, a form that was more in accordance with the spirit of the age because it permitted more freedom of treatment and more realism in its effects. To Michelangelo, the mosaic probably seemed utterly obsolete. Glass tesserae were still used, especially in Venice, where they were produced by the famous works at Murano, but all the leading artists

formed with pieces of colored porcelain, and noteworthy for its minute elaboration, though not a great work of art.

To the latter day revival of mosaic work Italy, France, England, and America have all contributed. The late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who studied so many different mediums, did much to call attention to the possibilities of the long neglected art. "The Tree of Life," a large panel in the American church in Rome, was designed by him and executed by Antonio Salviati, who reestablished the glass industry at Murano some forty years ago. Sir Frederick Leighton and William Morris also took up the medium, and helped to claim for it the place it deserves as the noblest of the decorative arts. The new mosaics in St. Paul's, which have done much to redeem the grand old ca-



"THE SONG OF HOMER," A MOSAIC IN THE ALEXANDER HALL AT PRINCETON—THE PRINCIPAL FIGURES ARE HOMER (IN THE CENTER); TELEMACHUS, PENELOPE, ULYSSES, AND ACHILLES (ON THE LEFT OF THE ENGRAVING); MENTOR, HELEN, AND PARIS (ON THE RIGHT).

thedral from its former aspect of bareness, are the most important product of the modern English school.

The modern craftsman has at his command so many advantages in the shape of improved mechanical processes and widened scientific understanding that his product, while it may lack the lofty inspiration that fired the medieval worker, is in other respects more technically perfect. Especially, American mosaicists think, is this the case in the United States, where such remarkable improvements have been made in the manufacture of colored glass. It is scarcely more than a score of years since the first American mosaic of American materials was made, but already our churches, colleges, and public buildings can show some of the most successful examples of the art. One of the most beautiful is the sanc-

tuary in the crypt of the new Episcopal cathedral in New York, where practically the entire surface, except the marble flooring and steps, is treated in glass mosaic, with very rich color effects. The brilliancy of the composition is heightened by the introduction of mother of pearl and semi precious stones.

Other good examples of modern mosaic work are "The Art of Coinage," a series of panels in the new United States Mint in Philadelphia; some of the decorations of the Chicago Public Library and of the Congressional Library in Washington; and "The Song of Homer," a large triptych in the Alexander Hall at Princeton. Larger than any of these are two panels, each eight feet high and thirty two feet long, in the Wade Memorial Chapel, Cleveland, whose subject is "The Voyage of Life."

STORIETTES

The Ambition of Benito.

BENITO rode up from the river into the sierra. On each side of his burro were his earthen jars filled with water. About the neck of each of the jars was a wreath of tiny poppies. Benito was the youngest of the Indian boys who carried water from the river, in the valley, to the people in Monterey. His eyes were larger and milder than those of the other boys, which, perhaps, made the people prefer his water and his poppy wreaths to the water and the poppy wreaths of his companions.

Benito had gone over the hills with his burro and his water jars many times in his little life. He had taken enough water from the river, he thought, almost to make an ocean. He had passed through the pine trees and under the cypresses until they had become a part of himself. They were his brothers, beings of another world, talking to him of many things. They were the soldiers of his army, standing aside to let the general pass, as he had seen real soldiers do in the plaza. The wind in the branches was the voice of the earth, and with it he sang his hymns to the good God and the Blessed Mother.

Benito reached the top of the sierra. The hills rolled away beneath him. Down on the *mesa* were the white houses of Monterey, with their red tiled roofs. There were the oak trees, and beyond the oak trees the bay shining in the sun, as if the water were made of stars. The big house with the wall was that of Don Salvador. There was the plaza where they had the riding and the racing on the days of *fiesta*, when the governor came in his fine clothes, the *comandante* of the Presidio, and all the people of Monterey.

The sight of the church on the corner of the plaza awakened in Benito's mind his ambition to do something in the coming *pastorela*. Christmas was very near, and the Christmas play was to be given in Monterey as it had never been before. Preparations had already commenced. Old Miguel was rehearsing his part of Bartolo; in the big houses plans were being made for the good things that were to be gotten ready, stacks of *empanadas* and *dulces* and *carretas* full of turkey and

chicken. The church was to be decorated with pine branches, and the great ladies of the town were to contribute their embroidered shawls and their laces, and their vases from Japan, for the decoration of the altar.

Since his first memory, the play of the shepherds had a wonderful fascination for Benito. He watched it in the church with open heart and eyes. The music of it went to his soul. The acting of the shepherds filled him with wonder. He looked upon them as real, seeking in earnest the new born Saviour. Then there was Bartolo and the hermit; but the one Benito looked upon most of all was the archangel, San Gabriel. It was always played by a boy of Benito's size, who wore long white robes and shining wings. It was the great part in the *pastorela*. The angel appeared to the shepherds and announced the birth of the Saviour in the stable at Bethlehem.

This was wonderful to Benito. If he could some day tell them to go and worship the new born Christ! He would do it with all his soul.

Then was the rest of the play—the appearance of Lucifer, his attempt to prevent the good designs of the shepherds, the coming in again of the archangel, putting the Evil One to flight. It was all wonderful! And the hymns sung in the play, and the music from the guitars and the violins; the banners with their painted pictures, and the garlands of greens and flowers; and the candles burning upon the altars, the silver candlesticks, and the vases standing out against the laces and the embroidered shawls!

After the play in the church, Benito always followed the players to the principal houses in the town, where the performance was repeated. He laughed at the antics of Bartolo and the comic doings of the hermit. He ate the *empanadas* and the *dulces* and the chicken with delight, but he never forgot San Gabriel, and he never forgot the little chance he had of ever being San Gabriel, and wearing the long white robes and the shining wings. But he believed it would come some time, as he prayed for it every day; only, at each Christmas he hoped it would be then. At the sight of the church on

the corner of the plaza, he wondered if it would come true this time.

He urged his burro down the hillside, and rode into the town to the house of Don Salvador. There were red tiles upon the top of the wall, and the branches of pear trees hanging over them. He led the burro into the courtyard, and lifted the water jars from its back.

"And there are to be four new angels to go with San Gabriel, and more violins and guitars, and you should see all the good things that Doña Ana is getting ready when they come here. It is to be finer than anything we have ever had in Monterey. And then, Benito——"

Don Salvador was interrupted by the entrance into the courtyard of a party of



"THAT I MAY BE AN ANGEL, DON SALVADOR?"

Don Salvador came from the house. "Hello, Benito!" he said. "How are you?"

The boy took off his hat and bowed gravely. "I am very well, Don Salvador."

"We are to have a great *pastorela* this year, Benito. Father Sebastian has just been here, and we have been talking about it. There are to be new costumes from Mexico, some of them from Spain, and San Gabriel is to have new wings. What do you think of that?"

The boy looked at Don Salvador, his eyes round with suppressed emotion.

Benito recognized the governor and the *comandante* of the Presidio. He led his burro out through the gateway into the road. "Better than anything we have ever had in Monterey," he thought. "New wings for San Gabriel, and four new angels! Perhaps——"

The boy stood still. He was in the plaza, opposite the church. Suddenly he turned the burro's head and passed the church door, pausing only to lift his hat. He reached a small house on the edge of the town, took a water jar from a bench near the door, and rode up into the sierra. He went down on the other side, into the

valley, to the river. He filled the jar, wove a wreath of poppies, and placed it about the neck; then he lifted it to the back of the burro, and, mounting behind it, went back over the hills to the town. He went on past the house of Don Salvador, and reached the plaza. He stopped before the church door, slipped over the burro's side, took the jar in his arms, and carried it in, up to the altar.

The church was in shadow. The light of the day was dead in the high windows. The taper in the sanctuary lamp glimmered like a tiny red star and threw vanishing figures upon the wall. The boy stood the jar upon the step in front of the railing. He knelt beside it and clasped his hands.

"Dear God," he whispered, "I have nothing to bring but this. I went to the river and got it. Please let me be one of the angels, if I can't be San Gabriel! Blessed Mother, won't you ask God to let me be one of the angels?" The light in the sanctuary lamp fell upon the boy's face. He clasped his hands tighter. "There is a wreath of poppies on it, God. They are nearly all gone now, but I got these."

The red light burned like a jewel in the water in the jar. Benito kept his eyes fixed upon the door of the tabernacle, as if waiting for it to open. He knelt motionless upon the steps in front of the railing. "Dear little Jesus, please make me one of the angels!" He stood up in front of the railing, under the red light in the hanging lamp. He made the sign of the cross and went out.

A man came across the plaza and stopped before the boy. It was Don Salvador.

"Benito," he said, "I was going to tell you something when the governor came. Father Sebastian and I have decided——"

"That I may be an angel, Don Salvador?"

"No, Benito—San Gabriel!"

Henry S. Kirk.

Seven Meetings.

I.

THE first time John Lord saw her she was a bride of nineteen, and wore a blue traveling dress. It was on an April morning. She was radiantly happy. Her smiling eyes, her lips, every motion of her lithe body, showed that she was alive with joy, as she turned to speak to the tall young fellow beside her.

It was in front of a milliner's shop on

Fifth Avenue, and she was looking at some pretty plumage that had caught her fancy in the window. The millionaire felt a distinct pang of envy at the well set up young man with his newly acquired air of a right to say: "Come in and get anything you want!"

She was a healthful, outdoor young creature, peach blossom of complexion, eyes the color of her bunch of violets, with dark lashes and eyebrows contrasting with her very light hair.

Lord's bachelor heart, which had sustained some adventures during the twenty years since he was twenty one, yet always with its inmost place unentered since his first sweetheart died at seventeen, suddenly opened wide to that girl. He walked on down the avenue cursing his luck. She was evidently happily married, and evidently not a New Yorker. That boy with her would be sure to be a good husband, confound him! He wished he could whistle to keep up his courage. He disliked this new sense of bitter, brutal loneliness at the core of life.

He walked across to the elevated station at Twenty Third Street, to conclude his usual morning mile, and went down town to his office in a mood of discontent which the successful culmination of a great railroad deal that day did not banish from his heart.

II.

A MONTH later the country was at war with Spain. Lord was at the station one morning, seeing a friend off for the front. The girl was in the same car, parting with her husband.

She stood gazing at her soldier with a piteous expression on her face. Her eyes were almost black with feeling. A lock of her light hair was down on the collar of her trim blue tailored jacket. Lord reflected that she had probably said her good by in a closed carriage. She did not cry or cling to her husband, or make any scene. At the last she kissed him once softly, quickly, and walked out of the car, her head held high, while his mother clasped him and wept aloud.

As the train made ready to start, the soldier followed his mother and wife a few steps, then dropped into a seat, bowed his head, and his shoulders shook.

III.

LATE the next afternoon, as Lord walked up Fifth Avenue, he saw her directly in front of him, wearing a black dress. She

walked slowly, but did not glance at the shop windows. She was walking too near the edge of the sidewalk, and as he came abreast he saw that she moved like one in a dream.

In that instant she stepped off the pavement, wrenching her foot. A moan came from her pretty lips. Lord shot his doubled arm under her hand as she flung it out to get her balance, and for an instant she leaned hard on him.

She had been crying. She stood erect quickly. His hat was off.

"Thank you," she said.

"May I call you a cab?"

"Yes." She was standing on one foot. He called a hansom and helped her into it.

"Thank you," she said again, and bowed. Then she pushed up the little window in the top, gave her direction in a low voice to the cabman, and was gone.

IV.

IN August, Lord was down at a wharf one morning, using influence to get ashore a correspondent of his acquaintance who had come back to his newspaper from Cuba on a pest ship filled with sick soldiers, now quarantined down the bay. This man had given up his quarters in the vessel and acted as nurse.

While waiting for a boat Lord saw her. She was out on the edge of the wharf, gazing down the bay. She was sunburned, but looked thin and worn. She wore a white dress. An older woman was with her. As he stood looking at the side of her exquisite face, she turned and saw him. He fancied she remembered him; but he did not know, and went off in the boat.

On his way back to town his new arrival told him of a man aboard ship who had died since the vessel came to anchor, a young captain of volunteers who had expected to be met by his wife and mother. The name was Ferris.

V.

Coming down from the Adirondacks late in October, Lord saw her in a train which passed his in a station. The older woman was with her. Both were dressed in black and wore long black veils. The girl was pale and pitiful, but still more beautiful.

He gazed at her eagerly through the two car windows as the trains waited. Her eyes were closed. The long, dark lashes were on her cheeks. She seemed younger in her black things, too young to be unhappy.

Suddenly she opened her eyes, and, turning her head to meet Lord's gaze, lifted her chin with a slight start of surprise as the trains moved slowly apart.

VI.

At Christmas time the next year, Lord was in California, at Coronado. On Christmas Eve he had been for a long walk, and was coming back along the beach at sunset, wishing he knew where she was. Out at sea the isles of Coronado were dim and dark. Loma Light had begun to twinkle on the headland. His mind had been on Loma and the plans for the Pacific cable, but all at once his thoughts were full of her. He made up his mind to look up army records and see where that young captain of volunteers named Ferris had lived.

And then—there she was before him, her companion a big yellow collie. They were walking close to the water, and running up the sands from the larger waves. As they came quite near, he saw that she was well and rosy again. She wore a thin black dress, and her neck and arms showed through it white. Her head was uncovered, and there was a white rose worn high on her light hair. She stopped with evident surprise when they met, nodded in half recognition, moved onward, then stopped again and spoke with the serenity of position.

"It's like meeting on the deck of a ship," she said. "Good evening. I hope you are enjoying the voyage?"

"Yes, I am, thank you. It is a very pleasant voyage."

"This really is funny!" she said, looking up at him brightly. "We're always meeting everywhere. Really, this world is just like the deck of a steamer. We can't walk up and down it without meeting the people who are crossing with us, and faces get to look so familiar and homelike! We Californians always speak to people when we are going to Europe, or Japan, or anywhere. It's hard not to."

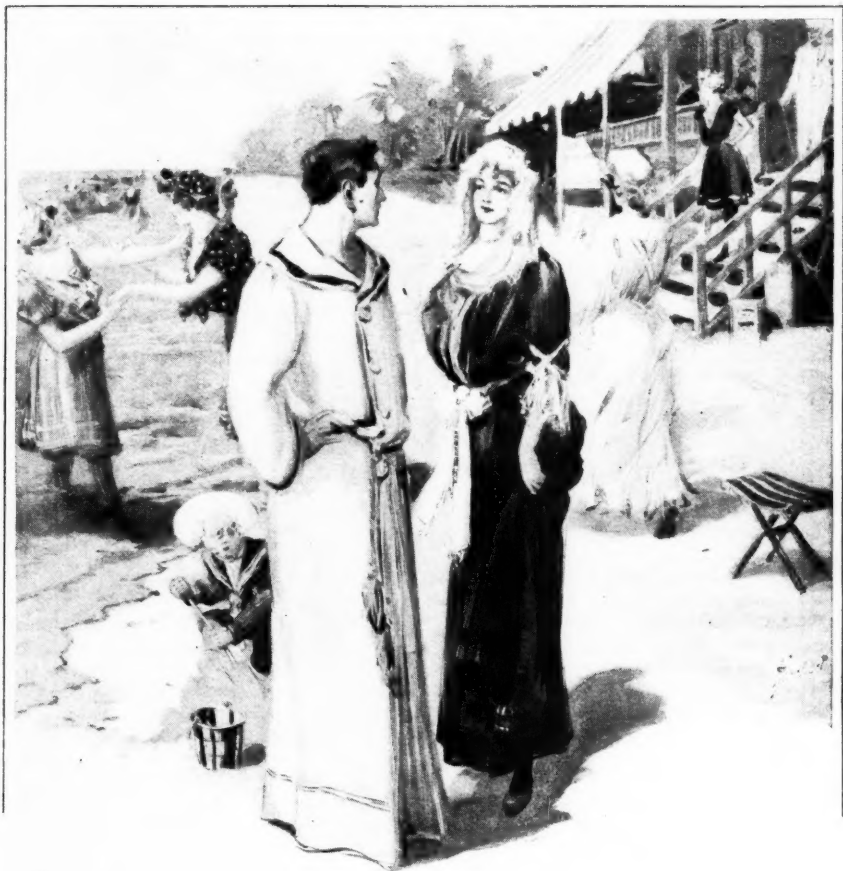
"I am honored immensely."

Her collie was against him. His hand answered the dog's demand for caresses.

"Down, Lomond, down!" she ordered, as the collie licked Lord's hand. "I never saw him take to a stranger so. Don't let him bother you!"

"Lomond," said Lord, "make me not a stranger! You seem to be my friend. Introduce me, there's a good dog. You know my name is John Van Ruyper Lord, of New York."

"Oh, is it?" exclaimed Lomond's mis-



"WE CAN'T POSSIBLY HAVE IT ANNOUNCED WHILE I AM STAYING WITH MY MOTHER IN LAW."

tress in a delighted voice. "Lomond, present him! Tell him I'm Mrs. Ferris, of San Francisco—Rose Locker Ferris."

They laughed as they shook hands.

"My mother in law told me you had arrived at our hotel, but I had no idea that great man was—you," she said.

"I believe you remember me. I have never forgotten you!"

"My mother in law met you once in New York, at a dinner at the Bishops'. You must come to the hotel and see her."

VII.

LORD was just stepping into the sea at sunrise next morning when a wet collie bounded against him and a voice from the surf called:

"Good morning! Merry Christmas!"

"Good morning. Hurrah for Christmas!" he answered, and swam out to her beyond the breaking waves. "This is a new sort of a Christmas for me."

"I suppose so. We are used to surf and sunshine and all the necessities of life in California." Rose Ferris stood, treading water; her glowing face and white serge shoulders were good to see.

"This is the seventh time I have met you, and always by chance," he said.

"Luck in odd numbers!" She smiled.

"I fell in love with you at first sight."

"Dear me, what nonsense!"

"I did. I couldn't help it. You were looking in at a milliner's window in New York, in Fifth Avenue, above Twenty Sixth Street."

"I remember that hat! It was covered with French poppies. I wanted it. But



"BUT MAYN'T I THROW A LITTLE SHOE AT COUSIN EDITH?"

[See storyette, "The Maid of Honor," page 434.]

I had so many new hats then." She sighed. "It was a dream!"

He threw his arm out on the water in front of her. She rested her hand upon it, as she had at their third meeting.

"Do you remember that time you got a cab for me on Fifth Avenue?" she asked. "My foot wasn't much hurt."

"I meant to inquire."

"You had forgotten all about it!"

"No, I hadn't. But we're only in the shallows here," said Lord. "Come, let's make for deep water!"

Her eyes met his and grew brilliant. She struck out without a word, swimming with long, slow, graceful strokes, an arm's length from his side. They went outward in silence until they were a good quarter mile from shore. Then they stopped.

"I have never been in such deep water before," she said, floating and resting.

"You are not a bit afraid, are you?"

"No, not with you. You are such a strong swimmer."

He looked down into the girlish face, the fair head pillowed on the sea. Her hair, only curled the closer by the ocean damp, moved on her temples in a breath of breeze.

"You look happy," he said.

"I am. Oh, I love to be happy!"

"I should like to make you happy all your life."

She did not speak, but her eyes answered. He kissed her.

"Isn't this a funny way to get engaged?" she said. Then she turned, lifted her face, and kissed him. "That's for good by," she said, and swam swiftly shoreward. He asked several questions as he kept alongside, but she did not reply. She only smiled and shook her head, as if talk was not for her. Once she laughed aloud. As they neared the shore she repeated:

"It is such a funny way to get engaged!"

Her maid was waiting on the sands with her bath wraps. After the woman had gone on towards the hotel, and Lord had donned his bath robe, Rose looked at him from among her voluminous hooded draperies.

"I have been thinking all the way in. I never thought so hard in my life. And I have made up my mind to go at once and stay with my aunt in San Francisco. We can't possibly have it announced while I am staying with my mother in law. I won't, any way!"

"I am so happy and so hungry that I could eat you alive!" Lord replied.

"Go and get your breakfast, sir!"

She walked up the beach with dignity, her hooded head held high.

Elizabeth Stark.

The Maid of Honor.

I.

THE Theodore Watsons agreed, with the cold civility which had marked their conversation for half a year, that it was quite

unnecessary at this time to inform their relatives of their matrimonial shipwreck. The occasion, as Mr. Watson remarked, was inauspicious for the inevitable revelation. They were bound for the wedding of Mrs. Watson's sister, Joan.

"And however much your sisterly conscience advises warning her," he observed, struggling with a sneer, "it would be useless. She is in love with him."

"Oh," said Edith lightly, and without vulgarly invidious emphasis, "I have no fear for Joan. Jim is such a dear boy! And as for telling them until we have to, it would be ridiculous. They would try to patch up a peace, or do something else equally impossible."

The dear boy who had married Edith herself scarcely a year and a half before opened his lips to reply, and then, wisdom counseling him, closed them again. They were through with squabbles and scenes, he and Edith. Recriminations, innuendoes, were useless. Edith had been jealous. Well, he had not been without fault; but a loving wife would have forgiven him on the instant of his repentance. Edith had not forgiven; therefore Edith was not a loving wife. He went on with his packing in silence for a while.

"I understand, then, that you will treat me with as little contempt as possible during the festivities at Templehill?" he said at last.

"You put it euphemistically," Edith laughed.

"Could you even bring yourself to call me by my name occasionally?"

Mrs. Watson flushed. The other woman's candid, cooing "Ted" and "Teddy" had made her husband's name a stranger to her lips for some time.

"Oh, I dare say," she answered uncomfortably.

"A little preliminary practice would do you no harm," he told her.

"Possibly not," acquiesced his wife. Then abruptly: "Has William come in with the time tables yet?"

"Not yet. But let us have our arrangement clear. We go to Templehill together for the three days before the wedding. We leave on the train that afternoon, after the great show. We part at New York. You'll go on to Lenox, to Monica's—so that the world will say, afterwards, that my people were with you in the—the unpleasantness. I go over to London to see Tempest; and among us all we'll cook up some scheme——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Edith hastily; "some plan for a——"

"Yes, for a——"

"A dignified——"

"Retreat from our difficulties," Theodore finished triumphantly.

II.

"Now, remember," they said to the maid of honor at Templehill as they drilled her in the whole duty of wedding attendants, "remember you are to hold Cousin Joan's bouquet so, when the time comes."

Beatrice's eyes, which had been opened upon the world and its marvels for six years, shone.

"Yes, yes," she murmured eagerly. They went on with their instructions from the time when she should follow the billows of Cousin Joan's white satin up the aisle to the moment when she should fling the first handful of rice at Cousin Joan's blue hopsacking. And they told her with great glee how to secrete quantities of the same edible in the folds of silk about Cousin Joan's blue toque. They told her how hers should be the fingers to tie white satin bows about boxes to be laid in Cousin Joan's traveling bag. Beatrice suddenly rebelled.

"But I love Cousin Edith better," she protested.

"But it is not Edith's wedding, dear. Edith has had her wedding. Everything is for Joan this time—all the white ribbon and the rice and the old shoes. You'll throw an old shoe at Cousin Joan, too. Won't that be fun?"

Beatrice danced.

"Oh, yes, yes," she caroled. Then she begged wistfully, "But mayn't I throw a little shoe—one of my own shoes—at Cousin Edith?"

"No, no, not for worlds! Edith is not a bride. Edith is an old, old married woman. Oh, no, you must throw no shoes at Edith!"

"Very well," acquiesced the little girl.

III.

THE bride and groom had driven away to catch the Southern express out of a whirl of laughter and noise. Beatrice's tiny handful of rice, landing on Jim's ear and pursuing its fated course down his collar, had been the signal for a snowy flurry before the shelter of the carriage was reached and the door slammed upon the two gay faces, whose wedding had been a romp, and whose existence, so their hopeful friends predicted, would be a further frolic. Now, two hours later, the Watsons were leaving.

"I wish you wouldn't rush off in this fashion, Edith," said her mother, looking keenly at her. "We have had no chance for a talk with all those happy lunatics about. But now"—she glanced at Theodore, standing attentive and bored by his wife's side—"don't you think your sister would spare her to me for a few days, Ted?" she asked.

"I'm afraid Monica is counting on Edith to help her with the Carterets, whose visitation begins the day after tomorrow," he said. "But on her—on our way home, though?"

"Oh, yes," broke in Edith hurriedly. "On our way home, mother dearest."

Leisurely conversation with her mother was the last thing for which she pined just now. She felt grateful to Ted—to her husband, she corrected the thought—for his excuses for her.

"Good by, dearest, dearest Cousin Edith!" cried Beatrice, hurling herself upon Mrs. Watson when the outermost circle on the halls and piazzas had been reached. "I love you better than any one in the world—but mamma and papa and little Panther—he's my dog. I wanted to throw my old shoe at you, but they wouldn't let me. They said that you weren't a bride. Oh, Cousin Edith, why were you a bride so soon?"

Mr. Watson did not catch the expression on his wife's face as she laughed her answer to this. It was hidden in the frills of Beatrice's maid of honor dress.

In the train they tried to readjust themselves to the circumstances which they had consented to forget for a few days. It was impossible that the ceremony they had just witnessed should fail to arouse memories of their own wedding day. And with memory, bitterness surged in each heart. This, then, was the end of love everlasting—this inconstancy, this doubt, this coldness, this stubborn pride! Edith looked out of the window to hide the hot, angry, hurt tears that sprang to her eyes. Theodore elaborately cut the pages of a magazine, frowning with intent interest at its illustrations.

A solemn eyed, pretty child from the section opposite wandered towards them, and, leaning upon the arm of the seat, gazed rapturously into Edith's face. Theodore saw the lines about his wife's mouth soften as she turned to greet her little visitor; but before the acquaintance had time to ripen into its destined adoration the mother withdrew her little daughter, apologizing for that young person's intrusiveness, and half humorously ignoring Edith's protests.

"What's the matter with me?" reflected Edith. "I can't look *divorcée* and—queer—yet."

The porter, passing with his eternal brush and pan, favored the Watsons' yard of carpet with a conscientious brushing. Then he foregathered with a fellow employee, and they conversed about the painstakingly unconscious couple. Edith's eyes, roving restlessly, were resentful of them for a moment. Suddenly she leaned towards her husband.

"Theodore," she said, by way of compromise between the habit of old days and a still more polite alternative, "Theodore, I see old Dr. Lewis over there. I'm sure it's he."

"Who is old Dr. Lewis?"

"Oh, he was in Templehill for a while when I was a child, before his daughter Harriet died. He broke down two or three years ago, I think I remember hearing; lost his memory or something. But he must be all right now. Do bring him over."

Theodore departed towards a Quakerish looking old man who was beaming benevolently upon the landscape as the train flew by.

"I beg your pardon," he began. "But my wife, Mrs. Watson—Miss Luttrell, you know—thinks——"

But the old man cut his floundering short. He had been following Theodore's eyes rather than his verbal involutions.

"Bless my soul, it's Edith Luttrell!" he exclaimed. "Your wife, you say? Mrs. Watson? Well, well, I am delighted!"

He made his way over to Edith, and began shaking her hand with affectionate vigor.

"So you're married, actually married!" he remarked. "Well, if you haven't changed, Mr. Watson here has a job before him. A high strung, bad tempered little baggage you were! Yes, yes, Edith, my dear, you were that—as exacting as you could be; but an affectionate child, too—a bunch of loyalty and love, for all her high temper, Mr. Watson! But I dare say you know a good deal more about that than I can tell you, eh?"

While Theodore, with the carved grin with which embarrassment greets such observations, was nodding his head and muttering some answering banalities, Edith was feverishly begging the doctor to dine at their table.

"No, no," he replied, patting her hand kindly. "The old man can guess that this is the one day of the year when he wouldn't be welcome." He smiled know-

ingly over her head. Edith looked at him stupefied, while he rambled on with well worn amiabilities and jocosities relative to early married life. They puzzled her; more than that, they stung her. Early married life! And hers was almost over! A premonitory ache of loneliness seized her as she glanced towards her husband.

The doctor disappeared into the smoker, and the Watsons obeyed the first call for dinner. A thrill of curiosity and friendliness seemed to run through the car as they approached their table. Their waiter, all beams, brought a bunch of white flowers before he laid the knives and forks. He planted them in the middle of the table. For a flushed and startled second the Watsons gazed into each other's eyes; then, with somewhat trembling nonchalance, they devoted their attention to the bill of fare.

Several times during the constrained meal Mr. Watson took note of the fragile, fine cut beauty of his wife. High strung, bad tempered, exacting? Yes. A bunch of love and loyalty? He wondered! He almost hoped for an instant, catching a new pathetic droop in her lips.

In their own section again, the air about them seemed fairly vibrant with bridal memories and impressions. The interest which they saw in the faces of their fellow travelers, the beams of the porter, the doddering of the old doctor—all these recalled their first departure from Templehill together. Were they all fancy, all memory, all longing, Theodore questioned?

Edith, too, felt the strange influences, and the contrast between imagination and reality bore bitterly upon her. She had carried the flowers from the dining car into the other. Was she insane, that she should feel agitated by a few buttony white chrysanthemums?

"I think I'll take off my hat," was the sufficiently commonplace outcome of her reflections. She stood up as she spoke.

"Head ache?" was his brilliant reply, as he watched her lift her arms.

"Not exactly." She removed the pins languidly. She took the hat off a little limply, finding herself suddenly tired by the day's emotions. Then her eyes sought Theodore's with a real agitation, while a ripple of laughter sounded around her. From brim and fold there fell a thin stream of rice. Her hand was poised, motionless, her eyes fixed in distress upon her husband's face, while the laughter grew mellow.

"Ted!" she cried, as one who calls for some deliverance.

At his answer she sank trembling beside him, while the mother of the little girl opposite imperiled her immortal soul by announcing that she saw bears on the track. In no other way could she distract that studious child's attention from the ardent young man who defied all travelers' canons by holding his wife's hand and whispering rapidly and endearingly to her.

IV.

THE telegram to Templehill the next day read:

Have given up Lenox. Go with Ted to London. Our dearest love to Beatrice.

Anne O'Hagan.

Lefevre's Ugly Disposition.

WHEN Bobby Lefevre was in short dresses, it was a generally recognized fact that he had an ugly disposition. He was ejected from two kindergartens before he was in trousers, and his record preceded him to the public schools, where he is supposed to have been the proximate cause of the attack of nervous prostration which incapacitated the primary teacher for the latter half of the year.

His attitude was simple; it consisted of prompt and determined opposition to all forms of control. His father, who prided himself upon a resolute will, was reduced, early in his son's turbulent boyhood, to the necessity of gaining Bobby's obedience in important matters by the ingenious but scarcely legitimate method of commanding him to do the thing he was not wanted to do.

Bobby was dragged through school by main force; not because he particularly disliked it, for he developed rather a fondness for study, but because he could not help resisting the authorities who pronounced for his education. Then, when in family conclave it was decided that in view of his attitude towards education he should be allowed to go at once into business life, Bob announced that he was going to Harvard. And he went.

His pulling through the four years without any very serious rupture with the authorities was due to several reasons—first and foremost, probably, the fact that he knew that every one expected him to be sent home in disgrace within six months. Moreover, he was a first class athlete, and, as has been said, he really liked study. Before he had been many weeks at college he was known as "the fighting freshy," but his difficulties were kept private

enough to form no serious interference with his course.

When Lefevre came back from Harvard, he brought with him a football reputation, a pair of shoulders to back it up, a head decently furnished inside, and his old disposition. With these qualifications he entered business life as assistant book-keeper in the office of the cashier of the West Coast Traffic Company. Here he stuck doggedly for a year and a half, at the end of which time he knew the office thoroughly, was doing the heaviest part of the work, and receiving the salary he began with. He was well enough liked, but his reputation for general contumacy was against him.

There was a girl in the case, too, by this time; a little, pale faced, brown haired girl, who was waiting and would continue to wait with sweet patience until Bob was able to take care of her.

Lefevre climbed the steps of his boarding house one night, after an evening with Alice, in a state of discouragement bordering on desperation.

"I've given the company a year out of the best part of my life," he was thinking. "I'm doing good work for them, and they know it, and they've no more idea of doing the right thing than——"

He switched on the electric light by his dressing table. Brushes, ties, collars, buttons, and a gorgeous pair of socks lay in a pile before the glass, and on top of the heap was a manila envelope with a big, black "O. B." in the corner. Bob tore it open. The note was typewritten, and contained only a line.

Come down to the office as soon as you can. Important.

A blot disfigured the signature, but "Doane" was legible.

Lefevre stood for some minutes scowling in sullen puzzlement. He had done a great deal of night work in the past three months, and felt disinclined to obey this, the most peremptory and apparently unreasonable summons he had yet received. He did not see what could have happened since he left the office that afternoon, to make it necessary for him to go back there in the evening.

"I wonder," he thought, "what was in that bundle Doane put into the safe just as I was closing it!"

The apparently irrelevant idea was called to his mind by a sudden recollection of the fact that Doane had evaded his question at the time. Bob had suspected that the bundle contained something which should have been deposited in the bank, but which, to save himself trouble, the

cashier was keeping in the office vault over night. Doane had done this several times, and Bob had smiled cynically to himself over the "rough house" the cashier would have if he ever got caught at it.

He looked at his watch. It was just eleven, and the office lay at the extreme end of Pier X, in a little frame structure, standing entirely alone. It would be a fifteen minutes' walk.

"I'll telephone the office," he decided. "I'm not going down there at this time of night."

"Express one double one," he called, at the telephone in the hall, and waited, drumming impatiently with his foot. After a while he rattled the receiver hook. "Express one double one, central!" he snarled.

"Receiver's down, I can't get them," trilled the voice in the telephone.

Bob slammed the receiver up and clenched his teeth. He stood a minute with his hands in his pockets; then, with a disgusted shrug, he dived back into the room, seized his hat, turned out the light, and tramped fiercely down stairs.

The walk did not improve his temper. "I'm easy," he sneered to himself as he went along the emptying streets, through a corner of the dark, silent wholesale district, across half a block of railroad tracks, and out on the deserted dock. A faint glimmer of light from the office window was reflected in the smooth, black water below. He tried the door. It was locked. The slight annoyance of digging his keys out of his trousers pocket irritated him yet more, and it was with his most characteristic scowl that he pushed the door open and stepped in.

Then—a thunderbolt struck him in the chest, a huge, dark something descended upon him, wrapping him tighter, tighter, smothering, choking him, and he fell, striking and kicking blindly. There was a chaotic struggle, during which Lefevre broke his own record for obstinate resistance, and then, with his arms tied behind him so tightly that he was bent double, a gag in his mouth which almost dislocated his jaw, and his legs corded to the knees, the gunny sack was withdrawn from his head and he was able to see what had struck him.

The robbers were masked, of course. Lefevre wondered stupidly why one wore only half a coat, and the other leaned against the wall, spitting blood and teeth. He did not notice that his own right hand was cut and bleeding.

The half coated one bent over Lefevre,

and pressed something very cold and hard against his temple.

"Give us the combination," he said briefly.

Lefevre's mind worked like a lightning calculator for an instant. A thousand in cash ready for pay day tomorrow, a balance of three hundred and fifty on hand—and that bundle. He nodded.

The man with the bloody mouth came over, and between them they set him up, leaning against the counter, close beside the safe door. The cold muzzle came against his temple again, and the gag was loosened. As it slipped from between his lips, Lefevre inflated his lungs as well as he could in his cramped position, and the next instant the yell that had led Harvard's eleven to victory filled the little room and jarred the electric light fixtures with its stentorian volume. It was cut short, not by the report that Bob expected, but by the useful gunny sack. It took him an instant to realize that his head was not shot off, and then he found the man with the bloody mouth grinning in a very unpleasant way.

"That's a nice noise," he observed, "and if it wasn't for wastin' time, I'd let you keep it up for an hour. The watchman's tied up outside, and—"

"Cut it out, you fool," ordered the man with the revolver shortly.

Securing the gunny sack more tightly around the lower part of Lefevre's head, they moved away a little and whispered. Bob strained every nerve to hear, but could make out nothing. There was not a vestige of a grin on either face as they turned back. They stooped, lifted him like a log, and laid him on the counter, and the man with the bloody mouth pulled off his shoes. "Patent leather kicks, too," Bob heard him mumble. He waited in feverish bewilderment. The half coated man picked up a long iron bar from the ground where his tools lay. "Git a good purchase," he remarked. Lefevre heard the big letter press at the end of the counter rattle as the bar was thrust through the wheel.

"Now," said the man with the revolver, "we'll give you one more show. You know as well as we do that it ain't our game to kill you. You've got what we want, and we've got to have it darned quick. There's plenty ways of gettin' it. This is one of 'em;" and Bob's stockinged feet were thrust between the faces of the press. They did not loosen the gunny sack, but released his right arm to the elbow and laid his hand against the knob of the safe lock.

Of the moments that followed Lefevre could never give a clear account. The newspapers had no difficulty in obtaining the facts as to the telegram which sent the president of the West Coast Traffic Company, together with the president's assistant and the cashier, hurrying in a carriage to get certain papers from the vault in time for the president to catch the one A. M. train. The escape of the thieves and the efforts of the detectives were described in detail, and there was much talk of the hero, but the hero himself had nothing to say.

At the hospital, after the doctor had left, the president lingered by the bed a moment. His train had gone long ago, but he did not seem to be thinking of that.

"The doctor says he can fix you up just as good as ever," he assured Bob for the fifth time.

"All right, thanks," responded Bob faintly, wishing he would go away.

"I suppose you knew," continued the president, a little awkwardly, "that there was about a quarter of a million in negotiable securities in the safe?"

"No," said Bob, surprised into faint interest. "I didn't know. There was over thirteen hundred in cash, and a bundle that I didn't know the contents of."

The president looked at him. "Would you mind telling me before I go," he asked, and Bob noticed that he had dropped the presidential tone, "*why* you didn't give them the combination?"

Lefevre pulled his mind together to answer.

"I—don't—know," he said slowly. "I suppose it was my ugly disposition," he added. His voice was very weak.

The nurse looked around the screen meaningly.

"Yes, yes—just a moment," agreed the president hurriedly. "Just one thing more, Mr. Lefevre. The position of cashier is vacant; do you think your—ah—disposition would permit you to accept it?"

Mabel Ernestine Abbott.

A Guest of Honor.

It was a beautiful Christmas morning. The sun streamed through the long, uncurtained windows of the blind ward of the almshouse, and touched the prim white cots with a warmth and brightness that made the place seem almost cheerful. The young doctor, coming in to make his morning rounds, shivered a little as he held his hands towards the great stove and surveyed the ward. Then he frowned.

"Miss Mattie," he said, going swiftly over to one of the neatest of the cots, "what are you doing?"

"Getting ready to go to the church, doctor. The Christmas dinner, you know——"

"But, Miss Mattie," he interrupted, "you can't do it! You haven't been out for weeks, and it's bitter cold and windy. I'll bring you a plate of the dinner myself, everything they've got, and some Christmas greens. Won't that do?"

Miss Mattie smiled thankfully up at him, but shook her head.

"No, doctor," she said softly, "it won't—quite. You see, it isn't only the dinner, though that's very good, nor even the real coffee, with condensed milk and lump sugar in it. It's the place and the people. The voices like those I used to hear, the Christmas feeling that I once knew so well—it helps me so much, doctor, because it makes me remember, and the memories are pleasant ones. Please, doctor, let me go. I'm quite strong today."

The doctor remembered all that Christmas meant to him, and how lonely he felt this year, and yielded.

"Miss Mattie," he said slowly, "I'm not doing quite right, I know, but I'll take every precaution I can. You shall go to the church. I'll carry you over and back, for you couldn't walk. No, no, that's all right. I'll come for you in time;" and he waved her away almost gruffly as she tried to thank him. The look on her poor, worn face had done that already.

Miss Mattie sat there in a happy daze, not minding the hours as they passed, because she had the doctor's word, and trusted him.

She did not even mind when the nurse shook her head and said she would speak to the doctor; he couldn't have understood what he was about. The nurse knew how weak Miss Mattie really was, and she did not see, as did the doctor, that the little blind old lady would give years of her future for one memory of her past—the past which no one in the almshouse knew.

She looked almost well when the doctor came again, and, taking one of the gray almshouse blankets, wrapped it tightly round her, and lifted her lightly in his strong arms.

Somehow Miss Mattie had always reminded him of some one much younger than herself, whom he loved very much. As the strong wind swept down upon them, making her hide her face against the rough cloth of his coat, he shielded her with a tenderness she had not known

for years, so that when he set her down at last, safe and warm in the big room under the church, there was a glow of wonderful happiness on her thin face.

She put out her hands to feel the chair she sat in, and they heard a little gasp of wonder.

"It's a leather chair!" she cried. "A leather armchair! We had them——" and she stopped short. She had guarded her past too long to tell it now. It was the one thing left her that was her own, and sacred.

The chaplain smiled. "Yes, Miss Mattie," he said, laying his hand on hers; "you are in my study, and you are to eat here, with us, before the others are served. The doctor says you are not very strong, and so you are to be our guest of honor today."

"A guest of honor!" she repeated slowly, and somehow a change swept over the shrunken figure in its almshouse blue. It straightened with a conscious dignity, and the sweet old face changed, too.

"Thank you," she said softly. "You can't know how much that means to me. It's so kind of you all. I live in my memories now, and that brings up the happiest of all—the Christmas when I was last a guest of honor."

No one answered her, but soon the pleasant clatter began again, as those who were to serve the Christmas dinner to hundreds of eager paupers gathered for their own. Miss Mattie was quite still. They had put her at the head of the table, and she bore herself with a stately, old time grace that was almost pitiful to see. That she was dumb with happiness they could readily understand.

"Damask, real damask again!" she murmured when they gave her a napkin, and she touched it so lovingly that the girl whose basket it had graced choked a little as she whispered: "You may have it, Miss Mattie. Keep it in memory of your Christmas."

But Miss Mattie needed no memories. She already had her share, and she was back among them. She had forgotten that she was ill, and old, and sightless. The sound of the pleasant voices round her, the crisp, bright Christmas smell in her nostrils, were as they used to be. For once her blindness brought a blessing with it. She could not wake and see the strangers round her.

But no one understood that she was not really with them till the doctor asked her something.

"Miss Mattie, John?" she answered brightly. "It's not Miss Mattie now, you

know. We are to be the guests of honor today;" and she leaned towards him with a smile that was almost girlish in its brightness.

The doctor's face went white; for he knew she had forgotten.

They wrapped her in the blanket once again, and he carried her back to the almshouse ward, and laid her on her narrow cot. For once the man was glad that all the patients were blind. They could not stare, as those in other wards would do.

But she clung to him. "Don't put me down, John!" she whispered. "Somehow I feel very weak and ill, and I want your strength to help me. You're so strong, John! And then, I've had a dreadful dream—a dream of losing you and—everything; a dream of blindness, John, and of—the almshouse. I want to know for certain that you're with me, dear, and that I'm safe!"

The doctor's eyes were full of tears. He could have struck the nurse as her harsh voice broke in upon them.

"Put her down, doctor," she commanded, not unkindly; "I can't rub her while you're holding her like that, and she's almost gone. I knew you'd no business taking her over there."

Miss Mattie shivered, and awoke. Unheeding of the nurse, the doctor still held her in his arms, and as she looked into his face she understood.

"No, no, nurse," she said, her sweet voice ringing clear and strong; "I'm glad I'm nearly gone. Don't try to bring me back. The doctor is so kind to hold me. He has helped me to live over the happiest day of all my life—another day when I was guest of honor. Doctor"—and the voice failed slightly—"I can't thank you, but I know you understand. You have been so very good—and kind. Will you do one thing more? Kiss me when I am dead, as the real John would have kissed me."

She sighed, and the smile that she had worn in the chapel came again upon her mouth.

There was a strange, awed silence in the ward as the doctor, putting her gently from his arms, leaned down across the bed and redeemed his promise.

And as the Christmas sun fell full upon the quiet face there rested there such a look of perfect peace that the nurse said softly, as she touched the smiling mouth: "After all, she must have had a rather happy life."

But the doctor knew.

Mary A. Dickerson.

ETCHINGS

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Oh, Christmas bells that ring so loud
And stir the old town over,
Sound unto Betty fair, the proud,
And tell her I'm her lover.

Oh, Christmas bells! In that fair ear
So shell-like, do my bidding
And whisper what to speak I fear—
Tell her my heart I'm bringing.

Oh, Christmas bells, your echoes lift
To her and say I'm leaving
My beating heart a Christmas gift,
If she but be receiving.

Oh, Christmas bells, be bold, be bold!
Your answer? What, not leave it!
You ring back: "'Tis not tipped with
gold—
And Betty won't receive it!"

Tom Masson.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and
all through the house"

(The house was in Boston, where culture
abounds)

Dull quietude reigned; not a venturesome
mouse,

That pestering rodent, attempted the
rounds.

Two spectacled children of immature
years

Were feigning a somnolent rest in their
beds,

A Browning beside them, with many dog
ears—

Light mental repast for the young Bos-
ton heads.

"Now's the opportune time," said the boy
to the girl,

"According to that mythological tale,
For Santa to come in a nocturnal whirl
With rampant reindeer and abreast of
the gale.

Our elders have whispered this fabulous
thing

From time immemorial into our ears;
'Tis a strange commentary on sense that
they cling

To a story disproved for these many
long years."

"Now, Huxley asserts, and he's borne out
by facts,"

Said the girl to the boy as she reasoned
the Why

Of the Whichness and What; "but the
children were wax

To be molded by age in those seasons
gone by.

That story of Tell and the apple, of George
Devastating the orchard with hatchet,
you know,

Of giants who'd swallow and never dis-
gorge

A bad boy or girl, why, in Boston won't
go!"

Roy Farrell Greene.

SERVED HER RIGHT.

SHE liked him—yes, upon her word!

She let him fetch and carry;

But, oh, his suit was too absurd—

He'd never do to marry!

The swain departed, stern and black.

She wept—how could she flaunt him?

The luckless man came flying back;

Straightway she did not want him.

And so she wavered back and forth.

She met his love with banter,

But when he left her, hurt and wroth,

She called him back instant;

Until a maid who knew her mind,

Whose words were gently spoken,

Stepped in when she had been unkind—

And then her heart was broken!

Marian West.

CHRISTMAS WISHES.

SINCE wishes are in season

I here record a few,

Just for the simple reason

That they refer to you;

In rhyme I bid you read them,

And as the accents fall

I hope your heart will heed them

And grant them one and all.

I wish that when the holly

And holidays are here,

You may forgive the folly

Of Cupid's pranks, my dear;

I wish that when I meet you
Alone on Christmas day
It may be mine to greet you
In Love's delightful way.

I wish that when I find you
Beneath the mistletoe
I may steal up behind you
And kiss you ere you know;
I wish that when I tell you
The secret I possess,
Love may somehow compel you
To answer me with *Yes*.

I wish—but why continue
A list already long?
Another man may win you
While I am making song;
So here's the wish most pleasant—
I wish that you may be
The precious Christmas present
That Santa Claus gives me!
Felix Carmen.

THE CENTAUR MAID.

Who rideth so brave down the busy street,
Holding her curveting steed in check
While the passer by doth crane his neck
To watch this vision new and sweet
With flying veil and habit *chic*,
Fearless and graceful and straight as a
Greek?

The grandsire old, he fetcheth a sigh
As the galloping girl cavorteth by;
But the woman new hath eyes agleam;
She murmurs: "Aha, the new régime!"
As unafraid through sun and shade
Gaily rideth the centaur maid.

Astride, astride, the maid doth ride,
And little doth she reckon
Of the one who smiled, the one who sighed,
Or him who craned his neck.
'Tis the way they do in Paris, you know,
And she is a part of the passing show;

So undismayed through sun and shade
Rideth the dauntless centaur maid.
Sarah S. Pratt.

IN LATE DECEMBER.

APRIL's swallow fled the eaves,
June's rose rained its perfumed petals,
Gray have grown October's leaves,
On bare branches snow now settles;
O'er and o'er
Seasons four
Bring us days we well remember;
Days that hold
Memory's gold—
Like this day in late December.

Spring comes new born every year,
Flower bedecked, with bird choir sing-
ing;
Likewise new and ever dear,
Days that set love's joy bells ringing;
As the chime
Of a rhyme.
This year's day with last year's blend-
ing,
Music makes,
Memory wakes—
'Tis my birthday's sun ascending.

At the table life has spread,
Appetite grows keen with eating;
Sweet or bitter be the bread,
Still we keep the meal repeating.
Seasons change,
Wide the range
Onward to the year's last ember;
Yet again
Love's refrain
Sounds the same in each December.
Hunter MacCulloch.

RELATIONSHIP.

"No, no," she cried; "'twill never do—
I'll be your sister, Harry."
Said I: "Just make it cousins, Sue;
For cousins sometimes marry."
Frank Roe Batchelder.

THREE MARINERS.

THREE mariners sailed out across the sea
In autumn, when the winds blew wild and
free;
And each had left a sweetheart on the
shore,
And each had said, "When springtime
comes once more,
"We shall return with golden argosies
From Persia and the far Hesperides;
"With wealth unwritten we shall come
back home;
Deep laden vessels steer across the foam."

Three mariners sailed in one Apriltide;
Three women waited at the sea wharf's
side;
And two of those who sailed the endless
sea
Brought back, alas, no gold from Araby;
Yet in their hearts they still had wealth of
love,
The richest prize in earth or heaven above;
But he whose bark bore all the gems
that be
Had left his heart—ah, God!—across the
sea!

Charles Hanson Towne.

LITERARY CHAT

THE BALLADE OF BOOKS TO BUY.

Of books there is no end,
Nor shall be evermore,
While there is gold to spend
And the department store;
So long as Love and Lore
Exist to lure the eye,
Authors will write and roar:
There are *new* books to buy!

No matter where you wend
Your way, at every door
You meet a foe or friend,
An angel or a bore,
And then almost before
You know it you will spy
Some fiction on the floor—
There are *new* books to buy!

A thousand tomes are penned
Each month! The inky score
You cannot comprehend
And cannot quite ignore:
Novels and verse galore,
Delectable or dry,
To make you smile or snore—
There are *new books* to buy!

ENVOY.

Dear readers, we implore
Forgiveness for the cry,
But, if your eyes are sore,
There are *new books* to buy!

GORDY AS A HISTORIAN—An important new book on the political development of the United States.

Professor J. P. Gordy, formerly of the Ohio State University, now connected with the University of New York, has issued two of the four volumes in which he proposes to complete his "Political History of the United States." The book occupies a place of its own in the well worked field of American history. The first two volumes trace the course of politics from the formation of the earliest national party—that of the Federalists, which created and organized the government—down to the election of Andrew Jackson in 1828. To cover the remainder of the nineteenth century in two more

volumes will probably prove a task to tax the author's powers of condensation.

Professor Gordy possesses many qualifications for writing history. His work is evidently based on careful research, and his material is well arranged. His style is very clear, and he has the faculty of making his narrative interesting. On the other hand, occasional small errors are to be noted. For instance, on page 17 of Volume II Commodore Barron, commander of the Chesapeake, is called "Barrow." On page 529 of Volume I the author speaks of "the Rhenish Confederacy, which extended from the Rhine to the Vistula." The Confederation of the Rhine extended no further east than Saxony. Danzig, on the Vistula, had a French governor, but it did not belong to the confederation. To pass from questions of fact to those of syntax, we regret to read on page 541 that "Campbell of Tennessee was given Randolph's old place."

A more serious charge that might be brought against Professor Gordy is his lack of the even handed justice which is the crowning virtue of the true historian. In tracing the disputes that led to the War of 1812, he exhibits a spirited chauvinism rather than a judicial impartiality. He deliberately "takes sides" with the Republicans against the Federalists, identifying the former with patriotism and the latter with open disloyalty. Of the New England statesmen who opposed the policy of war with Great Britain, he says that "their prejudices and hatred of the administration were too strong for their patriotism"; he bitterly censures "their Shylock method of interpreting the Constitution at the time when the very existence of the United States seemed at stake." The Hartford Convention of December, 1814, meant nullification and "was unpatriotic to the last degree" in threatening imminent secession at a moment of national peril.

Professor Gordy assaults the Portland and Perceval governments almost as fiercely as did the Republican orators of those troublous days. Unlike some other recent American historians, notably Captain Mahan, he makes no allowance for the fact that in her undoubted violation of the

neutral rights of the United States, England was fighting for her very life. He does not bring out the unquestionable fact that Napoleon was not only equally arbitrary in his treatment of American commerce but utterly faithless as well. We find a British envoy, Francis Jackson, branded as "infamous," and his errand described as "brutal"; his request for proposals from Madison is "audacity," his reply "disingenuous," his tone "arrogant." A historian should be very sparing of abusive epithets, but all these, and more, occur within half a dozen of Professor Gordy's pages.

For Canning he seems to have a special dislike. "If Canning had hated democracy less intensely," he says, "if he had been statesman enough to rise above his prejudices," the course of history might have been changed. And again, when David Erskine, Jackson's predecessor in the British ministry at Washington, negotiated a provisional agreement with Robert Smith, Madison's Secretary of State:

With the feeling that he was master of the situation, Canning decided to repudiate the arrangement.

The insinuation is grossly unfair to the English statesman who was destined, a few years later, to stand with President Monroe in opposition to the reactionary policy of the Holy Alliance. Canning disapproved Erskine's agreement because it violated the minister's written instructions, which were afterwards produced in Parliament in answer to a motion of inquiry. It was ordered, moreover, that vessels sailing from the United States in reliance upon the convention, which Madison had announced, should not be disturbed by the British cruisers. The episode was an unfortunate one, and its results were disastrous to both parties, but Canning's course, whether wise or not, was neither inconsistent nor dishonorable.

Elsewhere Professor Gordy speaks of—

All the old world contempt for the "lower orders," for "persons in trade," all its intense feeling that the aristocratic and leisured few, with or without culture, are the end and object of creation, that the many have no reason for existence save to serve them, all its intense hatred of a democracy.

Professor Gordy evidently has a poor opinion of the outworn systems of the old world; but was liberty wholly unknown on earth before 1776, and were the framers of the Constitution the sole inventors of democracy? Bancroft, we know, represented the early history of the United States as a struggle between fiends from Europe and angels resident in America;

but that theory, we thought, had by this time had its day.

A SLENDER BASIS—For the report that "Sir Richard Calmady" had been expurgated.

Lucas Malet, known in private life as Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison, has been greatly disturbed by reports current in this country and in England that she had "bowdlerized" her novel "Sir Richard Calmady" in obedience to certain adverse criticisms.

The truth of the matter is that about five lines were cut out of the proofs of the American edition, her publishers believing that the purpose of the paragraph from which they were taken was sufficiently indicated without them. The scene is that in *Sir Richard's* villa in Naples, in which he and his cousin are the only participants. Mrs. Harrison saw the force of her publisher's suggestion, and the lines in question were omitted from a later edition in England, making it identical with the one published here.

The success of "Sir Richard" in this country, where Lucas Malet had previously been practically unknown as a writer of fiction, led to a demand for her "Wages of Sin," a novel of contemporaneous life in London and Devonshire, considered by many to be Mrs. Harrison's best work. It is in this book, by the way, that *Sir Richard Calmady*, whose character and misfortune were suggested by the case of a certain well known Englishman, first finds his way into print.

A CASE OF COWARDICE—Why does Owen Wister's hero finally succumb to convention and a New York tailor?

It is not easy for an author to be perfectly honest about his hero. Sometimes we do not want him to be. For instance, we all know in our inmost souls that *Lady Babbie* never married the *Little Minister*; but it would have wrung our hearts if Barrie had not let us pretend she did. That was a generous concession to our sympathies that worked only good. But it is another matter when Owen Wister, after being delightfully honest about his *Virginian* in a dozen different places, loses his nerve in the end and affronts us with a mean little concession to our prejudices.

Never, never in this world would the *Virginian* have blossomed into well cut, modern clothes for the wedding journey

or any other occasion. That sending to the New York tailor is a flagrant falsehood, committed because the author had not courage to lead his man up to the Vermont relatives in the black diagonal "cutaway" or the long, limp "Prince Albert" of the cowboy's Sunday. He could not face that moment of introduction, before the real man inside should have time to prove his fineness. Mr. Wister felt the eyes of all his women readers upon him, and knew what balm that smart appearance would be to the bride, and so he weakly prevaricated.

The fact that we may feel a sneaking relief in the deception does not excuse it. We are no bigger than our neighbors, and admit cheap prejudices; but the *Virginian* was bigger, and the author should have been true to his own creation.

FROM BAD TO WORSE—The acme of worthlessness is a parody of a worthless book.

The literary product of Miss Mary McLane, formerly of Butte, Montana, is of a sort that readily lends itself to parody, and it is not strange that would-be humorists are rushing into print with volumes purporting to be frank self revelations after the style of the Western Bashkirtseff. We have received one such book from Miss McLane's own city of Butte, another from Boston, and probably others are on the way.

Now, while Miss McLane's story had a faint spice of originality and a certain mild sort of human interest, as literature it deserved no attention, and it will be forgotten in a few months. A parody of such a thing must of necessity be absolutely worthless.

OFFICIAL LITERATURE—The President's sensible direction that government reports shall be curtailed.

One's view of President Roosevelt's attitude on the Cuban question or the coal strike may be colored by one's political opinions, but people of all parties will join in commending his recent utterance on the subject of the official literature of the United States government. He has warned the heads of departments against the growing tendency to issue huge reports. With characteristic plainness he told the conscientious compilers of these portentous documents that "there is much useless matter in many of the reports; that many are issued at great ex-

pense which accomplish no practical good, and that there is too much public printing generally."

Mr. Roosevelt's literary training has taught him the value of condensation; and indeed only common sense was needed to see that the growing unwieldiness of government reports seriously impairs their value, besides wasting the nation's money. Every one who finds occasion to read them or refer to them—and some of them are really important publications—will applaud the President's order.

"DONOVAN PASHA"—And a fact not mentioned in the advertisements of the book.

"Donovan Pasha" has been extensively advertised as "Sir Gilbert Parker's latest book." The advertisements contain a conspicuous portrait of a gentleman in uniform, with a fez cap on his head and a revolver in hand—the hero, one would say at once, of a strenuous modern novel. They do not contain any mention of the fact that the "book" is not a novel, but a collection of short stories.

This would seem to be a silent yet eloquent tribute to the fact that volumes of short stories do not sell as well as novels.

"THE BOOK OF BUGS"—An amusing "nature book" which is also instructive.

Who is Harvey Sutherland? This is a question that is likely to be asked very often in the next few months by readers of one of the most delightful nature books published in recent years, "The Book of Bugs."

First of all, Mr. Sutherland is a real humorist. Secondly, he is a clever naturalist. Finally, he is a man of much human sympathy. He should not be classed with the people who have imitated either Rudyard Kipling or Ernest Seton-Thompson. His book is distinctly original; in every line you can feel the presence of a genial spirit. By the time the reader has finished the volume, he cannot fail to realize that, while he has been entertained, he has received a good deal of valuable information accompanied by wise comment.

It is surprising that Mr. Sutherland should be able to make the subject of "bugs" as attractive as Kipling and Seton-Thompson make animals higher in scale of creation. His chapter on the insect which he calls the "aristocrat of the

kitchen" is a delicious piece of humor, and his remarks on the "plague of flies" ought to be read by every one who wishes to understand the remarkable strides made by medical science in recent years. The author is equally entertaining in writing about the mosquito, the flea, the spider, and the ant. His book is so simply and so clearly written that it may be read with pleasure by children as well as grown ups.

ZOLA'S FATHER—The great French novelist was the son of an adventurous engineer of mixed Italian and Greek blood.

Few or none of the obituaries of the late Emile Zola emphasized the fact that the great champion of Dreyfus was French only on his mother's side, his father, Francesco or François Zola, being half Italian and half Greek. By profession the elder Zola was an engineer. It was not until late in his life, after a wandering and adventurous career, that he came to France. He had taken a contract for building waterworks at Aix, in Provence, and was visiting Paris on business connected with his work there, when he met and married Mlle. Emilie Aubert, who became the mother of the famous novelist. Their son was seven years old when his father contracted a chill while supervising the construction of the aqueduct at Aix, and died, leaving his family in very poor circumstances.

Emile was brought up by his grandmother, Mme. Aubert, who sent him to school, first at Aix, and later in Paris. It seems a little strange to read that he failed to graduate, the *baccalauréat* being refused him on the ground that he displayed great ignorance of history and of literature. The first question asked by his examiner in these branches was:

"At what date did Charlemagne die?"

"In the reign of Francis I," was young Zola's astonishing reply.

LITERARY LUST OF TERRITORY — Why does the historical novelist try to cover the map in one story?

It would sometimes appear that the authors of historical novels fear to leave untouched any region or character that can possibly be interwoven with their story. To construct a romance of Revolutionary days, for instance, without hurrying the readers from the Hudson to Virginia, without introducing Washington,

Hamilton, Cornwallis, and Howe, they would regard as positively parsimonious treatment of their public. Yet the public is often forced to the conclusion that if they would confine themselves to a smaller extent of territory and to fewer historical *dramatis personæ*, they would gain in force what they would lose in breadth.

"The Strollers," by Frederick S. Isham, is a story which rouses this feeling strongly. Mr. Isham has written a romance of America before and during the Mexican War—though the war has comparatively little to do with the development of his plot. In the beginning, when he assembles his characters in a wayside inn in western New York, he is interesting, original, and vivid. The company of players journeying through a country just traversed by a band of temperance reformers; the soldier of fortune thrown into their society; the French bred patrolman, come to take his ancestral possessions, ignorant of the fact that the tenants of the land baronies no longer respected the rights of the owners—all these are new and cleverly drawn. The life, the unusual setting for adventure, the half gipsy wanderings of the troupe, charm one.

If Mr. Isham could have developed his romance without hurling his reader from these scenes to the playhouses of New Orleans, where he becomes trite, and to Chapultepec, where the usual impossible meetings happen, he would have written an unusual and memorable book. Perhaps some day, when the young author's zeal for the conquest of mere territory has abated in him, he may go back to the Shadengo Valley and to the time of the final overthrow of the feudal forms in the North, and on a smaller canvas paint a still more vivid picture.

"THE BACK OF BEYOND"—Is it an Indian or an Irish expression?

Those penetrating logicians who argue from coincidences to the most wonderful conclusions—such, for instance, as that Bacon in his leisure moments wrote Shakspeare because certain of the same words are to be found in each—will probably announce, later, that Kipling has done some very charming work under the *nom de plume* of Jane Barlow.

The latest volume of Miss Barlow's clever tales is called "At the Back of Beyond," and she devotes a page or two of preface to telling how the quaint expression is used among the Irish peasantry of not too central or too alluring regions to denote others even more remote and less

prosperous. Kipling, too, though he gives no explanation of its origin, uses the expression in "Kim." He describes a horse dealer of the Punjab—"a wealthy and enterprising trader, whose caravans penetrated far and far into the Back of Beyond."

Here is food for discussion. Did Miss Barlow quote Kipling? Did Kipling quote Miss Barlow? Or are they the same—and if so, which one is the one? Or are the Hindus and the Irish mere branches of one race with common expressions? When the Baconians have settled the other discussion to their satisfaction, here is one ready to their pens and tongues.

It may be said, in passing, that it is no slur upon the genius of Mr. Kipling to speak of him and Miss Barlow in the same paragraph. Her work has a fine quality, a reserve and delicacy of style, which it used to be the fashion to regard as peculiarly the attribute of French writers. It has also a breathing humanity which used to be considered the exclusive property of writers who are not French.

HISTORY IN VERSE—A collection of anniversary poems for every day in the year.

Would the reader remember, if he were not visibly reminded of it, that on December 2 the great Napoleon won the battle of Austerlitz and the little Napoleon ended the second French Republic by his treacherous *coup d'état*; that on the 3rd Hohenlinden was fought and Robert Louis Stevenson died; and that all these events, and others through the month, have suggested some of the memorable poetry of our language?

A book compiled by James L. Ford, whose own work is well known to the readers of *MUNSEY'S*, and his sister, Miss Mary Ford, gives a remarkably complete collection of these anniversary poems. It is called "Every Day in the Year," and it is to be commended both to lovers of poetry and to students of history. It is an anthology of good verse and an epitome of the most suggestive events of all ages. Teachers would find it extremely useful.

One quotation among the eight hundred in the book seems to be incorrectly placed in this poetic calendar—St. John Honeywood's lines on Washington's Farewell Address, which are assigned to the anniversary of December 4, 1783. There were several valedictories in the career of the Father of his Country. What Washington Irving calls his "parting address"

to his troops was given in his general orders of November 2, 1783. On December 4 of that year he pledged a farewell toast to his principal officers in an upper room in Fraunce's Tavern, with no speech beyond two sentences of good wishes. Then came his eight years' service as President; and as this drew to a close he issued the document commonly known as the Farewell Address, which was dated September 19, 1796, and was published a day or two later in the *Philadelphia Advertiser*. It is to this last famous paper, of which Oliver Wendell Holmes remarked: "Nothing better than that since the last chapter in Revelations," that Honeywood's lines evidently refer, for they speak of Washington's approaching death:

Go, 'mid the shades of tranquil Vernon stray,
Then soar triumphant to the blest abodes
And join those chiefs whom virtue raised to gods.

This, however, is a very small blemish in a carefully compiled and really valuable book.

"TOMMY CORNSTALK"—An interesting sample of Australian literature.

Australia, latest born of the great English speaking countries, has scarcely had time, as yet, to create a literature; but no doubt she means to do so. She is energetic, self reliant, vastly ambitious, with a full appreciation of her great present opportunities and her still grander future prospects. A young community that can talk so easily of her magnificent destiny as mistress of the southern hemisphere is not likely to be content to remain dependent for her mental pabulum upon such comparatively effete countries as England and the United States. And it would not be strange if her literary independence were stimulated by her newly gained nationhood under a single government, and by the awakening of imperial spirit due to the South African war.

Such a book as the recently published "Tommy Cornstalk," by J. H. M. Abbott, who served as a non commissioned officer in one of the contingents that helped to conquer the Boers, is interesting as a specimen of an antipodean writer's work, and as an expression of the Australian's attitude towards his fellow members of the British Empire and towards the world at large. On his very first page Mr. Abbott clearly indicates his opinion that if, as seems to be the case, the rest of civilization knows little of the great island continent, it is about time for the rest of

civilization to mend its ignorance. He admits the necessity of explaining the title of his book:

It is a matter of some pride, perhaps, to Victorians that their province should grow the largest gum trees in all the Australias. Jealous of Victorian prowess in eucalyptus cultivation, so to speak, the other Australians refer to the Victorian people collectively as "Gumsuckers."

Because the popular banana finds the climate of Queensland suitable to its healthy being, the inhabitants of that colony are dubbed "Bananalanders."

It may have been that, to the early South Australians, means of subsistence came not easily. At any rate, they are called "Croweaters."

In delicate reference to the nature of their country, the West Australians are "Sandgropers."

Finally, the people of New South Wales, having acquired a reputation for lankiness and wiriness, have been named "Cornstalks."

And each one of these euphonious nicknames, it is to be remembered, belongs to a province which is, on an average, as large as half a dozen American States.

Very frank and characteristic, and spiced with no small savor of truth, is Corporal Abbott's comparison of the Australian and the British soldier:

Isn't it something for a one horse volunteer crowd like you to be a squadron of such a regiment as the one you are with—a regiment which was fighting before there was an Australia, a regiment which saw Waterloo and Balaklava? And another thing—isn't it something to have shown a regiment like that how to scout, how to take cover, how to ride, how to shoot; how, in short, to play this particular game as it should be played, and in the only way by which there is a possibility of success?

On page 82 of "Tommy Cornstalk" we read:

The accursed *rooinek*, whom the *predicant* has told her knows no respect for wife, or maiden, or mother, or little child.

It is perhaps hypercritical to point out, in so readable and so well written a book, such a small and obvious slip, the blame of which must be shared by author and proof-reader; but we trust that Australian writers are not going to try to make "whom knows" a regular usage.

POSTHUMOUS FAME—The tardy celebrity that may come to a great man's grandfather.

It is not unusual to find a person who is much in the public eye by reason of the prominence of a parent or grandparent; but it is somewhat remarkable to see the name of a long deceased gentleman emerging into the limelight of posthumous literary fame by reason of the eminence of a grandson. Such is the case, however, with the Rev. John Pierpont, who in his lifetime wrote certain poems chiefly re-

markable at present for the singular reason that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is the most prominent of American magnates of finance.

This is neither the time nor the place for invidious criticism of the Rev. Mr. Pierpont's poetry. But the train of thought aroused by his sudden emergence from comparative obscurity is an interesting one. We can picture, about the year 2000, the granddaughter of Miss Laura Jean Libbey becoming Mayoress of New York, and a resultant renaissance of those inspired masterpieces, "When His Love Grew Cold" and "Lovers Once, but Strangers Now."

Could one be sure of a descendant as prominent as Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the humblest scribbler need not fear oblivion. Several years ago a noble and inspiring line was current in this country, which demanded: "Why should we work while father keeps his health?" The literary version of this would seem to be: "Why labor to write masterpieces, if little grandson will promise to make his mark?"

THE VICE OF REPETITION—An error that must be due to carelessness in revision.

There seems to be reason in the cry that this is the age of haste and of carelessness. Here, for instance, is a case in point. In "Russian Political Institutions," a recent book by Professor Maxime Kovalevsky, a Muscovite scholar who has become connected with the University of Chicago, we read on page 81:

They [the Russian *sobors*] are probably the sole representative assemblies which never uttered a word about science or scholarship. It was chiefly due to their ignorance that their opinions about commercial intercourse with foreign countries was so little rational. It is not surprising if the whole policy of trade reduced itself, according to their understanding, to the elimination of the competition of the eastern and western merchants.

Turning to page 100 of the same volume we find:

The Russian *sobors* are probably the sole representative assemblies which never uttered a word about science or scholarship, and they were equally opposed to the freedom enjoyed by foreign merchants. Their whole policy of trade reduced itself to the elimination of competition.

Such a repetition, at a distance of only a few pages, forces the conclusion that the author never read over his manuscript, or proof sheets, before the book was printed. It is an extraordinary blemish to be found in a volume that contains much valuable and authoritative information.

The Architect of Blenheim.

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, DRAMATIST AND ARCHITECT, HIS BRILLIANT GENIUS AND VERSATILE CAREER, AND HIS LONG AND BITTER CONTROVERSY WITH THE FAMOUS SARAH CHURCHILL, FIRST DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

IN June of 1702, when Sir Christopher Wren, then in his seventieth year, and at the height of his fame, was surveyor general to the board of works in London, there was appointed to the comptrollership of the board—a post subordinate to Wren's, and salaried at eight shillings and eightpence a day—Captain John Vanbrugh, an officer who had studied architecture in France, but whose reputation had been won as the writer of the cleverest comedies of the day. A few years later, when Vanbrugh had given up the stage, and had gained fresh renown in his new profession, his unmanageable patrons, the militant John Churchill and his still more militant duchess, sought to pique the designer of Blenheim by commissioning Wren to plan their London mansion, Marlborough House. On the other hand, when the trustees of Greenwich Hospital became dissatisfied with the slow progress their building had made under Wren's superintendence, they turned to the younger man and enlisted his services to push the work to completion. It may be observed, incidentally, that the hospital apparently advanced no faster under Vanbrugh than under Wren—a fact for which neither architect may have been to blame, for procrastinating contractors and builders with a fondness for strikes were known long before the days of steel and steam.

Though their careers crossed at these points, there does not seem to have been any jealousy or rivalry between the two most famous architects that England produced from the time of Inigo Jones, in the early seventeenth century, to that of Sir Gilbert Scott at the middle of the nineteenth. Vanbrugh was a man of many friends and of few quarrels, despite the fact that the outstanding incident of his professional life was his bitter fight with the haughty dowager of Marlborough. He was violently attacked, it is true, by certain worthy people who could not brook the free and easy morals of his comedies.

Jeremy Collier thundered against him, and the Society for the Reformation of Manners—the well intentioned prototype of many later bodies—declared that he “had debauched the stage beyond the looseness of all former times.” But these were as voices in the wilderness, and the great world of his time agreed with the opinion expressed two generations later by Charles James Fox, that he was “almost as great a genius as ever lived.”

VANBRUGH'S ARCHITECTURE.

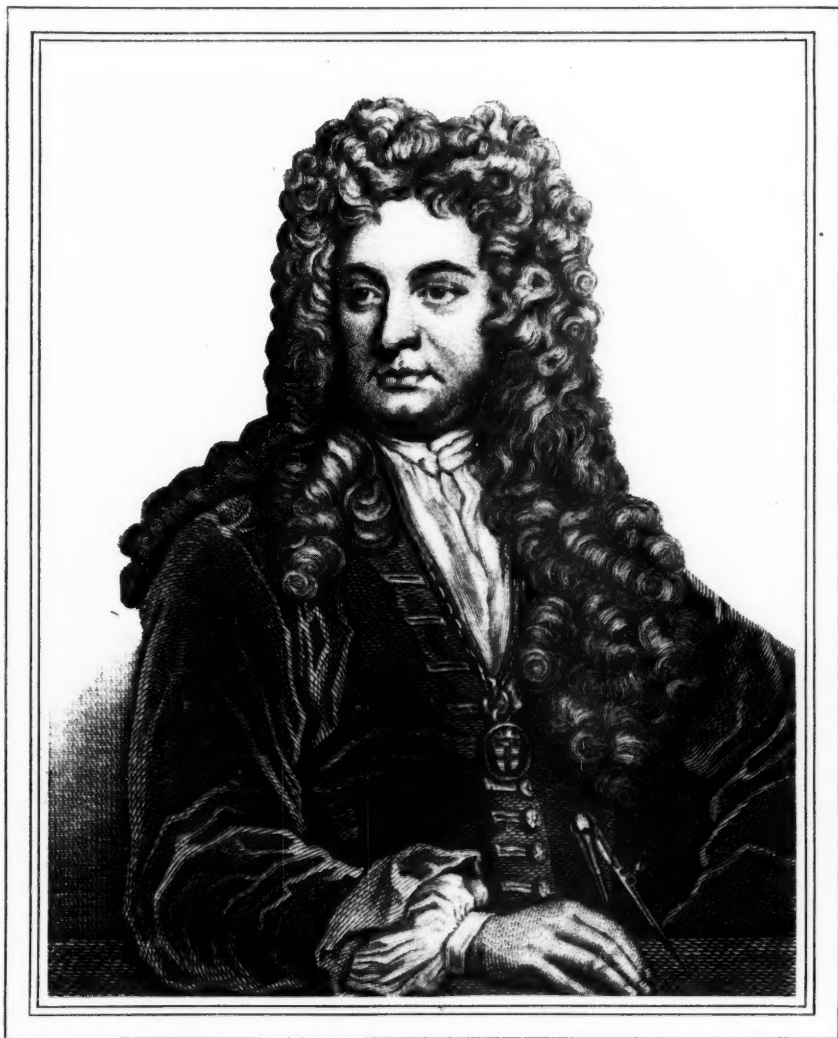
“All the world,” said Vanbrugh, in one of his letters, “is mad on building as far as they can reach.” For a world of such vaulting ambition his grandiose style was peculiarly suitable. As an architect, too, he was mightily admired by his contemporaries, almost his only critics being his political opponents. There is indeed the well known epigram—

Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee—

which was long attributed to Swift, but which was really composed by the Rev. Abel Evans, one of the “nine Oxford wits.” Its animus seems to have been its author's friendship for Vanbrugh's foe, the Duchess of Marlborough, who procured the reinstatement of Evans as chaplain of his college, St. John's, when he had been dismissed for an indiscretion. Swift did satirize Vanbrugh, as a Whig and as a friend of the great. The witty dean nicknamed the architect's house in Whitehall—no longer in existence—the “Goose Pie”; but when Vanbrugh's death had softened political enmities, the generous Irishman alluded to him as “a man of wit and honor.” Sir Samuel Garth, the London doctor and littérateur, who was a fellow member of the famous Kit Cat Club, compared Vanbrugh to Amphion, at the sound of whose magic lyre “stones mount in columns, palaces aspire.” Except the Marlboroughs, all his distinguished clients—among them the Earl of Carlisle, the

Earl of Manchester (progenitor of the present duke), the Duke of Aneaster, the Earl of Clare (afterwards Duke of Newcastle), and the Duke of Roxburghe—seem to have become his warm friends.

roundings; certainly not graceful. On a nearer view, its details are found to be heavy and coarse, and as a dwelling house its arrangement sacrifices comfort to grandeur, or rather to grandiosity.



SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, DRAMATIST AND ARCHITECT.

From an engraving by T. Chambers after the portrait by Kneller, painted in or about 1704.

His two chief monuments, besides his literary work, are Castle Howard, which has been somewhat altered since his time, and Blenheim, whose massive front stands just as he planned it, and is likely to stand so for generations to come. It is a striking, imposing, and characteristic structure; not beautiful, apart from its sur-

roundings; certainly not graceful. On a nearer view, its details are found to be heavy and coarse, and as a dwelling house its arrangement sacrifices comfort to grandeur, or rather to grandiosity.

received from so good a judge as Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THE CAREER OF JOHN VANBRUGH.

Typical representative as Vanbrugh was of the English life of his day, he was not of English descent. His grandfather was one Gillis van Brugg, of Ghent, who settled in London, was naturalized under letters issued by James I, and is recorded as a churchwarden of the parish of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. The churchwarden's son and namesake—the Flemish name being Englished as Giles Vanbrugh—migrated to Chester, a more important city then than now, where he established himself as a sugar baker. His son, John Vanbrugh, was born in London, but brought up in Chester, being educated at the old King's School there and in France. The father's vocation was not a very high sounding one, but the Vanbrughs were apparently a family of substance and of influential connections. The future architect and dramatist seems to have had from the first a soul above trade, and at twenty two he was commissioned an ensign in the Earl of Huntington's regiment.

Four years later, war having been declared between England and France, Vanbrugh, who had become a captain, was arrested at Calais and thrown into the Bastille,* though, as he remarked with characteristic nonchalance, he had "not the slightest idea what gained him the distinction of a lodging in so famous a fortress." After two years' imprisonment, during which he is said to have amused himself by drafting a comedy, he was released and went back to England.

In January, 1697, Colley Cibber's "Love's Last Shift" was produced at the Theater Royal. To Vanbrugh the play suggested the idea of writing a sequel, and the remarkable result—"got, conceived, and born in six weeks' space," as the prologue says—was "The Relapse." Produced at Drury Lane on Boxing Day of that year, the unfledged author's first comedy was an immense success; it remained a favorite long after his death, and has been revived, in differently entitled versions, at various dates down to a dozen years ago. "The Provoked Wife," "The False Friend," "The Confederacy," and two or three other plays followed, but Vanbrugh's literary activity ended with 1705. Within nine years he had won recognition as the

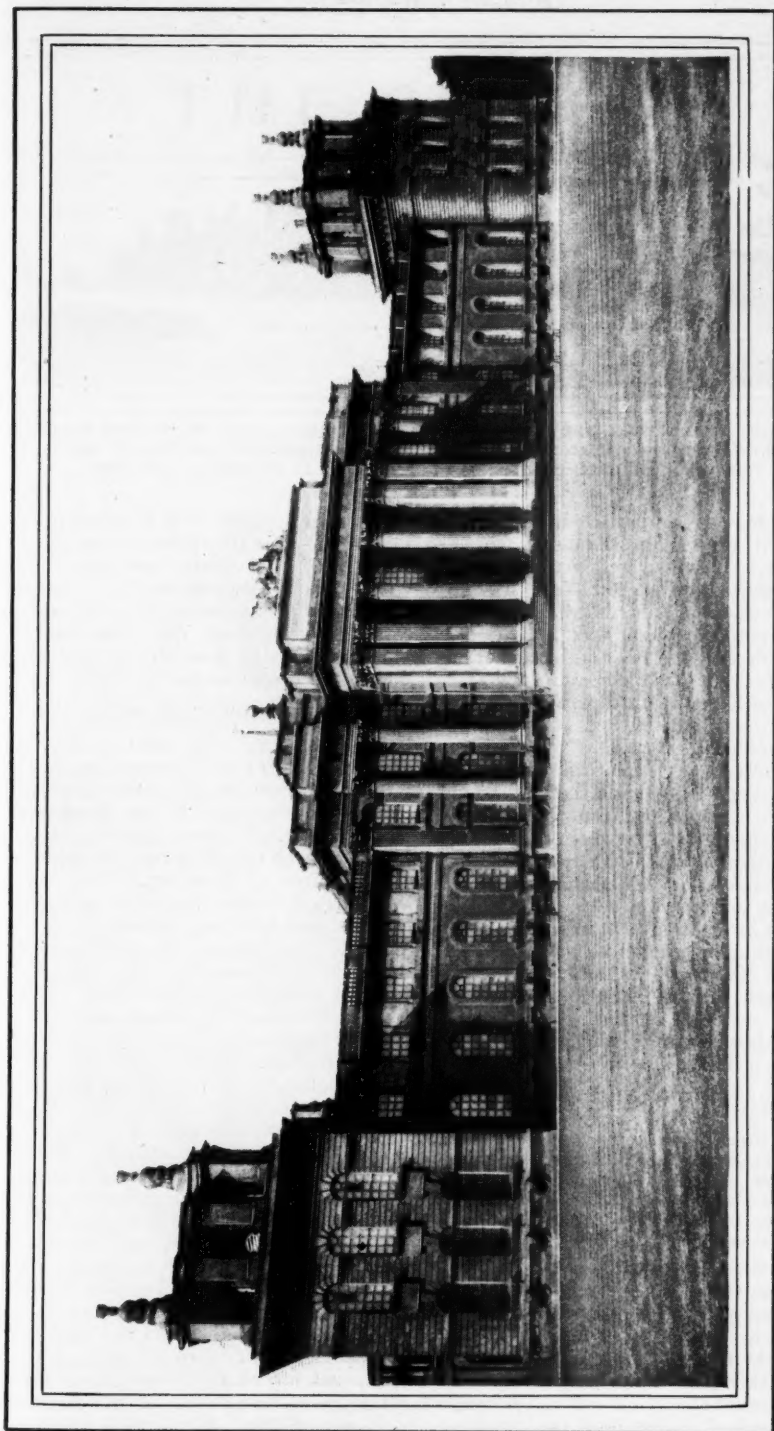
most brilliant dramatist of the period—an interesting though not an entirely creditable period in the history of the English stage. Moreover, within those same years he had gone into the absorbing business of theatrical management, having built, after his own plans, a costly new theater—whose site, "the second stable yard going up the Haymarket," is now occupied by His Majesty's; he had made his first success as an architect by designing Castle Howard for the Earl of Carlisle; and he had undertaken his post on the board of works, which can hardly have been a sinecure. He must have had little time for the social life in which he was such a shining light.

THE BLENHEIM CONTROVERSY.

Then came the task that was Vanbrugh's architectural triumph and his personal martyrdom. The nation having decided to present an estate and a palace to the great commander who overthrew Louis XIV's army at Blenheim, a fine demesne in Oxfordshire was purchased, and Captain Vanbrugh was commissioned, as "architect and surveyor," to design a worthy mansion. Troubles arose almost from the start. Parliament, in its wisdom, had voted the palace but had not voted the money to build it. For a time the work went on, grants being allowed by the royal surveyor general; but as Marlborough lost his favor at court, it became difficult, and at last impossible, to secure funds as they were needed. Extraordinary complications ensued. Vanbrugh held a document signed by Lord Godolphin, who represented Marlborough during his absence from England, authorizing the architect to make contracts on behalf of the duke; the duke repudiated it, and, though eager to inhabit his grand house before he died, would give no orders whatever for fear of incurring financial liability. The duchess was equally wary, and continually quarreled with Vanbrugh over his plans. It seems clear that the architect was treated unjustly by the Marlboroughs, by the government, and by fortune.

In 1712, when the queen, who had dismissed Marlborough from all his appointments, finally ordered the work at Blenheim stopped, two hundred thousand pounds having been spent and about fifty thousand more being due to contractors and workmen, an avalanche of claims descended upon Vanbrugh; and when he wrote a letter of protest he was deprived of his comptrollership. Then Anne died; and when George I came in Vanbrugh was reinstated, his injured feelings were salved

* In one of his letters to Tonson, the publisher, Vanbrugh, speaking of the Duchess of Marlborough's attempt to have him imprisoned for debt, says: "She endeavored to throw me into an English bastille, there to finish my days as I began them in a French one." Quoting this in his "Curiosities of Literature," Isaac Disraeli draws the extraordinary conclusion that Vanbrugh was born in the Bastille of Paris!



BLEMISH PALACE, NEAR WOODSTOCK, OXFORDSHIRE, BUILT BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH FOR THE FIRST DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, 1705-1724—THE FACADE, WHICH IS THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FEET LONG, IS SOMEWHAT DWARFED BY THE HUGE COLUMNS OF THE PORTICO.



CASTLE HOWARD, NEAR YORK, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF CARLISLE, BUILT BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, 1701-1714—THE SOUTH FRONT OF THE CASTLE IS THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THREE FEET LONG; ITS GENERAL DESIGN IS SOMEWHAT SIMILAR TO THAT OF BLENHEIM.

with the honor of knighthood, and an act was passed shifting the Blenheim debts to the crown. They were heavily scaled down, however, only about sixteen thousand pounds being paid, and when some of the contractors brought suit for the balance due them, there was another bitter encounter between architect and duchess.

Both sides rushed into print. The implacable Sarah published a pamphlet which branded Vanbrugh as "perhaps the only architect in the world capable of building such a house, and the only friend in the world capable of contriving to lay the debt upon one to whom he was so highly obliged." Sir John replied with a vigorous defense of his management. In his letters he uses language that even he would not have dared to publish. He calls his redoubtable antagonist "that wicked woman of Marlborough" and "the hussy." "She ought to be hanged," he says to Tonson.

A few years later, when the duke died, leaving a million pounds—not all of them too well gotten—Vanbrugh comments with amusing bitterness:

He has given his widow (may a Scottish ensign get her!) ten thousand pounds a year to spoil Blenheim her own way; twelve thousand a year to keep herself clean and go to law; and yet this man could neither pay his workmen their bills nor his architect his salary.

It appears, however, that Vanbrugh finally got the two thousand pounds due him for his work at Blenheim, Walpole—it is not known by what means—having induced the thrifty Sarah to pay it. But the last skirmish in the miserable campaign of squabbles was a distinct triumph for the duchess. Less than two years before his death Vanbrugh went to Wood-

stock with a party from Castle Howard, in order to visit Blenheim, which had just been finished without his aid, though strictly in accordance with his designs. When the duchess heard of it, she sent her servants to prevent Sir John and his young wife, who was also of the party, from setting foot within her gates.

VANBRUGH'S LAST YEARS.

Vanbrugh married late in life. On Christmas day, 1718, he wrote from Castle Howard—where he was always a welcome guest—complaining of the disagreeably cold weather. "I have almost a mind to marry to keep myself warm," he added—a typical piece of flippancy. Three weeks later he took to wife Henrietta Maria Yarbrough, daughter of a Yorkshire squire; he being fifty five years old, she twenty five. The marriage proved a very happy one. Lady Vanbrugh had one son, Charles, who went into the army and died of wounds received at Fontenoy.

Vanbrugh's architectural works include Grimsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, which he designed for the Duke of Ancaster; the old Clarendon Press building at Oxford, one of the least notable structures of the university city; and Floors, the fine seat of the Duke of Roxburghe, which has since been rebuilt. He also restored Kimbolton for the Earl of Manchester, and laid out the formal gardens of Stowe, in Buckinghamshire, for Sir Richard Temple, Viscount Cobham. Cobham, and most of his patrons, belonged to the Kit Cat Club; so too did Kneller, who painted Vanbrugh's portrait, and for whom the architect built a residence at Hounslow.

Vanbrugh died at his house in Whitehall on March 26, 1726.

THE STAGE

"IRIS" IS NOT FOR THE STAR.

It is rumored that there were many heartburnings among Charles Frohman's leading women when "Iris" was assigned

to Virginia Harned. But they might have spared themselves their pangs. The play is distinctly different from its predecessors in the Pinero problem series, in that



LULU GLASER, STARRING FOR HER SECOND SEASON IN "DOLLY VARDEN."

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.



VIOLA ALLEN, STARRING AS "ROMA" IN THE NEW HALL CAINE PLAY,
"THE ETERNAL CITY."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

it affords small opportunity for its central feminine character to tear passion to tatters. *Iris* is weak as water from first to last, and, being so, is probably nearer to truth than were the strong-willed *Mrs. Tanquerays*, *Mrs. Ebbsmiths*, and *Sophie Fullgarneys* who have hitherto walked the Pinero way.

Such is the reward of the fame a man like Pinero has achieved. He is allowed to make his plays follow the verities rather than the whims of players. One can readily imagine that if "*Iris*" were offered to a manager by some unknown dramatist, its author would be ordered to build up the leading woman's part so as to give her some sort of a scene. And the absence of all this claptrap, of this departure from things as they are in real life to reach out after stage traditions, is what makes "*Iris*" the great play it is.

Briefly, the story is of a widow whose husband's will takes his wealth from her should she ever marry again. She loses her heart to *Laurence Trenwith* (William Courtenay), who is young and attractive but poor. *Frederick Maldonado*, who is rich, older, and unattractive, proposes for her hand, and in the first act she accepts him, only to throw herself a little later into *Trenwith's* arms and bid him follow her to Switzerland. In the next act she loses her money without having to marry to do it, and is virtuously determined to wait on fifteen dollars a week while *Trenwith* goes out to British Columbia and makes his fortune. But *Maldonado* has been biding his time, and by leaving a green checkbook within reach of her itching palm, soon secures her complete surrender.

When *Trenwith* comes back with a competency, *Iris* tries to explain her fall, but *Trenwith* sees no excuse for her, and goes away in sorrow and in anger. Then enter *Maldonado*, and when he finds that it is still *Trenwith* whom she loves, he declares that his rival, in leaving *Iris*, is more sensible than he has been himself,

as "*Iris*" is, it is not such a piece as one would care to sit through a second time, though Pinero's workmanship is so clever that his output can usually bear repeated inspections.

Miss Harned is adequate in the title rôle. She deserves credit for not trying to make more out of it. Fay Davis, an



GRACE FREEMAN, APPEARING AS "MARJORIE JOY" IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY AT DALY'S, "A COUNTRY GIRL."

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

and orders her from the house. It is late at night, but the gentleman with the foreign name is inflexible, and when *Iris* has passed out he gives vent to his surging passions by smashing the furniture, on which episode the final curtain falls.

Not a pleasant story, certainly, but a strong one nevertheless, as its very sordid side shows it to be woven from the cloth of truth. Mr. Pinero has said that this is the last of his problem plays, and his admirers will be glad to hear it. Powerful

American who has won all her laurels in London, created the part on the other side. In the New York performance all the honors went to Oscar Asche, an Englishman from the Beerbohm Tree company, who was imported to play his original rôle of *Maldonado*. Of course it is a "fat" part, as the players would say, and Asche, who is a big man with a big voice, is exactly suited to it, but even though nature has fought half the battle for him, he should not be denied praise for his adept-



AIMÉE ANGELES, WHO, AS "MI MI" IN "A CHINESE HONEYMOON," MADE A HIT WITH HER IMITATIONS.

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

ness in the use of light and shade effects.

"Iris" was nothing like the success in London that "The Gay Lord Quex" was, but it seems to have caught the fancy of New York in a season which already out-rivals its predecessor in the number of early failures scored.

THE GRAND OPERA THAT LEADS THE WORLD.

New York continues to lead the world in grand opera. Although Paris, Vienna, and Berlin may provide longer seasons—in Paris, thanks to the presence of the American tourist, the opera house is never closed—they never offer so many really famous soloists in the one troupe. Nor does London do it in the annual spring term at Covent Garden, running from early May until the end of July, with a performance every night in the week.

The new Grau season opens a month earlier than it did last year, and will be much more extensive. As to the singers, Calvé is expected early and Melba late.

Eames and Sembrich are likewise to be on hand, and Nordica and Schumann-Heink will complete a rare sextet of celebrities. Two novelties in tenors are promised—Aloys Burgstaller, from Bayreuth, for Wagnerian rôles, and Enrico Caruso, an Italian of the Italians. The advance sale of seats is said to be the greatest in the history of the Grau seasons.

Last winter "Carmen" was given oftener than any other work. It is a prime favorite in Paris, too, where its record is now past the nine hundredth performance. This is the more remarkable seeing that it dates only from 1875, the first presentation having taken place at the Opéra Comique on the 3d of March in that year. And how the piece was "roasted" by the critics! One paper remarked that "the opera of M. Bizet includes some pretty fragments, but the oddity of the subject matter places the thing in the realm of the bizarre and the incoherent."

The eight principals who took part in that first performance are all still living, but poor Bizet, the composer, died in that same year, 1875. "Carmen" was first produced in New York in 1878, in that bril-



NENA NAOMI BLAKE, WITH ANNA HELD IN "THE LITTLE DUCHESS."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.



DOROTHY SHERROD, LEADING WOMAN WITH TIM MURPHY IN "A CAPITOL COMEDY."

From her latest photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.

hant season of the late Colonel Mapleson, when he had Etelka Gerster, Minnie Hauk, and Campanini under his banner. Minnie Hauk was the *Carmen*, and the furore she



EMMA CALVÉ, OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY, AS "MESSALINE."

From her latest photograph by Dupont, New York.

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created in the character was enormous. The original *Carmen* was Mme. Galli-Marie, now living in retirement in Marseilles. Dufriche, the *Zuniga* in that first

ron. Her father, a Spaniard and a civil engineer, died early, leaving the family without very much to depend upon. Emma's voice had already been noted in the



EMMA EAMES, OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY, AS SHE APPEARS IN "OTELLO."

From her latest photograph—Copyright by Dupont, New York.

cast, was recently made director of the Conservatory of Music in New York.

Calvé, the greatest *Carmen* of them all, is a Frenchwoman. Her real name is Emma de Roquer (the gift of voice seems to seek out Emmas), and she was born in Decazeville, in the department of Avey-

"Ave Marias" at the convent in which she was being educated, and in this emergency she determined on a musical career. After singing at a charity concert in Nice, her operatic début was made at Brussels in 1882, as *Marguerite* in "Faust." Her success was instantaneous, and she went



LOUISE GUNNING, LEADING WOMAN WITH DE WOLF HOPPER IN "MR. PICKWICK."

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York.

to Paris two years later. The season of 1892-3 first brought her to New York, in company with Melba.

Emma Eames, although an American, was born in Shanghai, China, and there passed the years of her infancy. She was educated in Boston, where she used to sing at the historical lectures given by Professor Paine in Chickering Hall. After a while she went abroad and studied in Paris, where she met Gounod, who gave her his ideas of *Marguerite* and *Juliet*. Her studies over, there came the question of a début. She was told that she ought to start as a prima donna, but such openings were hard to obtain. She had plenty of offers for small parts, but these she would not accept. Finally she was engaged by the Opéra Comique, but month after month passed and she was cast for nothing. At last she begged to be released, and the management promptly let her go. But she had her revenge. Soon afterwards—in 1889—she was engaged by the Grand Opéra, appeared as *Juliet*, and scored a triumph.

Studying art in Paris at this time was the young American, Julian Story, son of the sculptor, William Waldo Story. He fell head over ears in love with the young prima donna, but when he spoke his heart to her mother, she told him that such a thing was impossible.

"My daughter," she added, "could not think of giving up her career to marry."

"But we couldn't marry if she did give it up," the young lover replied frankly. "I haven't a cent."

Cupid finally had his way, and the two were married in 1891. After a honeymoon spent in Switzerland and Italy, Mrs. Story came to America for her first appearance under the Grau management.

THE LATEST THING IN PLOTS.

Who dares assert that the plots were all used up long ago, when the onward strides of science are constantly furnishing authors with new material? Take the playlet "At the Telephone," for instance. Twenty five years ago it could not have been written, for the excellent reason that there were no telephones. It is of French manufacture, and tells of a man who is obliged to leave his family in a lonely country house. He has arranged to have his wife call him up by telephone, and in the second scene we see him strolling in from a friend's dinner table, a hundred or more miles away.

The telephone bell rings, and his wife tells him that the butler who has been left



BRANDON TYNAN AS "ROBERT EMMET" IN HIS OWN PLAY OF THAT NAME.

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, NOW ON HER SECOND AMERICAN TOUR.

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York.

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to care for them has been called home. In reply, he begs her not to be worried, assures her that there is no danger, jokes with his little boy over the 'phone, says good night, and then returns to the after dinner cup of coffee with his hosts. But very soon the bell summons him once more, and the wife tells him this time that she hears prowlers around the house, and that the pistol he has left in the drawer of the table has disappeared. A moment or two

unite in deerying Charles Frohman's slipshod staging of the piece, which was hastily put on as a curtain raiser at the Garrick in an endeavor to stay the falling fortunes of "There's Many a Slip."

SOME OF THE PEOPLE IN "A COUNTRY GIRL."

"A Country Girl" at Daly's in New York appears to have duplicated the success it has achieved at Daly's in London.



EVIE GREENE AS "NAN" IN "A COUNTRY GIRL,"
AT DALY'S, LONDON.

From a photograph by Ellis, London.



HELEN MARVIN AS "NAN" IN "A COUNTRY GIRL,"
AT DALY'S, NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

later he hears the crash made by the robbers as they force their way inside, and the scream of his wife and child as they are done to death by the thieves. The curtain falls on the cry of agony sent up by the husband, who realizes his helplessness.

This, it will be seen, throws into the arena of the drama an entirely new emotional situation. A splendid opportunity for facial expression is afforded to the actor cast for the husband. In the New York offering, this fell to Edwin Stevens, who was lately the emperor in "A Chinese Honeymoon," and who last season figured as the villainous prime minister with Faversham in "A Royal Rival." He does good work against fearful odds, as the critics who saw the performance in Paris

At any rate, it is one of the few autumn attractions drawing big houses. Minnie Ashley, who was the hit of "San Toy" on this side, shares with William Norris the leading comedy rôles.

Norris is indeed a versatile fellow. Two years ago he carried away all the honors of "In the Palace of the King," as the jester. Previous to that he won all the good words anybody could find to say for a melancholy Zangwill play, in the character of a Hebrew poet. In the spring of '99 he scored heavily, made up as the hideous but amative private secretary in Robert Marshall's first play, "His Excellency the Governor." Last winter he was a jester again—and a mighty good one, too—in Otis Skinner's production of "Francesca



HELEN GRANTLEY, APPEARING IN "THE GIRL AND THE JUDGE."

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York.

da Rimini." This was after he had created the title rôle in "King Dodo" in the original Chicago presentation of that comic opera.

His *Barry*, the naval officer's man in "A Country Girl," has attracted so much attention that after this he will doubtless stick to musical comedy, although his personal preference is for character work of the eccentric type in drama.

Grace Freeman, who carries the serious interest of the piece, enacted the judge's daughter last year with "The Rogers Brothers in Washington."

Helen Marvin, the real country girl in the piece, was born in England, although she was brought up in the United States, her father being an American who married an English woman. The daughter attended school at a convent in the West, and sang in the choir. She early conceived the idea of going on the stage, and after her schooling was finished came to New York. The first manager she encountered was A. M. Palmer. She wanted to read lines of *Juliet*, *Rosalind*, and *Beatrice* to him, but he held up a protesting hand, and, finding that she could sing, gave her a post in the chorus of "A Stag Party." She rehearsed for six weeks and sang for two, which was the length of the play's life. After knocking about in several companies, Miss Marvin was assigned to her first part, which was *Aranka* in "A Dangerous Maid," at the

Casino. Then, after a long illness, finding advancement slow, she decided, as so many others have done, to try her luck in London. She studied singing, and last

spring met Mr. Duff of the New York Daly's, who had gone over to see the production of "A Country Girl." Mr. Duff is the late Augustin Daly's brother in law, and represents the Daly estate, which has the first option on all the plays brought out by George Edwardes at the London Daly's. In this way Miss Marvin came to be engaged for the part of *Nan*, the best she has ever had.

She says that she hopes next season to get a rôle that does not require a dialect, so that people may know her rolling of the letter R is Devonshire and not Western.

A JUMP INTO FAME.

Brandon Tynan, billed at the Fourteenth Street Theater as "the young romantic actor," has much of the romantic in his own career. Last season he was *Richard Eagen*, the young lover, with Dave Warfield in "The Auctioneer"; then, in August, he came forward in a New York theater as the star in a play which he had written himself, and which proved a success from the opening night. He is a modest youth withal; even off the stage he looks barely twenty. Born in Kings-town, Ireland, he came to this country when a mere boy, decided for the profession, and played small parts in blood and thunder drama to pay his way through the school of acting. At one time he was a member of the Lyceum stock, and year before last enacted *Charles Fox* with John Drew in "Richard Carvel."

In choosing "Robert Emmet" for the theme of his play, young Tynan treated a subject very close to his heart. His acting shows a much more reposeful method than most players in his class display, and the new piece he hopes to have ready for next autumn will be awaited with interest—if the hit of "Robert Emmet" will allow of a substitute being put on so soon.

OF THE STAGE, STAGEY.

The strongest note in Henrietta Crosman's new play, "The Sword of the King," is transparency. There is absolutely no illusion. Through every situation one can see the theatric effect that had been planned for. Naturally, it suits Miss Crosman down to the ground. There is no reason why it should not, as her measure was carefully taken. The comedy, as it is called, was made by Ronald MacDonald from his novel, which, strange to say, seeing that it has reached the stage, did not sell into the hundreds of thou-

sands. No doubt the piece will draw. It gives Miss Crosman a chance to wear man's attire, and to wave a sword à la "Mistress Nell," and it has a really fine curtain episode in the second act. But the success of so bunglingly constructed an affair will be a setback to the drama. Not one situation grows naturally out of what has gone before. The characters are mere puppets, who do things because the playwright pulls the strings.

The prologue shows *Philippa Drayton's* bedchamber, and includes a disrobing scene, with *Philippa* behind the bed curtains, and the hiding of her lover in the bed, trussed up as an old serving woman with the toothache. Of course he escapes and makes his way to Holland, where he remains for three years, while *Philippa* grows up, so that he won't know her in his own clothes when she saves the life of the *Prince of Orange* in the next act. This brings about an alleged exciting combat with the Jacobites off stage, and sends its participants dribbling back on the scene like frightened chickens in a barnyard scuffle.

In the next act, through a preposterous chain of events, the lover is brought to draw his sword on the supposed youngster, with whom he is sharing the night watch at the door of the prince's bedchamber. Then he takes out his handkerchief to stanch the wound, while *Philippa*, clutching wildly at her breast, protests that he shan't touch her, and then, finding concealment hopeless, tells him the truth—that she is a woman and his boyhood sweetheart. This whole act is more or less offensive, through the constant effort of the players to accentuate the real sex of the young soldier. In justice to Mr. MacDonald it should be said that many of the questionable incidents were introduced by the stage management.

Mr. MacDonald, who is about forty years old, is the son of George MacDonald, the well known Scottish clergyman and novelist. "The Sword of the King" was written as a play many years ago, but failed to score. Then the author turned it into a novel, just as was done with "D'Arcy of the Guards," Henry Miller's vehicle of last season. Miss Crosman's demand for dramas of doublet and hose suggested a fresh attempt to put the thing before the footlights.

"CARROTS" AND "THE MOUSE" CATCH ON.

Ethel Barrymore must be a very happy young woman these days. She no doubt looks back on her experience in "Cather-

ine," with Annie Russell, as on the fabric of an ugly dream. She had just returned from a season with Henry Irving in London, only to be told by the New York critics that she had a poor voice. But Mr. Frohman had faith in Georgia Drew's daughter, and, not daunted by Philadelphia's chill reception of her in "Captain Jinks," brought the piece to the metropolis, where it ran for two hundred nights, and "made good" for two seasons. And now, with "A Country Mouse" and a touching curtain raiser from the French, "Carrots," Miss Barrymore has made another ten strike.

"Carrots," a study in family life, gives Miss Barrymore her first opportunity to appear in man's attire. She impersonates a boy of fifteen, misunderstood by both father and mother, who in turn have been estranged from each other. The manner in which the three shy natures are brought together makes a unique drama in miniature.

Ethel Barrymore surprised everybody by her good work in a rôle that lay altogether outside her previous range of types. Most of us had come to believe that her success in "Captain Jinks" was the result of a happy affinity between part and personality. Without *Carrots* we might have continued in that belief, for *Angela Muir* of "A Country Mouse" is an eccentric young woman outlined against a society background, just as *Aurelia Johnson* of "Captain Jinks" was. In the double bill Charles Frohman has found his first really strong card of the theatrical year, and there seems little reason to doubt that Miss Barrymore can remain at the Savoy throughout the season.

Her support is for the most part excellent. Bruce McCrea, her leading man, is an actor suggesting plenty of reserve force, with that emphatic manly personality which schools of acting can never hope to supply if nature has not imparted it. He is the father in the first play, and in the second the wicked "gentleman" who lures the *Country Mouse* to his Bond Street chambers with the assurance that they are a part of the tea room below. Mr. McCrea is an Englishman, and was leading man with Julia Marlowe in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Previous to that he enacted *Dr. Watson* with Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes." Harry Davenport, late of "The Liberty Belles," plays the *Duke of St. Kits*, the old man in the comedy.

Next to Miss Barrymore's own, the hit of the double bill was made by Mrs. Fanny Addison Pitt as the mother in "Carrots"

and as *Mrs. Cropper*, the talkative lodging house keeper in "A Country Mouse." Mrs. Pitt will be remembered as *Mrs. Stonington* in "Captain Jinks," one of the two ladies who objected to "Traviata." *Mrs. Stonington* interpreted for her mute friend, *Miss Merriam*, which was played by Sidney Cowell.

THE NONENTITY OF "THE NINETY AND NINE."

It is to be hoped that the great success of "Robin Hood" at the Academy of Music will inspire the managers of that barn-like structure with the effort to book only musical shows for it in future. Where big box office receipts and a certain respect for the traditions can walk hand in hand, as was the case with the "Robin Hood" revival, there seems small reason for sticking to melodramas which steadily deteriorate in quality. "The Ninety and Nine" is, if possible, a little worse than "Quincy Adams Sawyer." The much vaunted locomotive scene, supposed to show a full sized engine dashing through a blazing forest, is a feeble makeshift. The fire is confined to small pieces of red flannel set up in grooves and agitated by electric fans, while a woods set pulled rapidly across the background is intended to furnish the engine with the semblance of motion. The same device was employed in the "Ben Hur" chariot race, but there the galloping of the horses on the treadmills had at least a genuine sound. Few and feeble are the thrills produced by the revolving wheels of a locomotive that gets nowhere.

The story leading up to this half minute scene is a dreary rehash of an old tale. A city man steals the heroine from her country lover, and takes to drink for no reason except to afford this same young lady a chance to work in Sankey's hymn. The best thing in the play is the smallest member of the cast, Harry Le Van, impersonating a New York arab transplanted to Indiana. The applause his work awakened was much more genuine than the furore the press agent has credited to the "hell fire scene," to quote the program language.

THE BELASCO AND THE PRINCESS.

Two freshened auditoriums, making practically new theaters, and each with a new name, were added to New York's list of playhouses during the past autumn. Hammerstein's Republic was thrown open on September 29 as the Belasco, with what is probably the handsomest interior in the

country. Good taste is the dominant note, and the Napoleonic era the period exemplified in the style of decoration. Tapestry and gold leaf are used without stint, and a distinct novelty is the permanent screen rising from carpet to ceiling at the rear of the orchestra floor, cutting off the drafts and noises from the street. Another innovation is the Marie Antoinette ladies' room, completely equipped, even to rouge pot and powder puff, while the gentlemen's smoke room is supplied with writing paper and the latest magazines. But the solid comfort of the chairs was the feature that awakened the loudest chorus of praise from the first nighters, who saw a brilliant performance of Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry," with the same company—barring a new *Richelieu*—that gave the Belasco play for five months at the Criterion last season.

Although in "Du Barry" Mrs. Carter has one of the longest and most trying rôles in modern drama, it is not nearly so fatiguing as was her work in "The Heart of Maryland." After her swing from the bell in that melodramatic piece, she always remained for some moments really hysterical.

"Are you not simply used up?" some one asked her one night just after the curtain had fallen on the last scene of "Du Barry."

"Not in the least," was her reply. "I could begin right now and go through the whole of it again. You see, I love it so! They bring chairs for me to sit on during my waits, but I never need them."

"Du Barry" will be followed on December 1 by the new piece for Blanche Bates, the nature of which was for so long kept secret. It turns out to be a Japanese play, designed to fill out a whole evening, and prepared by John Luther Long, author of "Madame Butterfly," with Mr. Belasco's assistance. It bears the euphonious title, "The Darling of the Gods," and Miss Bates—who created *Madame Butterfly*—will have the assistance of such clever people as Robert T. Haines, for leading man; George Arliss, who scored heavily with Mrs. Patrick Campbell last year; Ada Lewis, formerly the "tough girl" with Harrigan; and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcott, for so many years identified with the good fortunes of the Lyceum stock.

The other made over theater is the Princess, late the Comique, before that Sam T. Jack's, previously Herrmann's, and originally the home of the San Francisco Minstrels. A deal of sweeping and garnishing was necessary in this case, and the

Shuberts have certainly succeeded in substituting comfort and elegance for cheap tinsel and the commonplace. The auditorium is small, lending a drawingroom atmosphere to the performances, which is especially favorable to "The Night of the Party," Weedon Grossmith's farce, which, with Mr. Grossmith himself and his entire London company, formed the opening bill. The piece certainly deserves to duplicate in America its over sea success. If it does not do so, difference in taste in the two countries must be held accountable. The production was favorably received by the New York critics, and is infinitely to be preferred to the comedies from the French, such as "The Two Schools," with which Mr. Frohman replaced "The New Clown" at the Madison Square.

THE UNDOING OF STARS.

Perhaps no single announcement of the year in the theatrical world was so surprising to many people as the statement that William Collier was to become a member of the Weber & Fields troupe. It seemed only yesterday that he was acclaimed the most successful of the stars in farceland, and it seemed incomprehensible that he should willingly forego an assured income and big type. With De Wolf Hopper and Lillian Russell the case was different. Each had been before the public in his or her particular line for a good many years, and there was the possibility that the public might have grown a little tired of them; but Collier had just been promoted to the position of Broadway favorite. People were still talking of the hit of "On the Quiet," and "The Diplomat," although not so good, was drawing well.

It is in this matter of plays that the explanation lies. Mr. Collier worked like a slave to make "The Diplomat" the success it was. For weeks after the first night, not a day passed without a rehearsal of new matter which he had himself invented. This meant a ceaseless strain on the nerves, likely to be repeated every time he brought out a new piece. The music hall, on the other hand, is a haven of rest for him. He draws a great big salary, has a position for his wife, Louise Allen, in the company, and the assurance that Weber & Fields will build him a theater in the near future. Then, perhaps, his troubles will begin all over again; but he can always let the theater to somebody else, and allow the other man to do the worrying over plays, which is the cause of most of the furrowed brows in stageland.

John Burt.*

BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS.

XXIV.

FORTUNE had been kind to John Burt since he fled by night from the shores of New England. He entered on his New York career possessed of gifts which rarely fall to a young man. He had a superb physique, youth, health, wealth, knowledge, experience, and intuition—the seven pointed star of success and power.

He looked from his office window at the swarming throngs on Wall and Nassau Streets. Within a stone's throw were the master spirits of the money world; men whose names were mountains of financial strength, whose smallest deeds were carefully recorded for the delectation of an eager public. And John Burt smiled to think that he was one of them—a leader, but unknown. He had all the substance of fame—none of its acclaim. In all the world only two persons knew that such a man as John Burt lived—James Blake and Peter Burt.

John Burt owned stock in thousands of miles of railroads. He was an investor in other great enterprises and activities. An army of men worked under his direction, and the stock market rose and fell at the pressure of his unseen hand. For years he had rebelled at the fate which made him a recluse, which denied him the fellowship and confidence of his peers. He felt a great joy in the knowledge that the day was approaching when he could assume his true place in the world of affairs.

But of earth's countless millions there was one above all others to whom he longed to tell his secret. He impatiently awaited the hour when he could look into Jessie Carden's face and read her eyes. The last news he had of her was that she was expected soon to return from Paris. He knew how the elder Morris had entrapped General Carden. The part played by the son was not so plain, but John Burt's intuition told him the essence of the truth. He realized that Jessie's father was in the grasp of Arthur Morris; but what of Jessie herself?

He knew little of women, and though his faith was firm he would have been more than human had not the venomous arrows of doubt assailed his heart. Perhaps he had waited too long. Perchance she thought him dead, or, if alive, recalcitrant to his vows. At such moments he recalled with a thrill the confident prophecy of his grandfather: "She will wait for you; she will wait for you."

John Burt was not the man supinely to await the fulfilment of predictions. He determined to reveal himself to Jessie Carden at the earliest possible moment. He also resolved to crush Arthur Morris, and to help General Carden to rehabilitate himself. He surveyed the situation as a general surveys a field of battle, and saw a chance to attain both objects by one stroke. He was not yet sure of his ground, and therefore massed all the resources at his command in an examination of the L. & O. railroad property. He wired John Hawkins to come to New York, and was pleased when a message came from his California partner stating that he would start at once. In the mean time he had commissioned Blake to secure control of the option held by General Carden, with results already narrated.

Blake told John of his invitation to dine at the Bishop house.

"I was hoping the old gentleman would say something about Jessie, but he didn't," explained Jim. "Of course I'm not supposed to know he has a daughter. The general was so pleased with our proposition that he hardly knew what he was saying. When I see him at the house, you can rest assured I will find out about Miss Carden."

"If she has not sailed, get her Paris address from General Carden," said John after a moment's reflection. "You can lead up to the subject by saying that you once lived in Rocky Woods. I am very anxious about this, Jim, and know I can rely on your discretion."

"Never fear," said Blake confidently. "You shall know all about it in a few days."

* Copyright, 1902, by Frederick Upham Adams.—This story began in the June number of MUNSIE'S MAGAZINE.

From the founding of the firm of James Blake & Company a nine o'clock morning conference had been an established custom. Regularly at that hour Blake entered John Burt's private office to receive instructions formulated by the unknown head of the concern.

Blake arrived in his office at an unusually early hour on the morning following his visit to the Bishop house. He had spent a miserable and restless night, racked by passions and torn by emotions which strove for mastery of heart and brain. No sleep came to his eyes, and for hours he paced the floor.

"I love her—my God, how I love her, but I also love John!" he exclaimed again and again, as the night hours crawled slowly away. "What shall I do; what can I do? I cannot give her up. By God, I will not give her up for any man; not even for John Burt! Dear old John! What a dog I am! What a damned hound I am to turn and bite the hand which feeds me! But I love her! Am I to blame for loving her? How can I help it? A man cannot love a friend as he loves a woman. Would John surrender the woman he loved for me? What am I going to do? I must decide this morning. If I tell John she is in New York, he will see her inside of twenty four hours. Does she love him? Every one who knows John loves him. He's the grandest fellow in the world. She liked him when she was rich and when he didn't have a dollar; will she love him now when he is twenty times a millionaire and when she is practically penniless? Of course she will. But she would learn to love me were it not for John. She shall love me! She must love me! I cannot live without her!"

In this unequal conflict between loyalty and passion in a weak and self indulgent nature, passion won the battle, but at a frightful sacrifice. Blake's conscience cried out against the decision, and no sophist pleading could still its voice. His judgment warned him that he was doomed to defeat, but with the frenzied desperation of a gambler he staked everything—honor, friendship, loyalty, success in life—all on the turn of a card, and dared to meet John Burt with treachery in his heart and a lie on his lips.

Surely it was not Jessie Carden's fault that her youth, beauty, and innocence aroused in James Blake a wild and unreasoning love. Fate had located four human beings for a short space of time in an obscure part of Massachusetts. Chance had decreed that James Blake should be

a boyhood friend of John Burt; that Jessie Carden should visit the house of their neighbor; that Arthur Morris should come to know two of them through a whim of his banker father. And then fate scattered these human atoms to the four corners of the earth, only to pick them up and place them in New York.

One of the three men was strong and patient, one was weak and passionate, one was cunning and unscrupulous, and each with all the strength of his being fixed his heart on this one woman.

Blake knew that John Burt was in his private office, but for the first time in his life he hesitated to enter. He strolled slowly into the large room reserved for customers. Though it lacked more than an hour before the first quotation would come over the ticker, a score or more of men were scattered about the room. Those who knew the famous operator bowed respectfully. Blake gazed absent mindedly at a bulletin board containing the early London and Paris prices. He read them, but they had no meaning. He looked out of the window. The hands of the clock on old Trinity pointed to the hour of nine; as he watched, the bell rumbled the strokes.

The moment for action had arrived. Was this the same James Blake who, twenty four hours before, had with light step and lighter heart advanced to greet John Burt? He turned quickly and left the room.

"Who is that gentleman?" asked a smooth cheeked and dapper young man who had embarked on his first speculative venture by risking the major part of his quarterly allowance.

"Why, don't you know?" exclaimed his companion. "I should have introduced you. That's James Blake—the famous and only James Blake. I know him well," the speaker added proudly. "Took dinner with him at the club Saturday evening. You shall meet him, Lawrence. Charming fellow, and the greatest operator this country has ever produced. If you had his millions, my boy, you could buy Erie in ten thousand share lots."

"Dashing looking chap, isn't he?" observed the novice. "By Jove, he's handsome! Looks a bit fagged out, though. Been up most of the night, perhaps. Seems worried over something, don't you think?"

"There's a big deal on," said the other with a sage smile and lowered voice. "I happen to know that Blake is gunning after old Stockton. There'll be fur flying in this market in a few days. That's

why Blake is so quiet. He's just been elected a director in the S. T. & C. Five years ago he didn't have a dollar. Twenty million in five years is his record; and it hasn't enlarged his hat in the least. He tells a good story, sings a good song, and no man in the club can drink him under the table. By the way, he told me of a joke on young Rogers. You know Rogers, of course?"

"Certainly. What's the story?"

"Well, he's a high flier, and not afraid to risk his money on any fair chance. About a week ago he gave a dinner at Delmonico's, and at it were several Wall Street operators. Rogers is always on the lookout for market tips. As a rule he's rather cautious in his habits, but that night he drank a bit too much, and awoke the next morning in a rather muddled condition. But he was perfectly clear on one thing. Somebody had given him a pointer to buy oats, and had convinced him that he ought to do it. Who gave him this information, or what the argument was, Rogers could not recall, but the impression was vivid on his mind. Now, he knew nothing of oats, or of any other grain; had never dealt in a bushel in his life. But he went ahead as if he knew all about it. He bought a hundred thousand bushels, and the price began to climb. Then he bought some more. The shorts got scared and ran to cover. On the final jump Rogers covered, and cleaned up ninety thousand dollars.

"That night he hunted up his guests and tried to find the man who had given him such valuable advice. None of them knew anything about it. Rogers got worried. His coachman drove him home, and as he stepped from his carriage his man said:

"Excuse me, sir, but did you order them oats? Last night you promised to buy fifty bushel. We're clean out, sir."

"Rogers had found the man who told him to buy oats. He gave the fellow a five hundred dollar bill, told him to buy fifty bushels of oats, and keep the change. Ha, ha, ha! Pretty good, don't you think? Blake told me that the other night."

James Blake had entered John's office. In the final struggle his passion was again triumphant, and he nerved himself for the ordeal. John greeted Blake with his accustomed frankness.

"You handled that Northwestern stock splendidly, Jim," he said, glancing over a memorandum. "Keep on buying it in small lots and deal as much as possible from the Chicago end. You look a bit

tired, lad. I'm afraid you've been working too hard. Why don't you take a run into the country and rest up over Sunday—or longer, if you wish? Hawkins won't be here until Tuesday. You'd better do that, old man. Go up the Hudson and forget the ticker for three days. It'll do you good."

"I'm all right," said Blake, rubbing his hand tenderly over his face. "A bad tooth kept me awake, but a dentist fixed that this morning. I dined with General Carden last night, John. I suppose you're anxious for the news."

"Has she returned? Did you see her, Jim?"

John Burt had been sorting over labeled packages of stock certificates, but at the mention of General Carden's name he swung slowly about in the office chair. His powerful hands clasped the opposite arms of the chair. He leaned slightly forward, and looked earnestly and searchingly into the face of his friend. The attitude was characteristic of Peter Burt, but there was no suspicion in John's eyes. It was a look of confident hope, as of one who, after long waiting, had the right to expect favorable tidings.

"Miss Carden has not returned, but she is expected to sail next Tuesday," said Blake, calmly lighting a cigar. "I thought it wouldn't do to ask General Carden for her address, since nothing but a cablegram could reach her before the sailing date."

A shade of disappointment passed over John Burt's face when Blake spoke, but a smile chased it away when he mentioned the time of her departure.

"You did right, Jim; a thousand thanks, old man!" he exclaimed heartily. "Let's see; Tuesday is the thirteenth. I'm glad Jessie isn't superstitious. That should bring her to New York on the 20th. That's thirteen days from now."

Blake turned ashen when the second thirteen was announced; but John's eyes were fixed on the innocent calendar, his thoughts were four thousand miles across a heaving ocean, and he did not notice the superstitious agony imprinted on the other's face. By what miserable chance had Jim selected that ominous date? Why should the fatal number repeat itself? For an instant he resolved to abandon his desperate plot. It was not yet too late. He could laughingly proclaim it a jest, and tell John the truth. But the fair face and graceful form floated before his eyes, and a mad, wild longing froze the words on his lips. He had cast the die—he would abide by the

result. His judgment warned him that the odds were overwhelming, but with insane daring he burned the bridges behind him. It was a gambler's chance—had not he been a gambler all his life?

John Burt leaned back in his chair and half closed his eyes.

"Two weeks is a short time in which to accomplish what I have set out to do," he said after a long pause. "I should like, Jim, to settle some long standing accounts before Jessie returns, and I believe it can be done. I had thought of waiting for Hawkins before making certain moves, but I shan't now. I'm convinced my position is right in the matter of L. & O., and while I should like to be sure of Mr. Hawkins' support, I've determined to go ahead and attempt to secure control of the stock. What did it close at last night?"

"I'll see," replied Blake, glad of the chance to leave the room. "It closed at twenty eight and a quarter bid," he announced a few moments later. The crisis was past, and Blake had regained his composure.

"Twenty eight and a quarter," repeated John Burt. "Take all offerings up to thirty, but do not force the market too rapidly. Watch it closely, Jim, and keep me thoroughly advised. And, by the way, I wish to see Sam Rounds—the Hon. Samuel Lemuel Rounds," said John, laughing. "He called on you yesterday, did he not? Send for him at once, and tell him you wish to see him on important business. Bring him in here and leave us alone. I'm going to widen my world of acquaintances by one. I feel like a man whose prison term is about to expire."

After considering a number of less important details, they ended the morning's conference. Blake entered his own office and flung himself into a chair. He felt as if he had aged years in the hour that had passed.

XXV.

WHEN Randolph Morris retired in favor of his son, he transferred no small burden of responsibility to the shoulders of the latter. Randolph Morris was a self made man. His biography, as contained in the "Encyclopedia of Prominent American Citizens," was an eloquent testimonial of his right to stand among those sturdy and sterling characters whose efforts have made for our national greatness.

The steel engraved portrait in this standard and unimpeachable publication bore the title, "The Hon. Randolph Mor-

ris, Banker and Eminent Financier," and a glance at it proved that the distinguished subject had not mistaken his vocation. A wise nature has decreed that some shall be bankers, some preachers, and some barbers; and lest these specially chosen mortals should attempt to stray from their predestined paths, the stamp of their trades has been imprinted on their faces.

Nothing could have blocked the way of Henry Ward Beecher to a pulpit, and no possible chain of circumstance could have locked the doors of a bank in the face of Randolph Morris. He was fitted for an environment of the musical clink of gold and the moldy smell of greenbacks.

It was not heredity, but natural selection, which decreed that Randolph Morris should win fame as a financier. His Connecticut parents fondly imagined that he was to be a farmer, like themselves. Despite their efforts to tether him to the soil, he became a clerk in a country grocery store at the age of fourteen, and three years later he was a tradesman in the State metropolis. By the same mighty instinct which directs a duck to water, young Morris migrated to New York and to a bank. Having been born a financier, it is not strange that he attained a bank at the early age of thirty.

Though his biographer made no mention of the fact, Randolph Morris—or more properly his descendants—can make valid claim that he was the pioneer in exploiting an unworked field of banking and finance. Most self made men are practical men, and there was nothing sentimental about Randolph Morris. It is the mission of a banker to amass money. If some one did not amass money, carpenters could not build houses nor farmers till the soil. This being true—and all practical men affirm that it is—it naturally follows that the more money is amassed, and in the least space of time, the more employment there will be for carpenters, masons, farmers, and others who need employment rather than money.

Randolph Morris had ever been impressed with the definition of a straight line—"the shortest distance between two points"—and he put it into practice. His bank was one point; money was the other. The question was, where was the largest available supply of money to be secured in the least time and with the least expenditure of effort? Randolph Morris paved the way to a solution of that problem. With that rare prescience which links the names of mortals with the progressive epochs of our civilization, he saw that the city treasury was the point on

which he should lay his ruler to draw a straight line connecting it with his bank.

It should not detract from the credit of Randolph Morris that more modern financiers have, by drawing the line to the national treasury, attained a measure of power and fame so resplendent as to obscure the exploits of this pioneer. It was necessary that a Franklin should draw a spark of electricity from the clouds before an Edison could light the world, or a Tesla harness Niagara. Perchance some more worthy historian may give Randolph Morris his proper place in the financial hall of fame.

While other bankers were competing for the deposits of a timid public, Morris reached boldly out and obtained a large share of the money reluctantly turned into the city treasury by the taxpayers. It was an easy thing to do. The idea was the thing, and Randolph Morris conceived the idea. Nor did he stop there.

He was one of the first to realize that municipal contracts and the construction and operation of public utilities were the best possible investments for the money transferred to his keeping by the city officials. The public gave him the use of its money; he created utilities which the public must patronize—and kept the profits.

There were rumors that Randolph Morris divided a portion of his profits with those public officials who had the disposition of the city's funds, the awarding of contracts, and the granting of franchises. It is the fate of most men who attain to greatness that their ears are assailed by the barking and snapping of envious or unpractical nonentities. There is no record in the public prints or in the various biographies of Randolph Morris that any of these charges were definitely formulated, much less proven.

Those admiring contemporaries who were honored with his confidence assert that he did not associate even with the higher public officials, and certainly not with aldermen. Surely Randolph Morris cannot be held responsible for the acts of over zealous subordinates!

It is worth while to reflect that no case of bribery or of improper influence has yet been traced to the door of a great banker or financier. When such acts are exposed, it has always been found that meddlesome outsiders are the guilty persons, and it is merely an unfortunate coincidence that they were working for the same ends finally attained by the respectable and responsible gentlemen who have unjustly fallen under the shadow of their

obloquy. Surely no one dares charge the public spirited and honorable men who are at the head of our great corporations with the responsibility for the lobbies which haunt our halls of legislation! We only know that lobbies exist. It is singularly fortunate for our vested interests that the influence of the so called "third house" is for them rather than against them. Though the uniformity of this trend is remarkable, it doubtless is in conformity with some undefined but natural law.

Arthur Morris inherited his father's money and his ambitions, but not his masterly grasp of affairs. Astute as he was in most things, Randolph Morris was deceived in his estimate of his son and heir. This error of judgment does credit to the parental love of the elder Morris, and may be condoned on that ground. To the fond eye of the father, Arthur possessed the very qualities which had founded the Morris fortunes; yet by some strange alchemy, which preserved the external while transforming the hidden, what was judgment in the elder Morris became daring in Arthur; policy in the former degenerated to cunning in the latter; caution changed to covetousness, and conservatism to unscrupulousness. So impalpable were the surface indications that they might never have been discovered were it not for the results which followed Arthur's accession to the throne of the Morris dynasty.

Arthur Morris had little sympathy with that fine old conservatism which stops short of direct participation in corruption. He believed, as has been stated, that every man has his price, and was willing to pay it, provided it promised returns. He looked on New York as an aggregation of human beings who were willing to be looted, and who deserved such treatment. Suspicious of agents, and from sordid reasons deeming them unnecessary, he preferred to deal direct with those willing to violate their public trusts. In fact, he fancied the task, and found the companionship of recreant officials congenial. It gave him power with profits.

The renegade who for a thousand dollars sold a public right worth ten times the amount still considered Morris his benefactor, and held himself under obligations to his briber. This purchased loyalty is one secret of the success of political machines. It is that gratitude which has been so aptly defined as "a lively sense of favors to come." It is the cohesive power of public plunder.

In two years' time Morris had mastered

the local political situation, so far as its venality was concerned. He did not work in the dark, and was proud to be recognized as the dominant factor in all transactions where the purchased favors of politicians were necessary. He knew no politics.

"A check, a contract, and a franchise belong to no party," was an axiom of which Arthur Morris proudly admitted the authorship.

He was the controlling factor in a powerful bank, an acknowledged master of corrupt political influences, and a daring operator on the stock exchange—a compact trinity of seemingly irresistible power. His smile was sought; his frown dreaded. Until James Blake established himself in New York, no young millionaire was in a position to challenge his supremacy, and the wise ones predicted that should Blake dare measure lances, he would go down to defeat. As yet, the dashing young California operator was an unknown quantity, and New Yorkers are slow to recognize any David who hails from beyond their horizon. This astigmatism has been, and again will be, attended by financial losses to its victims.

Blake was respected but not feared. Morris was not alone in his opinion that Blake's money would run through the Wall Street hopper and come out as grist, some of which would be found in the Morris sack.

"A man may be a whale in San Francisco or Chicago, don't you know," explained Morris in discussing Blake's advent, "but he's only a minnow in New York."

"Or a sucker, speaking piscatorially," ventured Kingsley.

"Yes, or a sucker; a blooming sucker. By Jove, that's good, Kingsley! You're in fine form tonight," laughed Morris. "I'll wager a basket of wine I trip this chap Blake up within a month;" but no one took the wager.

John Burt had studied the record of the two Morris, and had made himself familiar with the business policy of the younger. A careful examination, conducted by Blake, had convinced him that the Morris fortune consisted of holdings with a market value of from eight to ten millions of dollars. Ambitious to pose as a Wall Street leader, Arthur Morris had assumed an enormous load of stocks, and the success of his ventures had given him the following which ever attends the leader in a rising market. In addition to this speculative risk, Morris had invested heavily in a local enterprise which had

secured several valuable franchises at the hands of the city officials, and was confidently in expectation of others.

It is not necessary to go into the details of his attempt to plunder the patient people of New York, nor is it expedient to be unduly specific in describing it. Respectability does not throw its cloak over the recipients of stolen goods until sufficient years have passed to retire from the footlights those immediately concerned in the transactions. The plotters aspired to a few millions—ten or fifteen at the most hopeful estimate. Modern finance was then in its infancy, and public plunder was wrapped in its swaddling clothes.

It will therefore be sufficiently accurate to designate the Morris enterprise by the name of the Cosmopolitan Improvement Company, and to state that its assets consisted in its acquired and prospective franchises. While purporting to afford relief from existing monopolies, it was in fact nothing more nor less than a well planned attempt to acquire public rights and force their sale upon threatened competitors. In the parlance of finance, it was a "sand bag." The company's capital stock was twenty millions of dollars, and despite the fact that it had only nominal assets, its franchise possibilities had given its securities a market value of forty five dollars a share. In other words, the speculative public estimated the value of the prospective robbery at nine millions of dollars. These seem small figures today, but in those modest years Arthur Morris was esteemed a king in his field of operation.

John Burt came to New York calmly resolved to cripple, and if possible to destroy, the power of Arthur Morris. Laying aside all personal considerations, Morris was his natural opponent. In modern industry and finance there are two schools, or rather camps, and no flag of truce ever floats between them. One is constructive and progressive; the other is destructive and predatory. John Burt belonged to the former; Arthur Morris was leader of the latter. It was not a case of personal enmity, but Morris was an obstacle to be overcome, an obstruction to be removed.

John Burt aimed to become rich by taking advantage of the steady and rapid development of a great country. He was a builder of reputable enterprises and an investor in them.

Arthur Morris aimed to become rich by taking advantage of the misfortunes of investors, or by methods of corrupt intrigue. He was at once a wrecker and a

financial highwayman. He has had many and successful imitators.

Arthur Morris took up the work so auspiciously begun by his father—the wrecking of the L. & O. railroad company. In this campaign, General Carden and many others had lost their fortunes. Morris held control of the bonds, and looked forward to the day when the stock would be wiped out and this splendid property fall into his hands. It was an open secret in railway circles that the L. & O. would then be absorbed by one of the two powerful companies which intersected its lines. Neither Randolph Morris nor his son saw reason to believe that anything could interfere with the successful issue of their plans. It was a case of “freeze out” for the despairing minority stockholders, and for a long period the market temperature had been below zero. They doggedly awaited the day when the powerful Morris interest should make the final move.

John Burt detected a flaw in this conspiracy. Mr. Hawkins had guardedly confirmed his judgment and tentatively promised his support, and John Hawkins had yet to beat a retreat in railway strategy. Confident of the strength of his position, John Burt had already taken the initial steps for the control of L. & O., as has been narrated. He set aside seven battalions of a million dollars each, and held them in reserve against the entrenched wealth of the Morris vaults.

Then he again scanned the field of action, and with unerring judgment placed his finger on the weakest point in the Morris defenses. The Cosmopolitan Improvement Company was a rampart of paper. John Burt proposed to enfilade it. He wheeled eight millions into position, with five more in reserve if necessary. Then he threw out a legal skirmish line.

In James Blake's name was a large block of stock in the company whose interests were menaced by the Cosmopolitan. Though Blake had recently been elected a director in the former company, John Burt proceeded to make an independent investigation. The highest legal authority assured him that the franchises already granted to the Cosmopolitan were invalid.

As the crisis in his affairs neared, he took more direct charge of affairs. The trusted employees of James Blake & Company were given to understand that “John Burton” was a silent partner, who represented large California interests, and that his orders must be followed without question. For months he had steadily converted his securities into money, which

reposed in vaults to which he held the keys. The only stocks in Blake's name were those of the company menaced by the Cosmopolitan, and a few scattered blocks of L. & O.

Like a man of war stripped for battle, John Burt carried no incumbrances. He had mastered the secret of the stupendous efficiency of ready money in a contest against alleged securities. Confident of his strength, he began to take command in person. He retained Judge Wilson, a famous corporation lawyer, and commissioned him to make an exhaustive study of the Morris franchises.

“I have placed my report in writing, Mr. Burton, and you can examine it at your leisure,” said the old lawyer, who had resigned from the bench to take up more lucrative work. “The purport of my finding can be reduced to a few words. It can easily be established that these franchises were procured by bribery and fraud. Leaving this out of consideration, and admitting for the sake of argument that they were honestly granted, the fact still remains that they are so imperfectly drawn as to render them invalid and worthless—an instance, Mr. Burton, of the folly of retaining inefficient counsel. The franchise thief should not be a niggard in the matter of securing competent legal advice. There are a score of lawyers in New York who could have drawn that charter so as to make it of vast value. It purports to be a perpetual franchise. In fact, it is only a string of words. It is not possible that Mr. Morris and his associates are ignorant of this fact. The amended clauses now pending before the Board of Aldermen are intended to correct the defects of the original instrument. If they are defeated, the Cosmopolitan Improvement Company has no legal existence.”

“It is within the realm of possibilities, Judge Wilson, that they will be defeated,” said John Burt.

“They should be defeated on the ground of public policy,” said the old lawyer. He smiled wearily. “The men behind them are powerful and unscrupulous. They typify a rising class which constitutes the greatest menace which has yet confronted our republic. The virus of metropolitan corruption threatens to poison our body politic. These venal cliques work in secret, and it is impossible to arouse an opposition until it is too late. It is pregnant with evil which I hope may not be born in my time.”

It was as a result of this interview that John Burt sent for the Hon. Samuel

Lemuel Rounds, the aldermanic representative of an East Side district.

XXVI.

In response to James Blake's message, Alderman Samuel Rounds called, and was conducted to the private office of the famous operator.

Only a few hours had passed since Blake had treacherously burst the bonds which years of friendship had welded between himself and John Burt. They were wretched, nagging hours. He looked longingly forward to the evening, when in Jessie's company he hoped to enjoy sweet payment for his perfidy. The excitement of a nervous market, and the favorable movement of stocks in which he was interested, had no effect on him. The tape seemed burdened with the story of a murdered friendship. Two figures were ever before his eyes—John Burt, stern and unforgiving; Jessie Carden, radiant and lovable.

Blake had eagerly anticipated the meeting between John Burt and Sam Rounds; but now that the hour was at hand, he took little interest in it. In a vague way it seemed only another menace to his undoing. He found it difficult to respond to Sam's hearty greeting, and terminated the interview as soon as possible.

"Heou are ye, Jim, heou are ye?" exclaimed Sam, as he greeted Blake in his luxurious office. "Don't it beat time, as Uncle Toby Haynes uster say, that you and I are here in New York, and you are rich and I am—well, say fair to middlin'. There was only three of us young fellers round Rocky Woods, you and John Burt and me. 'Most all the rest of 'em was old folks. Never saw such a place as Rocky Woods fer old timers. None of 'em dies; they kinder dries up like an' blows away. You and John and me was the only boys in the neighborhood, and two of us is here in New York—right here in the same buildin'. Do you suppose we'll ever hear from John Burt, Jim? I've allers said he'd turn up on top, some day or 'nother."

"Would you like to hear from him?" asked Blake, without raising his eyes.

"Would I? D'ye know anything erbout him, Jim? Dew ye really?"

"There's a man in the next room who knows a lot about him," replied Blake. "That's why I sent for you. Come and meet him."

Blake opened John Burt's door and stood in the way as Sam entered. John was seated at his desk and did not turn his head or make a move when Blake said:

"Alderman Rounds wishes to speak to you."

Blake stepped outside and closed the door. John deliberately blotted an unfinished letter, rose and advanced to meet Sam, who stood awkwardly by the door, hat in hand.

"I am glad to meet you, Alderman Rounds," he said, extending his hand. "I have heard of you, and wish the pleasure of your acquaintance. Pray be seated, sir."

The sharp blue eyes of the visitor were fixed on the speaker, and only for an instant was he in doubt. The tall, graceful youth he once knew in Massachusetts had developed into superb manhood, but the trimmed beard did not efface the lines of the resolute chin, and the Burt eyes—clear, calm, and magnetic—were those of the lad he had loved to follow.

"I know ye, John! God bless ye, John, I'm glad to see ye once agin!"

Sam's eyes glistened as he threw his hat to the floor and grasped John's hands with a clasp which would have made the average man wince.

"And I'm glad to see you, Sam! It seems like coming back to life to meet you. How are you, old fellow? Sit down and tell me all the news of yourself and of Rocky Woods."

"The last time I saw you, John," he said, "was under them maple trees in front of the Bishop house. I reckon you ain't forgot that night. You galloped away in the dark on my horse, and I ain't seen ye since. Early next mornin' I went to your granddad's house. He was just getting ready to untie them constables that was after you. He gave me a message to Captain Horton, down tew New Bedford, an' I took the early train and went there. I reckoned you was comin' there, and wanted awfully tew wait fer ye, but knew it warn't safe, so I come back home. Now you begin at the place like in them stories which run in the *Fire-side Companion* where it says 'To be continued in our next,' and keep right on up to the present time."

John laughed, and gave Sam a hurried sketch of his career. He told of his voyage around Cape Horn, his arrival in San Francisco, the search for the mine described by the dying sailor, his meeting with Jim Blake, the discovery of the gold, his association with John Hawkins, and the incidents which led to the formation of the firm of James Blake & Company. John said nothing to lead Sam to think that Blake was only a representative, but the shrewd Yankee guessed the truth.

As Burt proceeded with his tale of successes, which he modestly minimized or attributed to persistent good fortune, Sam's grin elongated and his homely face was incandescent with joy. When John had finished, the alderman could manifest his delight by no means other than a wild fandango.

"I swan, John, this is tew good tew be true!" he gasped, shaking hands again. "You ain't told me half the truth, an' ye don't have tew. I can guess the rest. You're James Blake & Company. You're the man who's taught these Wall Street chaps a lesson! You are the lad the papers mean when they write erbout 'The Young Wizard of Finance'! I'm proud of ye, John! Didn't I allers say something like this would happen? The last time I saw ye I told ye that you was clean strain an' thoroughbred, an' that they couldn't down ye. I knows hosses, an' I knows somethin' erbout men, and I'd pick ye fer a winner every time. Ye can't have too much good fortune to suit me, John, an' I don't want a thing from ye. I just like tew see ye win, because—well, because ye orter win."

"Thank you, Sam."

"Don't it beat thunder how things turn out?" observed Sam. "I saw Jim when he was down tew Rocky Woods a few months ago, and when he told me that he was *the* Jim Blake, you could a' knocked me down with a willow switch. I said tew myself then that if it had been John Burt I wouldn't been surprised. And now, by thunder, it was John Burt who done it after all! But how erbout Jim Blake, John? If you're James Blake & Company, who'n the dickens is Jim?"

"I am not James Blake & Company," said John with a smile. "I am only the company. Jim has a substantial interest in the firm, and has done much towards its success. Jim had a long siege of bad luck in California, but he is now solidly on his feet, and deserves all the reputation he has made."

"I'm mighty glad tew hear it," declared Sam, "but I reckon I can guess who does the thinkin'. Jim's a fine feller, but he allers was reckless and careless, though mebbe he's outgrown it. Where is he? I suppose he thinks he played a fine joke on me. I like such jokes. Send fer him, John, and we'll all talk it over together, like we did in the old days back in Rocky Woods."

John pressed a button and an attendant responded.

"If Mr. Blake is not busy, say that I would like to see him," he said.

"There's one thing you haven't told me

erbout," said Sam, shifting his feet awkwardly. "I don't want tew pry into your private affairs, John, but have you seen her yet? I mean Miss Carden."

The door opened softly, and James Blake entered so silently that neither heard him.

"I have not seen Miss Carden," replied John. "She is not in the city."

"Yes, she is," asserted Sam eagerly. "I saw her yesterday ridin' down Fifth Avenue."

John Burt had seated himself at his desk, which he was putting in order. Surprised at Sam's positive statement, he turned quickly. He saw Blake standing by the door. A shaft of sunlight fell full on his face. His hand was on the knob, and he stood motionless as if riveted to the floor. There was that in his expression and attitude which challenged John Burt's attention.

Students of psychological phenomena may offer an explanation of the impalpable impression received by John Burt in that moment. His was the dominating mind; Blake's the subjective. By that mysterious telepathy which mocks analysis and scorns description, a message passed to John Burt. He yet lacked the cipher to translate it. It dotted no definite warning, and sounded none but a vague suspicion; but the vibration, though faint, was discordant.

John Burt turned to Sam.

"You surely are mistaken, Sam," he said. "Miss Carden is abroad, and will not sail for New York for several days."

"Is that so?" Sam ran his fingers through his red hair and looked puzzled. "I've got an eye like a hawk, and I'd a' sworn it was her. I met her once or twice when she was here before, and thought sure it was her I saw yesterday. Must be wrong, though. Guess I'd better begin wearin' glasses. So ye ain't see her yet, John? I'll bet she'll be plumb glad tew meet you. We was talkin' erbout ye the last time I saw her. That's two years ago. She hadn't forgot ye, John. Why, here's Jim! Well, well, well! Thought I wouldn't know John, didn't ye? I knew him the moment he spoke, didn't I, John? And so old Rocky Woods has turned out the great firm of James Blake & Company! I want to congratulate both of ye. Are ye all through work? Let's go somewhere where we can have a cold bottle in honor of this mee-mentous occasion. Come on, boys, it's my treat! The last time I treated John, I bought him and Jessie sody an' ice cream. D'ye remember it, John?"

"Many thanks for your invitation, Sam.

I'd like to accept it, but it's hardly safe," said John. "In a few weeks I hope to enjoy your hospitality and to extend mine in return, but until that time I am 'John Burton,' and you do not know me. Sit down, Sam; we wish to broach a business matter, or perhaps, more accurately speaking, a political one. Jim, you might send one of the clerks out for a magnum, and we'll drink Sam's health here. As you see, Sam, I'm still an exile. Until an hour ago, Jim was the only man in New York who was acquainted with John Burt; but I'm filing away my prison bars, and you can help me, Sam."

"I can help you?" echoed Sam. "You can call on me fer anything except murder—an' I might manage that!"

Blake had been singularly quiet, but he joined in the laugh which followed, and left the room to order the proposed refreshment.

"Jim ain't lookin' well," said Sam sympathetically. "Looks sorter peaked like; don't you think so, John?"

"I noticed that this morning, and told him so," John replied. "He has been under a severe strain for several weeks, and possibly the change of climate does not agree with him. I'm going to send him into the country for a few days. He is entitled to a rest, and there's no reason why he shouldn't have it. Jim and I have been through many hard fought engagements together, but at last decisive victory is in sight. Do you know Arthur Morris?" he asked abruptly.

"You bet I do; but he don't know me except as Alderman Samuel L. Rounds. Why d'ye ask, John?"

Blake returned and took a seat near Sam.

"The firm of James Blake & Company is interested in the ordinances now pending before your board, by the terms of which new and amended franchises are proposed for the Cosmopolitan Improvement Company," began John. "I have studied the record of the proceedings, and find that you spoke and voted against these measures when originally proposed and passed. Do you mind telling me, Sam, what you know of this matter? Can you do so without violating your trust?"

"You bet I can, and I know a lot," declared Sam. "I was comin' over to tell Jim anyhow, and I reckon I know what you're after. There's no use of my tellin' ye erbout this fellow Morris. He's nothin' more er less'n a high toned thief. He owns, or thinks he owns, the board of aldermen. Perhaps he does, but to my way of thinkin' he's likely ter be fooled.

There's er lot of new members who are agin him, and some of the old ones that he bought before want ter be bought agin, and they've raised their price. Morris was tew my house last night. Say, John, I wonder what he'd think if he knew I was in your office now? Darned if this ain't a funny world!"

"What did Morris have to say?" asked Blake, who did not need to simulate an interest in this new development.

"He had er lot tew say," replied Sam. "A year ago he offered me five thousand dollars fer my vote. I told him then that I couldn't do business with him, and he managed tew pass his bills agin my vote an' infloocene. Guess he wants me pretty bad just now. Last night he raised his price tew ten thousand."

"What did you answer him, Sam?"

"I told him I'd think erbout it;" and Sam's eyes twinkled beneath their red eyebrows. "I said tew him: 'Mr. Morris, ten thousand dollars is an awful lot of money,' says I, 'an' I can use it mighty handy in my business,' I says, 'but I'm afraid my people will think I've been improperly infloocenced.'" And Sam laughed as if this were the greatest joke he had ever perpetrated.

"These ordinances are all right an' fer the benefit of the public," says Morris. "I'm sorry, Alderman Rounds," he says, "that you're prejudiced agin them. If you'll change your mind there's six other aldermen who'll dew the same, and when the bills are passed ye gits ten thousand more." That's what he said tew me," continued Sam, "an' I told him that he was a liberal sport, an' that I'd take his offer under consideration. Then I asked him who the six others was who would follow my lead, and he told me. The seven of us gives him a majority."

"Was that all?"

"I should say not," declared Sam. "I said tew him, says I, 'Mr. Morris, I knows all these aldermen, an' they are my personal friends. I'm a business gent,' I says, 'havin' been in hoss tradin' and in the commission business all my life, and perhaps this game is right in my line. Suppose I contract to deliver all these seven votes,' I says, 'fer the lump sum of eighty thousand dollars, forty per cent down in cash an' the balance deposited with a third party an' paid over when the bills is passed?'" Morris thought a while an' said he'd be glad tew dew that. I told him I'd think erbout it, an' let him know in a few days."

Sam paused and looked keenly first at John Burt and then at Blake.

"I hope you don't think, John," he said, "that I'd any idea of takin' his offer. I—"

"I certainly do not," said John. "I'm simply astounded that Morris has done the one thing I would have him do. This is a rare piece of good fortune, Jim, isn't it?"

"It's great luck," declared Blake with genuine enthusiasm. Under the stimulus of Sam's disclosures he forgot Jessie Carden for the moment, and once again took his position side by side with John Burt. "This is remarkable, Sam!" he said. "John and I have been planning to catch Morris at some such game, and have hoped that you might help us. Now Morris has set and sprung his own trap and caught himself in its jaws."

"I reckon I know what tew dew," asserted Sam. "I'm tew see these six aldermen that Morris needs, an' then I'm goin' tew meet him an' make my report. If it's all right he's tew pay me thirty two thousand dollars in cash, an' put the balance up with some man that I name. I have a rich friend in mind that Morris thinks is all right, an' that I know is all right, so far's I'm concerned. There's three of these aldermen that Morris couldn't buy if he offered each of 'em the whole lump sum, an' I can handle the others."

"That is all right so far as it goes," interrupted John Burt, "but Morris is shrewd enough to demand positive pledges before paying over any such amount of money. You should have your aldermanic friends sign and execute written promises to support these bills. These agreements will not be binding legally or morally. I will consult my attorney and let you know the best methods of procedure."

"All right, John; anything you say goes with me," laughed Sam. "When shall I drop in agin?"

"Early tomorrow morning," replied John. "Send word to Judge Wilson, Jim, that if convenient I will call on him this evening."

The roar of the Wall Street district subsided to a gentle murmur. The great office buildings had poured forth their armies of clerks and customers, and the streets once thronged with excited men now resounded to the laughter of children and the cries of a few belated hawkers. The sun dropped behind the spire of old Trinity, and in its shadow these three men drank one another's health in honor of their strange reunion.

Sam Rounds was proud and happy, and

the bookkeepers in the outer offices smiled in sympathy to the echo of his laughter. John Burt was pleased but thoughtful, and a gleam of coming triumph was in his eyes as he touched glasses with his companions. James Blake made no effort to enter into the spirit of the occasion. He fancied that his laugh sounded hollow and that his smiles lacked sincerity. When he found John Burt's gaze upon him he unconsciously averted his eyes.

XXVII.

BLAKE found a ready excuse to call on General Carden. The pronounced activity in L. & O. served as a pretext for an evening visit to the Bishop residence. The old banker greeted him with dignified cordiality, and his heart beat high as Jessie frankly welcomed him.

To his galloping fancy she was the incarnation of all that is lovable and fascinating in woman. Nor was it matter for wonder. Her dark eyes had the melting tenderness of blue, and her proud little mouth was bewitching in laughter or repose. Her hair, falling back from the pure brow, was set as a crown which needed no gems to enhance the queenly beauty of its wearer. A princess gown revealed blending curves, and every movement was instinct with that rare grace which nature gives to perfect womanhood.

Under the witchery of her presence James Blake wondered that he had hesitated for a moment to risk life itself to win her. What was friendship, loyalty, fame, or fortune in the balance with one smile from the woman he had learned so suddenly to love? His whole being thrilled with keenest joy as he felt the faint clasp of her hand, and his ears drank in the melody of her voice.

"Papa was saying at dinner that the market had taken a decided turn, and that he thought you would call this evening," said Jessie. "He felt so certain of it that we postponed a theater party. You are to be congratulated, papa, on your intuition."

"I am the one to be congratulated," said Blake with a smile and a gallant bow; "but I should preface my self felicitations with an apology for the informality of my call. If General Carden will stand sponsor for my plea that business exigencies cover a multitude of social improprieties, I may hope for forgiveness; and if forgiven, I warn you that I shall commit the offense again."

A delicate flush suffused Jessie's face and brightened the radiance of her eyes.

"You will never become an outcast by such transgressions," she laughed. "I will leave you and papa to your business plottings. Edith is here, and when you have ended your serious affairs perhaps you will join us and we can have a rubber."

Blake's handsome face glowed with a pleasure which no formal words could conceal. "Our business will be ended in a minute. I know the general has not forgotten the defeat we administered to him the other evening, and as an old soldier he probably is eager to wipe out his repulse with a victory."

"He certainly is," asserted General Carden. "I'm so sure of winning tonight that on behalf of Edith I challenge you and Jessie to a rubber of whist, with a box for Booth's production of 'A Fool's Revenge' as a wager."

"Done!" exclaimed Blake.

"I warn you that papa generally wins when something is at stake," said Jessie; "but I'll do the best I can, and hope for good luck to offset my poor playing." She excused herself, and Blake and General Carden plunged into stock technicalities.

"I wished you to know the cause of today's advance in L. & O.," explained Blake. "For reasons you may surmise, but which I will not name, I am picking up blocks of this stock. It will go higher tomorrow, and then a slump may follow, but you need not worry whether it advances or declines. I have the market thoroughly under control. From present indications you will be called on to exercise your option inside of ten days. I should like to take you entirely in our confidence, but while I am the principal in this deal, I'm working with other interests."

"I have confidence in your judgment, and you can rely on prompt execution of your instructions," said General Carden. "For twenty years I have been identified with Wall Street, and I understand its ethics. In this campaign you are the general. You will find me a loyal aide."

There was more talk, but since Blake had nothing of importance to disclose the conference soon ended.

Blake was triumphantly satisfied with his progress. He rightly interpreted General Carden's suggestion of a theater party as a tacit permission to pay his addresses to Jessie Carden. Later in the evening, through a chance remark made by Miss Hancock, he learned that they had declined a theater invitation from Arthur Morris. He no longer had the slightest fear of Morris. He felt sure of the con-

sent and even the support of General Carden in his suit for the hand of the general's daughter.

The whist game was closely contested, but as Jessie had predicted her father and Edith won a hard fought victory, and Blake agreed to pay the wager the Saturday evening following.

They strolled into the conservatory. Soft settees surrounded the fountain. Blake thought he detected smiling sympathy in the eyes of Edith Hancock, and mentally proclaimed that young lady a charming confederate when she pleaded an excuse and bore General Carden away. For the first time he was alone with Jessie Carden, and a sense of exalted happiness surged over him.

How dainty she looked in this bower of palms and flowers! The graceful Naiad, whose beautifully chiseled form was half revealed in the splashing waters of the fountain, seemed gross and material compared to the rare being by his side. Already he tasted the bliss that comes with a sense of ownership, the proud satiety of possession. Surely fate had decreed that she should be his!

Only by an effort did he restrain himself from making an avowal of his passion. To James Blake nature had been lavish with impulse and niggardly with self control. All the good and all the evil in his being responded to the command of his desires. He had no brake to apply its stern friction to the wild speed of his longings. Like a child, he reached out for that which attracted him, and like a child he had been punished for his temerity.

Blake had formulated no plan of campaign for the conquest of Jessie Carden. The light of her eyes and the radiance of her beauty were to him as *ignes fatui*, and drew him onward at a dizzy pace. He talked of California and of Rocky Woods, but his eyes spoke love and his deep rich voice was tender. Fair woman is seldom blind to the spell cast by her charms, and it is probable that Jessie was aware of Blake's admiration; but she neither recognized nor took advantage of it. He was too good a judge of the heart of a woman to mistake her polite interest for any stronger sentiment. He stood demanding entrance to the outer gate of friendship, when he longed to storm the inner halls of love.

He knew the risk he ran in appearing in public with Jessie Carden, but he did not hesitate to secure a box for the Booth performance. Had he not already passed unscathed through Sam Rounds' disclosure? That was an awful moment, and the

blood left his face whenever he thought of it, but he argued the outcome as a favorable omen. He knew John's habits so well that he had little fear their paths would cross in the great city. John lived in his office or in his secluded apartments, and Blake had attempted in vain to induce his partner to taste the pleasures of New York.

"Not yet, Jim," he would say. "I have been a recluse for five years and can wait a few weeks or months longer. But I've not lost my desire for enjoyment. On the contrary, I've stored it away as a miser hoards gold, and I propose to exact full payment from the world of frivolity when the time comes. I may be a bit dull when I first cast off my prison garb, and it's likely I'll be awkward, but you shall be my guide and mentor."

There were four in the theater party—the general, Edith, Blake, and Jessie Carden. Blake escorted Jessie to the front of the box and took his place by her side. The peerless Booth was at the height of his power, and a brilliant audience had assembled to do him honor. The vast auditorium was a mass of color. The boxes were thronged with fair women, but all eyes were turned on Jessie and her handsome escort. She had been absent from New York for two years, and only a few recognized her as the niece of Thomas Bishop and as one whose debut had been a social sensation.

James Blake was even less known, though his name had been made familiar by the fame of Wall Street achievements with which he was publicly identified. Scattered through the audience were a score or more of men who knew him as a club member or as an operator. By whispered word and polite inquiry the information spread until all in the gilded circle knew the names of the handsome couple.

The first act was nearly over when a thick set man with a soft, florid face sauntered into the box directly across the orchestra from Blake and Jessie. Both recognized the newcomer as Arthur Morris, and both felt a secret joy that he was present. His name had never been mentioned between them, nor was Jessie aware that Blake was acquainted with the young banker who had forced himself into her life. Like a flash the thought came to Blake that by means of his rival he could enhance the chances of a speedy success with the woman by his side. In a dim way the possibility had occurred to him before, but now that Morris was where he could

hurl a glove as a challenge at his feet, Blake welcomed the chance.

"Do you notice the gentleman sitting alone in the box opposite?" asked Blake as the curtain fell.

"Yes," answered Jessie, raising her eyes and looking at Blake with a puzzled smile. "Why do you ask?"

"That's Arthur Morris, the banker."

"Do you know him?"

"I've met him in a business way and also socially," replied Blake. "We belong to the same clubs, and I've been his guest. Would you like to meet him?"

"I shall be delighted," said Jessie, who could not resist the temptation.

At that instant Morris directed his opera glass for the first time at the Blake box. His smile of joy when he recognized Jessie turned to a look of blank amazement when he saw James Blake. Jessie conveniently looked in another direction. Edith touched her on the shoulder.

"Do you see Mr. Morris?" she whispered.

"Mr. Blake is going to call him over and introduce him," returned Jessie, with a warning finger to her lips. "If you laugh, Edith, I shall never speak to you again. This will be my third, and I trust my last, introduction to him. Ah, he is coming! I hope papa will not spoil the treat."

In response to Blake's signal the dazed Morris was picking his way through the crush. Blake led Jessie to the rear of the box, where General Carden was chatting with a number of old friends.

"Miss Carden, permit me to present my friend, Mr. Arthur Morris."

Jessie smiled and offered her hand.

"I'm glad to meet any friend of Mr. Blake's," she said.

"By Jove, old man, this is a joke on you, or me—or both of us!" stammered Morris. "Charmed to meet you again, Miss Carden! Ah, Miss Hancock, you are looking more lovely than ever! How are you, General Carden? This is a good one on you, Blake! By Jove, you should stand the dinners on this! I've been acquainted with Miss Carden for years—five years, is it not, Miss Carden?"

Jessie's laughing eyes admitted the truth, and Blake looked properly confused.

"I shall have to forgive you," he said to Jessie, "but you are taking an unfair advantage of a wild Westerner. Mr. Morris is right. I should and will pay the penalty of a dinner for my *faux pas*, and I trust Mr. Morris will honor it with his presence."

(To be continued.)